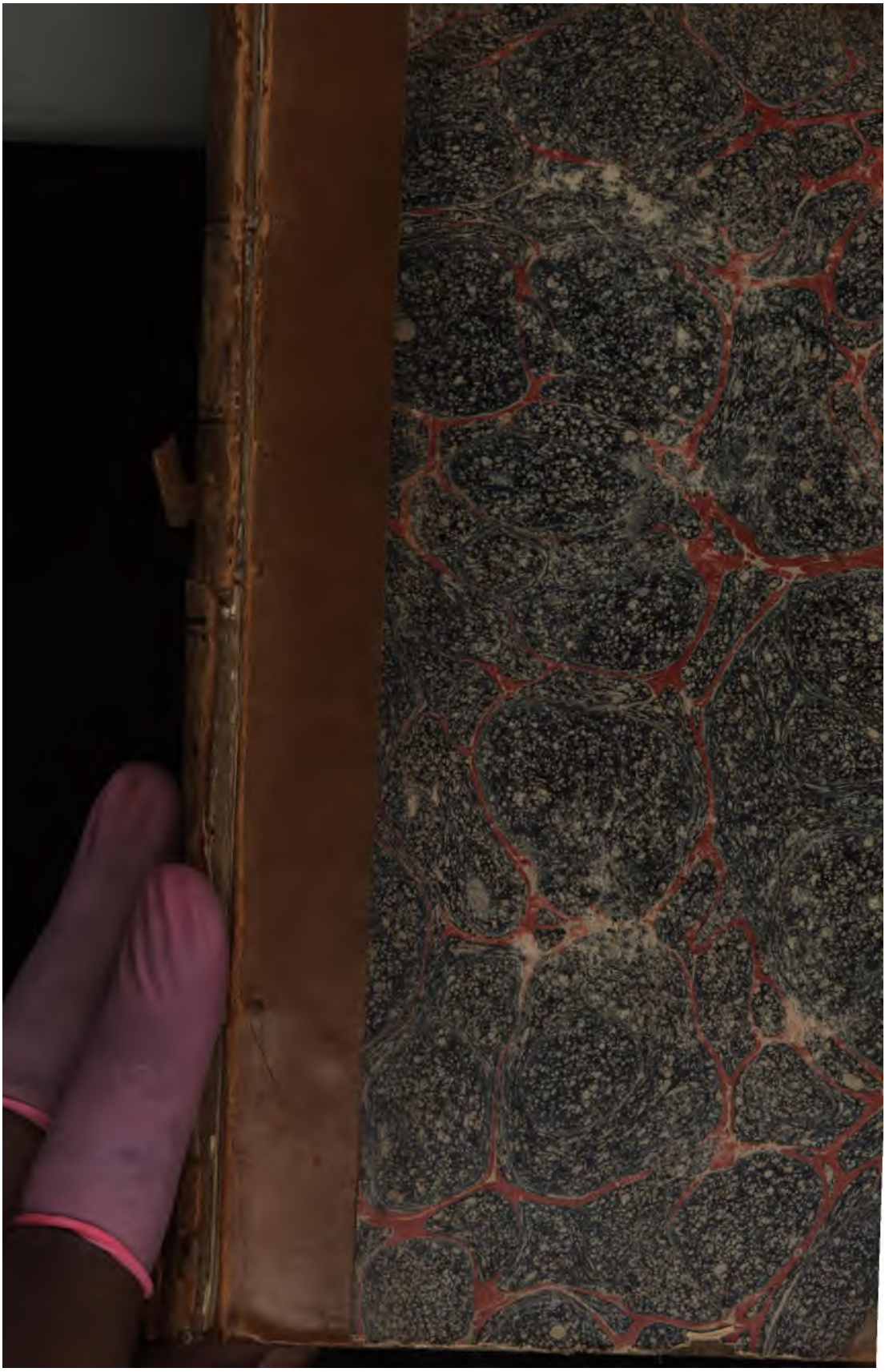

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire.* Par A. V. Arnault, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. Paris. 1833.

HERE, at last, we have something genuine; and after the long series of *fabricated memoirs* with which the Parisian press has so impudently and dishonestly wearied and cheated the public, we meet with some degree of satisfaction a work of this class, which really is what it professes to be. The praise of *not* being a fraud is but small; and yet we can say little more in recommendation of these volumes. The substantive matter is trivial, the facts are few and inaccurately stated, the opinions are strongly marked with prejudice and partiality, the style is laboured and affected; and, on the whole, we are obliged to pronounce these to be, of genuine memoirs, the very worst we have met. M. Arnault himself is a very uninteresting personage: at two or three periods of his life he contrived to obtain a temporary celebrity; but, except some retired actor of the *old* Théâtre Français, or some surviving twaddler of the *Café Procope*, we doubt whether any one can have the least curiosity about M. Arnault. He, indeed, seems to have had some suspicion of this sort, for he takes merit to himself for affixing to his work the humble character of *Souvenirs* rather than the more important and *responsible* title of *Memoirs*. The distinction is correct enough, and his practice follows his theory. *Memoirs* imply an account of the *dicta et gesta* of the writer himself; while the wider scope of *Souvenirs*—Reminiscences—enables the author to swell out his volumes into a history, private, political, and literary, of all that has passed in the world since his own birth—with descriptions of all the places he may have ever visited—and biographical characters of every man he has ever chanced to see, coloured or discoloured according to his own passions or partialities. M. Arnault's *Memoirs* could hardly have occupied a single volume, while the *Souvenirs* of the earlier half of his life have already filled four octavos, and the sequel bids fair, at his rate of going, to fill six or eight more.

M. Arnault is justly indignant against modern memoir-writers, who, as he says, 'make a traffic of *self*, and sell themselves and

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their names to book-makers;' and he tells us, with some indignation, that

'One of the most *accredited* editors of those *romances*, which are now published daily under the title of *memoirs*,—after buying the manuscript of an author who, having brought a history of *self* into the market, expressed a desire to revise his own work—replied, "That's *my* affair—leave it to me—I'll arrange all that—I'll do for you what I do for the others; for between ourselves, my friend, as to memoirs, I *publish* none that I don't *make*." '—p. vi.

Our reviews of the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Louis XVIII. and Le Vasseur * have already let our readers into this secret, and have, we have reason to hope, checked, not only in England, but even in France, this disreputable manufacture, or at least (which is eventually the same thing) diminished its profits; and we are not sorry to have, from M. Arnault, additional evidence of the audacity of this system of fabrication. We are tempted on this subject to relate an anecdote:—Soon after our review of the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. reached Paris, a literary friend wrote to say that he wondered we should have taken so much pains to expose an imposture which *tout le monde* (at Paris) *avait déjà apprécié*. This induced us to look a little closer to the fact, and we found that if *tout le monde* had indeed discovered the work to be a forgery, *tout le monde* had obligingly held his tongue till four *livraisons* (of two volumes each) had plundered the pockets of *tout le monde*. Nay, we know that M. de Talleyrand—who is, we suppose, no insignificant component part of *tout le monde*—was, up to the publication of our review, quoted as an authority for the authenticity of the Royal Memoirs; and the work was proceeding, full swing, without having produced from the Parisian literary world anything like doubt or contradiction. And even now,

But while we cordially agree with M. Arnault in censuring this disgraceful traffic, we cannot think that his own course is altogether blameless; for, as we have hinted, three at least of his volumes are mere catchpennies; and—under the title of his *Souvenirs*—he had inveigled us into the purchase of a mass of old newspaper criticisms on departed plays, stale anecdotes from all the *Biographies Modernes*, and tedious accounts of his travels, extracted from road-books and local *Guides*. We have also to complain, that he has, in another particular, imitated the objects of his censure—by publishing not a complete work, but merely *livraisons* of a work, of which the extent and expense are indefinite. This is another trick of the Parisian trade, against which we warn our readers. One is content to give a dozen francs for a couple of volumes of Le Vasseur, or of the Duchess of Abrantes, or of Louis XVIII., or even of M. Arnault, but when you have bought them you find these two to be only the preludes to *two more:* well, you are unwilling to have an incomplete book, however worthless—you buy the second *livraison;* then comes another and another, and you are still tempted to 'throw good money after bad,' as the saying is, till at last you find yourself involved to the extent of eight, ten, or twelve volumes, really not worth binding. We therefore earnestly press upon our readers the prudence of suspending their purchases of such works *till they shall be completed*—a course which, if generally adopted, would have two excellent effects: it would oblige the Parisian publishers to let us have the whole work at once; and it would force the authors or editors to compress their information into reasonable compass. Eight or ten, or a dozen volumes, and an expense of two or three pounds, would be abridged to two volumes and a cost of ten shillings, not only without any sacrifice, but even with improvement, of the merit of the works.

Now for M. Arnault personally. We remember hearing Madame de Stael say, in her epigrammatic way, '*L'Etranger est la postérité contemporaine:*' this *mot* we believe she borrowed from Desmoulins—for, rich as she was in *bon-mots*, she frequently condescended to borrow—particularly *chez l'etranger;* but whether the phrase be hers or his—Corinne's or Camille's—it gives M. Arnault but a short prospect of posthumous fame; for we verily believe that, beyond the exterior Boulevard of Paris, he is scarcely remembered as an author, and that

tains a minute description of Sir W. Scott and his house, which shows that the writer never conversed with the one nor entered the other; and as to the '*Chroniques*,' &c., they are—what English reader would have believed such impudence to be possible?—they are, without exception, paltry scraps of fiction, translated from the London Annuals of the last three or four years—'The Gem'—'The Bijou'—'The Forget Me Not,' &c. &c. In short, the whole affair is a stupid lie.

[illegible] if his works ever passed the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, [illegible] the Channel. Accordingly, his personal and literary story will [illegible] soon told. He was born in 1766; his father, and subsequently he himself, had purchased offices in the household of the French princes—Arnault's being in that of Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. Arnault's *liberal* spirit confesses this with evident reluctance, and describes his office by studied periphrases. 'His duty was,' he says, 'to supply, for six weeks in the year, the place of the Comte d'Avaray, who was about *Monsieur* what the Duke of Liancourt was about the king.'—p. 164. This lucid explanation, *ignotum per ignotius*, is all that M. Arnault affords us: though he is minute enough upon other points, he leaves his reader quite in the dark as to what his official duties and title were. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to confess our mortifying suspicion that he was neither more nor less than a kind of *valet;* and still more sorry to say, that the art with which he disfigures this fact gives no favourable impression of his candour. Who would not believe, from his expressions, that he and M. d'Avaray performed, in each other's absence, the same duties to *Monsieur*, that the Duke de Liancourt performed for the king—and that he and M. d'Avaray were equals, or, at worst, that he was M. d'Avaray's deputy? Now, if we are not misinformed, it was no such thing: the Duke de Liancourt was *Grand Maître de la garderobe du Roi*, (grand master of the wardrobe,) and Messrs. Le Comte de Crénay and Le Marquis d'Avaray were *maîtres de la garderobe de Monsieur*, and relieved each other in the tour of duty—while poor little Arnault was, as we have heard and believe, in the *very subordinate* station of *valet de la garderobe;* and if he ever replaced M. d'Avaray in his absence, it must have been as a corporal replaces a captain in the command of a company, when all the

seems, as we shall see, never to have forgiven the innocent cause of his disaster, and throughout his whole book aims many poor sarcasms and revives many atrocious slanders against his old master. Arnault admits that he was at first awkward in the performance of his service, but that *Monsieur*—

'to do him justice, never showed the least impatience of his *maladresse*:—but neither,' (complains the mortified ex-valet,) 'did he show any satisfaction when by practice I had learned to do better. Indeed, he was a real *idol*, that never showed either dissatisfaction or pleasure at being better or worse served by its ministers. Once, and once only, he departed from the system of moderation he had prescribed to himself. One of his *valets de chambre*, named Duruflé, a literary man of some distinction and who had even obtained a prize from the Academy, having hurt the prince while drawing on his stocking, he exclaimed, "*What a fool!*" "I did not think," replied the other, "that one was a *fool* for not knowing how to put on *Monsieur's* stocking." "One is a fool," rejoined the prince, "who has not sense enough to do properly what he undertakes to do."'—vol. i. p. 166.

'*Pas si bête*,' as honest Figaro says—*Monsieur* at least was no fool. Indeed, M. Arnault admits that he was a '*garçon d'esprit*;' and though he evidently has a spite against him, and endeavours by a hundred little sneers and some very calumnious insinuations to lower his character, the foregoing anecdote is the most serious offence which he specifically alleges. We guess, however, that this offence may have been more serious in Arnault's eyes than it appears at first sight, as there is reason to suspect that it was *Arnault* himself, not *Duruflé*, who received the reprimand.

M. Arnault's politics were not as yet, he tells us, very decided; though it is evident that he was on the *liberal* side; but the massacres of September gave a pretty strong hint, that Paris was no longer an eligible residence for any person—however *liberal* his sentiments might be—who had been in the service of the royal family;* accordingly, on the 5th September, 1792, M. Arnault left Paris, and after many difficulties escaped from Boulogne to England. He spent about six weeks in London; and as the most he can say of his acquaintance with our language is, that he knew *quelque mots d'Anglais*, we are not surprised to find that he has little to say about us, and that, in saying that little, he has made some ridiculous mistakes,—such as designating *Ancient Pistol* in Henry V. as Le *Vieux* Pistol,—but we cannot so easily forgive

* A small but curious proof of the virulent fanaticism with which everything that had any connexion, however slight, with royalty, was persecuted in those days, has fallen under our notice as we are writing this article. Having had occasion to consult the *Almanach Royal* for 1790, we happened to procure a copy handsomely bound —but the red morocco and gilding had not prevented the prudence of some former owner from *cutting out* from the title on the back of the volume, the word '*Royal*'!

him

tionary Tribunal made any great difference. Deduct from the number of the victims those who would have died from old age, sickness, or accident, and you will find that the influence of this tribunal on the mortality of the capital is reduced to almost nothing.'—vol. iv. p. 316.

Now, this calculation of the *bonhomme* La Grange (as Arnault strangely calls him) is not more atrocious in morals than erroneous in statistics—as discreditable to the mathematician as to the man. In the first place, the population of Paris had been so enormously diminished—every one who could possibly quit that hell upon earth having done so—that if the mortality in the diminished numbers had only equalled the natural mortality of former years, it would have proved a vast increase on the proportionable number of deaths. Again, begging the philosopher's pardon, we think that, even if the number of deaths had been the same, some little difference might be suggested between dying in one's bed, and being mangled on a scaffold. And again, did not this learned gentleman see that his calculation supposes that the guillotine was peculiarly active with those who were the least possible of being guilty of any offence—the old and the ailing? But above all, since his calculation was founded on the returns of the mortality, what was the use of the *calculation* at all? If the returns were accurate, they must have specified how many were executed. Why then does he not tell us *that* number? Why proceed with circuitous trouble to produce a vague result, instead of the certainty which he must have possessed, and which he chooses to conceal? This was the same savant who, when 'Napoleon, *who liked that folks should believe in a God*,' (vol. iv. p. 317,) asked him 'what he thought of God,' replied, 'A pretty theory—it explains a great many things.' '*Zolie hypothèse!*' (the philosopher *lisped*), '*elle explique bien de sozes.*' La Grange's science seems to us quite on a par with the feeling of one Artaud, who, a few days after the execution of Camille Desmoulins, said, with a sentimental sigh, 'One cannot mow the harvest without cutting down some flowers.'—(*ib.*)

M. Arnault, by his intimacy with the infamous Chenier and some other notorious Jacobins, fell under the imputation of having belonged to that party; and an attempted defence of Chenier in these volumes seems to give additional countenance to that opinion; but, to do him justice, we must express our belief that such suspicions were groundless; at least we may confidently say that of the three greatest infamies of that period—the murders of the innocent and patriot-king, of the innocent and heroic queen, of the innocent and angelic Elizabeth—he *now* speaks with proper feeling; and with regard to that one of these illustrious victims against whom the most violent *acharnement* of the Jacobins had

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been directed—the Queen—he speaks, not merely with pity, but with respect and admiration, creditable both to his feelings and his understanding. He attributes the death of the king to the *audacity* of the *Mountain* and the *lachetè* of the Girondins; and he states, very truly, that the *people* were so little in favour of the execution, that Louis would probably have been rescued, but for the adroit manœuvre of the faction of blood, which—by calling out the National Guard on that day, and keeping them in military order and activity—prevented the union of those who, if at liberty, would have, no doubt, made some effort to save their innocent and still beloved sovereign. 'He carried,' says M. Arnault, 'the quality of passive courage even to sublimity, and died like a martyr.'—(vol. ii. p. 6.) We know not how, with such sentiments, M. Arnault could have been suspected of having contributed to the king's death; but he states that he was so, and he attributes the exile to which he was doomed, after the Hundred Days, to that unfounded imputation.

'The death of the king might have had a political object;' but he adds, in an obvious imitation of Mr. Burke, 'what excuse can be made for that of the queen—for dragging to the scaffold all that mankind ought to reverence and honour—beauty, grace, dignity, goodness?'

'That woman whom I had seen at Versailles resplendent with majesty and happiness—throwing into the shade, by her *personal qualities*, that most brilliant court and the youngest and most beautiful of those who adorned it—that woman whom nature had made a *grace*, fortune a queen, enthusiasm a divinity, and revolutionary madness a heroine! I saw her again on the 16th Oct. 1793, dragged *in a common cart*, dressed in mean clothes borrowed for the occasion,

poor beasts stopped suddenly, and exhibited such marks of horror, that it was not without great difficulty and severe goading that they were at last driven forward.—(vol. ii. p. 90.)

Much as he detested these *scenes of blood*, Arnault's *curiosity* induced him to witness the execution of both Danton and Robespierre. He met, he says by accident, the fatal car which carried the former and his associates to that very scaffold to which they had sent so many others. It is well known, but never can be too often repeated, that the Revolutionary Tribunal which condemned him, Danton himself had instituted!—the atrocious violence which stifled his defence, Danton himself had enacted! During the fatal procession, Danton was calm, seated between Camille Desmoulins, who was ranting, and Fabre d'Eglantine, who appeared stupified. Camille fancied himself a martyr to his new-born humanity—for *he grew humane when he found he was himself in danger;* but Fabre, more just, was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. Another person attracted notice in this batch of monsters—it was Herault de Sechelles. The mild tranquillity that reigned on the handsome and interesting countenance of this man (who had been in high legal office under the crown before the Revolution, and was an eminent *law reformer* in his day) was of another kind from the stern calm of Danton. Danton showed no signs of terror, but Herault exhibited as tranquil an air and as lively a colour as if he were going out to a dinner. Every spectator was interested by his appearance, and inquired with emotion the name of that amiable person; but when it was told —when the inquirer heard it was *Herault de Sechelles*—the interest vanished, and no one bestowed a second thought on the *selfish apostate.*

It was but a few weeks before his own exhibition on the same stage, that Herault had happened to meet the cart conveying Hebert, Cloots, and others of his former associates, to execution. 'It was by chance,' he afterwards said, 'that I met them; I was not looking for them, but I am not sorry to have seen them—it was *refreshing*.' This Arnault relates with just indignation; yet when he—a *tragedian*, be it remembered, by trade—met this batch of victims, he exclaimed, 'Here is a *tragedy* well begun, let us see the last act;'—and he followed it to the Place de la Révolution. We think that *his* exclamation is well worthy a place beside Herault's.

Of this *batch*—as it was commonly called—Danton died last: 'it was growing dark—at the foot of the horrible statue (a colossal effigy of Liberty, in plaster-of-Paris, erected on the pedestal of the ci-devant statue of Louis XV.) which looked black against the sky, the dark figure of Danton rose, defined rather than illuminated by

by the dying sun.' His air was audacious, his attitude formidable, and that hand *about to fall* had still, says M. Arnault, an air of authority and dictation. His last words addressed to the executioner, were—'Don't forget to show my head to the people; 'tis worth looking at.' Danton is a kind of hero with the Liberals even to-day, just because Robespierre survived him; as Brissot and Vergniaud are still greater favourites and have their statues in bronze and in palaces, merely because Danton and Robespierre put them to death. In this there is a kind of injustice—they were all alike villains; and if they had all perished on the 31st of May, Marat, and Hebert, and Danton, and Robespierre, would have been universally lamented as more innocent *at that period* than the Brissotins! It was only by living a little longer that the Mountain attained its 'bad pre-eminence'—he that lived longest had most scope for his natural ferocity; and Robespierre is indebted the scope post by which the reputations of all the rest are to be purified, because he happened to have better luck or better talents than the rest, and to have maintained his power a little longer. If one could make distinctions in extreme cases, we should after a most attentive, and we might almost say personal, examination of the whole course of the Revolution, venture to affirm that Robespierre, monster as he was, was not originally and absolutely a worse man than Brissot, Louvet, Desmoulins, Danton, and fifty others, whom it is now the fashion to consider as relatively innocent victims of the atrocities of which they were the prime inventors and hottest instigators. Robespierre did not carry those atrocities farther than his predecessors, but because he was suspected of a vague intention of [illegible] a stop to them.

d'Angely), his brother-in-law, made some advances in the good graces of the Corsican conqueror, by whom he was entrusted with a mission to the Ionian islands, which he abandoned (we do not quite understand why) to make a tour in Italy; and this tour, in the dullest style of a *guide*-book, occupies about a volume of M. Arnault's Memoirs. The only thing remarkable in this portion of the work is the proof it affords of the bold and pertinacious mendacity with which Buonaparte afterwards belied his own proper name. When Arnault visits Vesuvius, he inscribed some lines in an album which is kept there :—

'Soldat' (which he was not) 'du fier Bonaparté,
Avec l'altier panache où resplendit sa gloire,
Au sommet du Vésuve, aujourd'hui j'ai porté
Les trois couleurs de la Victoire.'—vol. iii. p. 127.

The rhyme here puts the Italian pronunciation beyond all doubt; yet read the series of petty falsehoods which Buonaparte thought it worth while to dictate at St. Helena, in contradiction of this notorious fact. See also our former contradictions* of this falsehood—one which we cannot think trivial when we see what strenuous efforts Buonaparte made to give it vogue.

Arnault was one of the *savans* selected to accompany Buonaparte to Egypt, and he embarked with him in *L'Orient*. He however went no farther than Malta, where he, in a rather unceremonious manner, *deserted*, as Buonaparte afterwards reproached him. We shall select a few anecdotes of the passage from Toulon to Malta.

Poor Arnault, being only a *pekin*—civilian—underwent great contempt, and consequently suffered many hardships. The military men shoved him to the far end of the dinner table, seized his cabin, unslung his cot, and left him to sleep upon the bare deck. This ill-treatment, however, and an extra glass of punch, saved, in fact, *L'Orient*, the fleet, the expedition, and the embryo-emperor. Troubled with *insomnie* and indigestion, Arnault arose one night from his hard pallet, and went to the upper deck, where his experienced eyes beheld what the naval officers of the watch had not seen —that the ship was nearly ashore. He gave the alarm—like the goose of the Capitol—and the world was saved. But the French are not so grateful as the Romans; the latter almost deified their saviour geese—Buonaparte told his goose to hold his tongue; the matter was hushed up, and is now only told when there is no one to contradict it, or, may we add, to believe it. The secret was so well kept, says our goose, that, ten years after, Ganthaume (the admiral, in whose ear Arnault says he cackled his alarm) forgot *and denied it.*

* Quart. Rev., Vol. XII. p. 239; and Vol. XXVIII., p. 254.

To

(*evidently puzzled*) What's that you say?—*Arn.* The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, the War of Troy, or the Travels of Ulysses? *Buon.* No battles just now; *we are on a voyage*, let us have *the voyage*—besides, I *know little* of the Odyssey, let us read the Odyssey.'—vol. iv. p. 38.

Now it is quite clear, from Arnault's being obliged to explain the subject of the Iliad as well as the Odyssey, that the hero knew as much about the one as about the other — that is to say, just nothing at all; which, as we shall see presently, did not prevent his giving a very decided critical opinion 'on the father of poetry.' Arnault was dispatched to fetch—a French translation, no doubt, of — the Odyssey, and when he returned, Buonaparte *rang the bell* for Duroc, and gave him orders not to let any one come in, and not to come himself till called. Then began the reading: but after Arnault had read a few lines, describing the feastings of the Suitors, Buonaparte burst out into ridicule of those ancient manners:—'That's what you call fine!' he cried; 'these *heroes* are nothing but marauders, scullions, and kitchen-pilferers: if our army cooks were to be guilty of such conduct, I should order them to be shot.' In vain did Arnault endeavour in measured phrases to correct this style of criticism—he seems ashamed of it; and indeed we think, for mingled absurdity, ignorance, and stupidity, it exceeds anything we have ever read—the mistake of the *Suitors* for the *heroes* of the piece—the confounding the merits of a description with the nature of the thing described—the overlooking the higher qualities of the poem for the inferior accidents—neglecting the countenance of the Apollo to examine his sandal—and measuring the manners of the mythological ages, by the standard of the suttlers and provost-marshals of the army of Italy—with fifty other corollaries which could be deduced from this short text, are, we think, wholly unparalleled, and only faintly shadowed, in the description of that other great *military critic*—*Ensign Northerton*, in Tom Jones, who '*damned Homo*,' upon about the same degree of acquaintance, and with as much good sense, as Napoleon the Great. 'That's what you call sublime;' added he—'but how different is Ossian from your Homer!' and taking up a volume of Ossian which lay on his table, says Arnault 'like Homer, by the bedside of Alexander'—he began 'to *read* or *rather to recite*' his favorite poem of Temora.

The education of this imperial Zoilus had been, however, somewhat neglected; everybody knows that he could scarcely *write* or *spell**—Arnault lets us into the secret that he could scarcely *read*—hence we suppose it is that we find in all the Memoirs about

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV. p. 77.

him,

[illegible] not always, *read to*. But we shall give the curious passage in Arnault's own words:—

"He began to read or rather *recite* Temora. Now he was very far from *sitting off* [illegible] what he read. For *want of practice* in reading [illegible] make many slips (*un journal souvent*). Sometimes [illegible] and again, an *s* instead of a [illegible] one might well call *dangereuses*—disfiguring the words [illegible] *mots*,—and sometimes putting one word for another—the effect of a hurry, which gave a character rather *burlesque* than *epic* to his Ossianic enthusiasm and the swollen emphasis with which he uttered his text."—vol. iv. p. 85.

Here is a perfect description of a clever child endeavouring to follow in print the lesson which he had already learned by rote. We always knew that Buonaparte was almost illiterate: but of so serious a deficiency in the mechanical art of reading we were not before aware. Now that the fact comes out, it explains to us a variety of little personal circumstances, which before passed unobserved in the various Memoirs of his life. While, however, he was thus delighting himself, and boring the obsequious Arnault, by calling Macpherson a sublime genius, and '*Homer a dotard*'—the door opened—it was Duroc.

"'What's the matter?' asked Buonaparte with a frown. 'I have not called—I have not rung.' 'General,' answered Duroc, 'as the squadron is *lying-to*, General Kleber (the second in command) has taken the favourable opportunity of coming on board to see you—he is in the outer cabin.' *Buon.*—'Did I not tell you to wait till I should ring—have I rung—why have you dared to disobey my orders?' *Duroc*—'I thought, General, that the peculiarity of the circumstances—' *Buon.*—'You thought wrong—nothing justifies your disobedience—begone, and don't return till I call you—begone!'"—vol. iv. p. 86.

Arnault) that we can—(not excuse, but)—explain this burst of brutality, that seems at first sight so unaccountable. Buonaparte, conscious of the little defect we have just alluded to, knew or fancied, that others might suspect it, and he was enraged that Duroc's intrusion should discover him *taking his reading lesson* from his (perhaps unconscious) preceptor! All the circumstances corroborate this suspicion—the sending Arnault (in order to conceal the real object) for a book, of which ten lines were not read—the strict orders not to be interrupted—the taking up the other book which *lay ready* on the table—(aboard-ship, books do not lie about accidentally)—the reading *to* the man who had been summoned to read to *him*, and the (on any other hypothesis unaccountable) rage at being discovered at these studies—all these circumstances satisfy us that our solution is the true one; and it is by such accidental traits that we are enabled to pierce through the cloud of flattery and falsehood with which Buonaparte took such incessant and infinite pains to surround, and to magnify, by obscuring it, his real character.

Arnault, as we have said, left the expedition at Malta, and on his return to France, was captured in the *Sensible* frigate by H.M.S. Seahorse. He gives a very fair narrative of the action and the results; and we are glad to find that M. Arnault's story not merely corroborates, but adds something to the short and modest account which Captain Foote officially gave of his victory. Capt. Foote's letter in the 'Gazette' gives 18 killed and 37 wounded—total 55; while Arnault states the total at 60, of which 15 were killed; the difference of the numbers of the killed was probably that three of the French died of their wounds after the prisoners had been removed. M. Arnault speaks with admiration of the beautiful order in which he finds the English vessel after the action, though she had been two years at sea—and with becoming gratitude of the generous and delicate attentions which he personally, as well as all his companions in misfortune, received from Captain Foote and his officers. The prisoners were released under a special cartel, at Cagliari, and Arnault finds his way back to Paris, where he resumes the very unimportant story of his literary life and society. In 1799 he produced his tragedy of the *Venetians*, which had considerable success. On Buonaparte's return, after a slight sneer at Arnault's *desertion*—which would probably have been more serious had not Buonaparte been so recently guilty of a still more heinous *desertion*—he was again taken into a kind of subordinate confidence, through the influence, we suspect, of his brother-in-law, Regnauld, who now became the chief of Buonaparte's literary clique.

In the 18th of Brumaire, Arnault was, he tells us, one of the conspirators—'how we apples swim!'—He was desired, it seems

seems, to write articles in the journals, and was even entrusted with the composition of a song which was to rally the troops and the populace round the new standard; he was also employed to carry messages and to do other little jobs connected with the plot; and from what he then knew, and what all the world has since known, he has compiled an account of that affair, which however has little or no novelty. One episode, which has something dramatic, we shall endeavour to abridge.

The *affair*, which had been frequently postponed, appeared at last definitively fixed for the 16th Brumaire; and, on the evening of the 15th, all seemed ready. Talleyrand, Rœderer, Regnauld, and Arnault, were assembled at Talleyrand's house, waiting the word of command—but it did not come. Arnault, as least liable to be suspected, was sent to inquire of Buonaparte whether the affair stood for the morrow. In the meanwhile, Bertrand-Talleyrand,* to deceive any one who might chance to call in, made his rubber of whist, and Raton-Arnault was, on his return, to make a sign, to be understood only by the initiated. Arnault, on arriving at Buonaparte's,

'found his salon full of everybody of every fashion—generals, legislators, jacobins, royalists, lawyers, abbés—a minister, a *director*, nay, the *President of the Directory* himself, against whom the plot was laid; and it seemed as if all parties knew what was going on—and as if they were all conspirators. To see the superiority of Buonaparte's air in this motley assemblage, one would have said that they were all in his confidence.'—vol. iv. p. 354.

While Raton was waiting to deliver his message, he witnessed a curious scene. The President of the Directory, honest Gohier, was sitting on a sofa with Madame Buonaparte, when Fouché, the minister of police, came in, and took, by invitation, his seat

he burst into a loud laugh. 'Fie, citizen Fouché!' said Josephine, 'how can you laugh at such things?' 'Citoyenne,' replied the imperturbable Gohier—who thought it gallant to say something to quiet the evident alarm of the lady, of the *real* source of which, however, he had evidently not the most remote idea—'Citoyenne, the minister knows what he is about. Be at your ease; when one talks of such extreme measures before ladies, 'tis a proof that there is no occasion for them. *Do as the government does—laugh at such rumours and sleep in peace!*' After this singular conversation, which Buonaparte, who was standing by, heard with a smile, the guests retired, and Arnault had an opportunity of delivering his message. 'The *affair*,' replied the general, 'is adjourned to the 18th. I leave *them* time to ascertain that I can do without *them*, what however I am willing to do with *them*.' *Them*, no doubt, meant the two councils, which Napoleon and Lucien were endeavouring to dupe, buy, or intimidate. Arnault returned to Talleyrand's, whom he found at his whist with Madame Grant, (not yet Madame de Talleyrand,) Madame de Cambis, and Regnauld. After reporting the results of his mission, Arnault and Regnauld stole away to an obscure printing-house to correct the proofs of the proclamation which was to announce the new revolution. The rest is known. Poor Gohier, who *slept but too sound*, was awakened by the guard which took him into custody. The councils were removed to St. Cloud; the Five Hundred were dispersed as the Long Parliament was, and *as all similar assemblies must eventually be;* Buonaparte became sole governor of France; and when Regnauld and Arnault waited on him in the evening to congratulate him, he replied—

'If within one month we have not a general peace, in four we shall be on the Adige. In any case it is *peace—peace*—that this day has won. That is what must be announced to-night at all the theatres—that is what must be published to-morrow in all the journals—that is what must be repeated in prose and in verse, and even in songs—and that's your affair (addressing Arnault); all variety of means must be used to fit the variety of tastes and intellects.'—vol. iv. p. 380.

Fifteen years of *war—war*—the bloodiest, the most extensive, the most aggressive, and the most unprincipled—are the best commentary on Buonaparte's pretended anxiety for *peace; his* intended peace was indeed fit only to be announced on buffoon stages, and promised to the world in the street songs of hired ballad-singers.

Here M. Arnault closes the fourth of his volumes; the whole pith and substance of which might, as we stated in the outset, be comprised in one. He concludes by saying that 'he has now to tell the story of his former associates and friends—become emperors, kings, dukes, marshals, what not—shall he have,' he asks, 'leisure and time to tell it?' We are not so inhuman as

 to

in our plain English. Pindar at times bitterly reviles his enemies, and calls them crows, and daws, and worse; yet *their* malignity did him small harm with his contemporaries, and none with posterity; but, strange to say, the admiration of a poet of exquisite genius and fancy—the very model, upon occasion, of pure diction in his own language, has been well nigh fatal to him in modern Britain. Pindar would have loved Cowley had he known him in the flesh, for they were both pure, religious, loyal, and learned men; yet his self-love must have been less active than we think it was, if he would not have considered the friendship even of Cowley purchased too dearly at the expense of having his great Olympic song so handled by our countryman as it was destined to be.

That Cowley did not understand the construction of Pindar's odes, is apparent from the argument which he prefixes to his translation of this second Olympic, where he says that 'this ode (according to the *constant custom* of the poet) consists *more in digressions than in the main subject.*' The manner which he thus mistakenly imputes to Pindar, Cowley adopted himself in the composition of those odes of his own, which, from a supposed similarity of style, he called *Pindarique* Poems,—not worthless, but yet of little worth, and which, by popular association, have largely contributed to throw the poetry of Pindar into that discredit or neglect which they themselves excited, and partly deserved. Some particular passages in the works of the Theban poet have indeed been excepted by scholars, and noted for general admiration; but the 'fine passages' are not the finest things in Pindar, and the charge of general obscurity and want of unity has been gathering for a long time so thickly round his name, that it may seem worse than idle to attempt at this time of day to dispel the settled gloom.

The fame of Pindar amongst the ancients was transcendant and unique. Horace, who had but little of his spirit, had nevertheless a deep sense of his unapproachable majesty. Cowley, who was much nearer akin to the Latin than the Greek poet, expresses his own and Horace's feelings upon this point with great prettiness, after his peculiar manner:—

'Lo! how the obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upward bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings
About the mossie brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,

ought in all reason to have been prefixed by the translator. These omissions may be supplied upon some future occasion, which, small as the encouragement in the present day is for works of this sort, we hope will not be wanting; and if the few remarks which have occurred to us in resuming our acquaintance with Pindar shall in any degree be found useful in making the true character of his poetry, and the probable principles upon which his odes are constructed, better known, we shall feel gratified with our labour.

That the successful translator of Dante should become a successful translator of Pindar, though a fortune worthy of high congratulation, is not to us either unexpected or unaccountable. For, though it be true that Dante and Pindar were men of very diverse tempers, and the poetry of each exhibits traits of thought and feeling unknown to that of the other, there is, nevertheless, one characteristic by which, as poets, they are in common pre-eminently distinguished. We mean to say that Dante and Pindar are, in a strict sense of the word, the two most *picturesque* of the great poets of the world—that they display this power in so remarkably high a degree, that, in spite of all minor discrepancies, both of them must be ranked by the philosophic critic in the same class. In order to guard against mistake, we must add, that by *picturesqueness* we do not mean a frequency or prominence of mere *picturable matter*, such as may be found in every ode of Horace, and in almost every song in Metastasio; for this abundance of *matter for painting* is often conspicuous in the works of poets in whom *the power of painting* is signally deficient. We rather intend to mark the natural faculty—which is not acquireable by art—of producing by words a distinct image of outward form or compound action, visible to the mind's eye, and so clearly visible, that the pencil cannot make its outline clearer. As for a single example, take the well-known passage:—

> 'Ella non ci diceva alcuna cosa,
> Ma lasciavane gir, solo guardando
> A guisa di leon quando si posa.'—*Purgatorio*, c. vi. v. 64.

Or Guidi's image of Rome,—

> ——— 'tacita nel seno
> L'orme del ferro e dell' età sofferse;
> E talora mirò le sue sventure,
> *Come leon che con terribil faccia*
> *Guarda le sue ferite, e altrui minaccia.*'—
> *Mathias Comp. Liv.* iii. p. 29.

Or those few lines—

> Ἄγχι δ' ἰλθὼν
> πολιᾶς ἁλὸς οἶος ἐν ὀρφνᾳ,
> ἄπυιν βαρύκτυπον Εὐτρίαιναν

Not to have seen or heard him they avouch'd,
Now five days born. But he, on rushes couch'd,
Was cover'd up in that wide brambly maze,—
His delicate body wet
With yellow and empurpled rays
From many a violet.
And hence his mother bade him claim
For ever this undying name.'—*Cary.*

e sympathetic sense of the picturesque in poetry, and the r of preserving it in another language, which gave Mr. Cary uch advantage in translating Dante, have insured to him a ortionate success with Pindar. We do not say that his suc- taken absolutely, is equal in this his later attempt; and not surprising that such should not be the case, the diffi- ies of adequately rendering Pindar being so much greater. l to the mere talent or knack of translation which many pos- s, the generally pure and racy diction, and the strong sense of e picturesque which cannot be denied to Mr. Cary, and you have ovided the main qualities of a good translator of Dante. e moral tone and manner of narrative of the Divine Comedy re very easily imitable, as may be inferred by the uniformity, n this one respect, of versions by Hayley, Cary, Byron, and Wright; but the difficulty of executing the terza rima in Eng- lish is, we think, insurmountable. Perhaps (as we lately had occasion to express our opinion) Mr. Cary showed the soundest judgment in adopting the Miltonic measure—not as like, but as a satisfactory substitute for, the original. Certainly Mr. Wright's double triplets without the third rhyme, which so subtly links together the total rhythmic flow of the Italian, sound to our ears as little like the Dantescan harmony as Cary's blank verse, and not so easy and noble. But, considerable as the difficulty of the terza rima is in the way of a translator of Dante, it is little in comparison with the task of rendering into English the various and complicated movements of Pindar's Odes. The great Florentine marches through the nether, middle, and upper worlds with an even step; learn his pace once, and you may keep up with him always. But it is not so with Pindar; the speed with which he sets out is often enough doubled or trebled before he gets to the end of his course; eagle of song as he was, and dared to call himself—not the *swan*, as Horace and Cowley call him—he has all the movements of that imperial bird, now towering right upwards to heaven's gate, now precipitating himself to the earth—now floating with spread wings in the middle ether, and now couching with the setting sun on the gilded battlements of a temple. No poet is so slow—none so rapid; a master of sentences, a preacher

Or

Or, in
the ac

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,—
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind? '—

But the truth is, the choric odes of the Greek tragedians are constructed upon principles, and breathe a spirit very different from what we seem to discover in Pindar, who especially requires a more distinct expression, and a quicker repercussion of musical sounds. In this respect, also, our great master has, in his L'Allegro and Il Penseroso—more particularly in the former—shown a power over the English language of which there are few examples, and which cannot without the very greatest skill and felicity be preserved within the limits allowed by faithful translation. Long habit has seemed to make rhyme essential to our lyric verse; and, no doubt, by marking the metre more distinctly, and by exciting and gratifying the ear in its craving for the return of similar sounds, rhyme does very materially add to the peculiar pleasure which every one of any sensibility receives from the recitation of that kind of poetry. It helps also to supply something of that melody and sonorousness of words in which the Greek is so infinitely superior to the English and all other modern European languages. But then, on the other hand, rhyme is a very Procrustes' bed in the hands of a translator; the dimensions of the original must be made to fit the appointed frame, cost what it may in amputation, excision, or stretching; and it may well be questioned whether, upon a review of all our English versions of the Greek and Latin poets—to say nothing of the foreign poetry of modern Europe—more has been gained by the use of rhyme, in producing what is called *readability*, than has been lost, through the difficulties which it imposes, in omissions, garblings, and total misrepresentations of the meaning and character of the original authors.

It is certainly not true that rhyme is indispensable to the perfection of some kinds of lyric verse in English. The choruses in the Agonistes, in which the rhymes are only scattered here and there, are a proof of this; so we must be bold to say—notwithstanding some stiff phrases—is the translation from Horace:—

'What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses, in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness?' &c.

And, in our judgment, Collins's rhymeless Ode to Evening is not surpassed for musical effect in any language in Europe;—

'If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,

Like

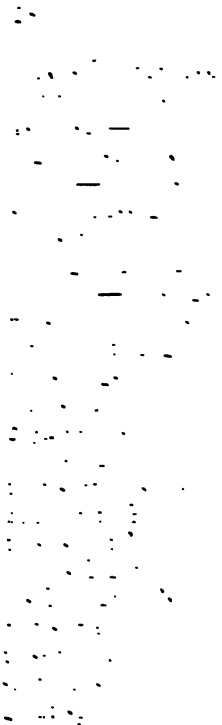
And grace, that can a magic throw
On all that charms the sense below,
By lustre not *his* own relieved,
Hath made th' incredible believed.
But after-days the best convincers are:
And man should only fair
Speak of the gods, and good:
For so is blame eschew'd.'

All the passages in Pindar of this grave, sententious kind—and most of our readers know how numerous and characteristic they are—appear to us to be translated by Mr. Cary with peculiar success. But his success is not limited to this department of the original; in those passages in which an exquisite elegance of style, and, a certain subtle lightness of thought predominate, he has more than once been very felicitous. We know nothing in all Pindar so graceful—so exclusively graceful—in manner, as his address to the Graces: the inspiration seems more than a figure, and, indeed, we cannot doubt that the poet, upon this occasion, studied in a peculiar degree to achieve a tone germane to the character of his ladies-patronesses. We venture to quote the whole ode, which is short, and will serve as an instance of the poet's and the translator's manner, in an entire composition.

Καφισίων ὑδάτων λαχοῦσαι—κ. τ. λ.—XIV. Olymp.

'O ye, ordain'd by lot to dwell
Where Cephisian waters well;
And hold your fair retreat
Mid herd (*s*) of coursers beautiful and fleet;
Renowned queens, that take your rest
In Orchomenus the blest,
Guarding with ever-wakeful eye
The Minyans' high-born progeny;—
To you my votive strains belong:
List, Graces, to your suppliant's song!
For all delightful things below,
All sweet, to you their being owe;
And at your hand their blessings share
The wise, the splendid, and the fair.
'Nor without the holy Graces,
The gods, in those supernal places,
Their dances or their banquets rule;
Dispensers they of all above
Throughout the glorious court of Jove;
Where each has plac'd her sacred stool
By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their Eternal Father venerate.

'Daughters



ink that Pindar's boldness of imagery and luxuriance of ver deserted him; but that in the Epinician Odes he d a severer taste and a more exalted tone, than in his itions.

ght well be expected, when we come to consider the dignity of the occasions upon which these odes posed, and the remoteness and variety of the coun- hich they were sent. The Games which attracted the laborious competition of princes and magistrates, must associated with feelings and solemnities of a very pecu- ;—and the poet, whose odes were chanted in Rhodes, ly, in Cyrene, Lacedæmon, Corinth, Athens, and Les- st have possessed a truly national fame, and almost all that lized in the world as his theatre. It should be remembered Olympic and other public Games were in their institu- d accompaniments strictly religious solemnities, and the which was composed upon the occasion of a victory was ed as much for the honour of the God as for the praise of n. We ought to say that the Divinity was *more* regarded the winner of the prize; for it would have revolted the reli- and the prudential feelings of a Greek of Pindar's age to made the successful individual the principal figure in the n. The honour was in itself transcendant, and for that very

---

'Down to our dance, gods!
Come down from Olympus—
Hither descend!
Glory o'er Athens and joyance bestowing,
O light, as ye wont, in the forum o'erflowing,
Where the crowds, and the chorus, and sacrifice blend!
Lo! they come! Now the violet-coronals bring,
And pure honey dew-drops
Fresh gather'd in Spring!

'See me advancing
Under Jove's guidance
Singing divine!—
'Tis the ivy-clad Boy!—God Bromius we name him;
With a cry and a shout Eriboas we claim him!
O! begotten of mother of old Cadmus' line
In the mighty embrace of omnipotent sire—
I come from afar off
To lead thy bright quire!

'For the new palm-bud
Caught glance from the prophet
Of Nemea's strand;
When the nectarous plants felt the spring-tide sweet-smelling,
What time the young Hours oped the ports of their dwelling!
Now the violet blooms are chance-flung on the land,
And the rose and the rose-leaf are wreath'd in the hair,
And voices and pipings
Ring loud in the air!'

reason

[illegible] the praise was spread over as wide a surface as possible. [illegible] Nemesis attended on too great felicity: there was a certain [illegible] in the gods which might be provoked by triumph and [illegible] by moderation; it was thought possible to propitiate this [illegible] principle by voluntary abandonment of part of what was [illegible] dear. Polycrates threw his diamond signet into the sea. The Athenians raised a marble statue to the goddess immediately after the battle of Marathon. Pindar directly attributes the success of the victor to a divinity, and is careful to pour his 'foaming [illegible] of praise' over the city, the tribe, the ancestors, and even the [illegible] of the winner. He rarely writes for a wrestler or pugilist without distinctly naming and commending his trainer, nor is the groom, or the charioteer, or the horse forgotten. Sometimes the poet praises the master of the choric band, and sometimes he praises himself. Every thing is praised, that Hiero or Diagoras may not have to bear the whole odium—the φθόνος—of the splendid triumph; severe admonitions to humility are not spared, and Pindar seldom fails to offer up a deprecating prayer—so to call it—in the character and with the solemnity of a priest.

Let any one peruse the Epinician Odes of Pindar with this clue, and he will clearly perceive that the Greek poet did not celebrate his patrons after the manner of the laureates of Louis's court; he studiously avoids a concentration of eulogy upon one head; the victory is in stronger relief than the victor, and the splendour of the victory is almost merged in the general and enduring glory of the Games themselves. Moreover Pindar addresses even Hiero and Theoxenus as their guest and friend; his tone towards men of [illegible] rank is that of a man conferring a gift. He ends his first [illegible] to Hiero thus:—

[redacted]

homage was universal and enthusiastic. The Amphictyonic Council decreed to him a right to the public hospitality of every town of Greek name; the Pythian oracle ordered a portion of the Theoxenia—a species of sacrificial offerings—to be set apart for Pindar's use, a privilege which was continued to his descendants; and an iron chair, or throne, was assigned to him within the Delphic temple, in which, upon solemn occasions, the poet seated himself, and recited his hymns to the people. Pausanias says* that the chair remained to his day, and that he had seen it and heard the tradition connected with it. An Epinician Ode by Pindar doubled the honours of victory in the games, and the fellow-countrymen of the winner made less account of his Olympic crown than of his mighty poet's praise. The Rhodians are said to have been so transported with admiration of the ode composed in honour of Diagoras, their giant boxer—the seventh Olympic—that they caused it to be inscribed in letters of gold and set up in the temple of the Lindian Minerva. From such remarkable testimonies to the merit of a living poet—who had his rivals and enemies—we might reasonably conclude that the Greeks of the most splendid age of Greece saw nothing obscure or rambling in the works which they so fervently admired. The Rhodians would hardly have acquiesced in Cowley's criticism, although, upon the supposition of their understanding English, they might have said, or thought, something of the sort of Cowley's own Odes. If Pindar seems obscure, or rambling, to us, we must surely in all modesty suppose that a part of the fault is in ourselves. We ought to give this learned Theban the benefit of the old retort—*intelligibilia non intellectum fero.*

And yet that such a man as Cowley, besides so many others, should have made the same objection, and have even coupled Pindar with Lycophron, is certainly enough to make us examine, with some care, the probable grounds for such a charge. As to Lycophron, we must protest against the monstrous association. The Cassandra *is* obscure, in the strictest and worst sense of the term; it is wilfully involved in verbal enigmas, which no skill in the language, no insight into the design, can possibly help us to solve without the aid of an interpretation which has come down from the times of the Grammarians. A poet who nakedly designates Hercules by the words τριέσπερος λέων, because that hero wore the Nemean lion's skin, and because, upon a certain occasion, three nights were put into one on his account, means evidently, before all other things, to propound riddles, which may be luckily guessed, but cannot possibly be construed by any scientific rules. We say this without meaning to dispute the genius of the poet of Chalcis; there are passages in his work

* *In Phoc.*

 which

[illegible]

[illegible] that
[illegible] Dr. Fowler
[illegible] himself; his
[illegible] very bold
[illegible] significant
[illegible] Theo-
[illegible] of the
[illegible] in the
[illegible] of the
[illegible] differs
[illegible] in the
[illegible] with
[illegible] a liberal—
[illegible] model of
[illegible] with imagery li-
[illegible] that Car-
[illegible] but the
[illegible] other's dist—
[illegible] and
[illegible] and forms
[illegible] and
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[illegible] the ex-
[illegible] drawn
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[illegible] adopted

[illegible]

make what we mean a little clearer by an example or two of these Pindaric figures. At the conclusion of a most beautiful ode—third Nemean—the poet says to Aristoclides,—

χαῖρε
φίλος. Ἐγὼ τόδε τοι
πέμπω μεμιγμένον μέλι λευκῷ
σὺν γάλακτι, (κερναμένα δ' ἔρσ' ἀμφ-
έσπει,) πόμ' ἀοίδιμον Αἰο-
λῆσιν ἐν πνοαῖσιν αὐλῶν,
ὀψέ περ.

'Farewell, O friend, to thee I send
This chalice, honey with the white milk blended,
(The dewy bead-drop dancing round the brim)
A cup of praise and tuneful lays,
With breath of pipe Æolian tended.'—*Cary.*

'I send *this honey and milk* (=the ode) with a dewy crown—a *draught* of song—*to be accompanied by the breath of Eolian pipes.*'

In the eighth Nemean to Dinis, Pindar says—

ἱκέτας Αἰακοῦ σεμνῶν γουνάτων πόλιός θ' ὑπὲρ φίλας
ἀστῶν θ' ὑπὲρ τῶν δ' ἅπτομαι, φέρων
Λυδίαν μίτραν καναχηδὰ πεπορ-
πιλμένην.

'A suppliant to Æacus I come;
And touch his holy knees
Both for the city, and for these
Who call it their beloved home;
Bearing the Lydian mitre bound
With many a fold of mazy sound.'—*Cary.*

'I bear a Lydian *wreath* (=an ode set for the Lydian mood) *sonorously* variegated or adorned.'

And beyond a hundred others of like construction, let the following remarkable passage be cited:—

ἀκούσατ'· ἢ γὰρ, ἱλικώπιδος Ἀφροδίτας
ἄρουραν ἢ Χαρίτων
ἀναπολίζομεν, ὀμφαλὸν ἐριβρόμου
χθονὸς ἀίνναον προσοιχόμενοι·
πυθιόνικος ἔνθ' ὀλβίοισιν Ἐμμενίδαις
ποταμία τ' Ἀκράγαντι καὶ μὰν Ξενοκράτει
ἑτοῖμος ὕμνων
θησαυρὸς, ἐν πολυχρύσῳ
Ἀπολλωνίᾳ τετείχισται νάπᾳ·
τὸν οὔτε χειμέριος ὄμβρος ἐπαπτὸς ἐλθὼν,
ἐριβρόμου νιφέλας
ματὸς ἀμείλιχος, οὔτ' ἄνεμοι ἐς μυχοὺς
ἁλὸς ἄξοισι παμφόρῳ χεράδι

 τυπτόμενοι.

false metaphors; and certainly, if it be universally true that no circumstances can justify a departure from what may be termed the literal unity of a metaphor, then Pindar must be allowed to be remarkably open to the censure of criticism upon this account. But we venture to think that this matter has been settled a little too hastily, and upon too narrow principles of logic. It is exceedingly difficult to trace with precision the process by which a word, primarily denoting a visual image, or a determinate act of the senses, becomes invested with moral associations; but we all know, or may know upon a little reflection, that a very large portion of the language spoken at any given period by every civilized people, is made up of words and phrases metaphorically applied. The usage of such words as *light* and *darkness*—or *to see*, *hear*, *feel*, *taste*, and the like, will demonstrate the extent in which the language of common life is composed of terms employed in a secondary or translated meaning. No man ordinarily speaks three sentences together without two metaphors in them, and the diction of the peasant is as figurative as that of the gentleman. But it is obvious that, by familar use, all sense of the figurative application is lost, and the words are spoken as in their primary signification alone. Hence we conceive the true rule to be, that no use of words ought to be considered really metaphorical, where a simply moral sense has been conventionally stamped upon the phrase, so as to merge to the mind's eye the visual image originally expressed by it.

For example, great fault has been found by some critics with Hamlet, for deliberating whether—

> ——— '*to take arms* against *a sea of troubles*,
> And by opposing, end them.'

Spear and shield, it is said, are inapplicable to such an adversary. Very true; but 'to take arms' against a thing is a worn-out metaphor, and, therefore, no effective metaphor at all. It suggests no incongruous image. Even the 'sea of troubles'—πελαγος κακων—when taken by itself, scarcely raises any distinct image; but if you add any appropriate action, as 'to float on,' 'to be drowned in,' a sea of troubles, then the figure emerges and the phrase becomes apparently metaphorical. Prospero says—

> 'The charm dissolves apace;
> And as the morning *steals* upon the night,
> *Melting* the darkness, so their rising senses
> Begin to *chase* the *ignorant fumes* that *mantle*
> Their clearer reason.'

Some of the words used in this passage, if reduced to their original physical meanings, would be inconsistent with each other;

or the following:—

> 'This is mere madness;
> And thus awhile the fit will work on him:
> Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
> His *silence* will *sit drooping.*'—*Hamlet*, Act v. Scene i.

or Milton's lines on the sounds of the lady's voice, in Comus:—

> 'How sweetly did they *float* upon the *wings*
> Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall *smoothing* the *raven down*
> Of darkness, till it *smiled.*'

May not these figures be taken in *succession* upon the mind's eye, and yet so far linked together, or placed in such harmonious opposition, that a single and unconfused impression may be the result? We make these remarks with humility—not assuredly as having any mercy for the slip-slop or rigmarole of some of the modern versifiers, nor disputing Quinctilian's general rule that —*quo genere cœperis translationis, hoc finias*—but suggesting the allowability of greater freedom in the figuring of thoughts during an exalted state of the imagination, and especially adverting to the necessity, peculiar to high *lyric* or *dramatic* passion, of expressing the whole thought by images the most illustrative of every part of it. We may be wrong, but we can never consent to place such metaphorical anomalies as may be found in some of the very greatest poets that ever lived, in the same class of false style with the silly trash which is now so common as to need no particular citation. There is this difference at least between the errors of Pindar, Shakspeare, or Milton, in this point, and those of the writers to whom we allude, that the poets *do* produce images, whether consistent with each other or not, whereas the poetasters create no distinct image at all, but, after infinite distortion, bring forth words only, and words signifying nothing.

But most persons will allow that the main difficulty of Pindar does not lie in his figurative language, be that corrupt or not. That he is difficult, we fully admit, and believe that the difficulty consists almost exclusively in our not thoroughly understanding the plan and method of his odes, and confounding them with the lyric compositions of Horace, and other poets of the English, Italian, and German literatures. There are lyric poems in the English language, which, in beauty and harmony, are inferior to none in Pindar; but they are not *like* Pindar's odes; the plan is different, the tone is different, the style is different. Pindar could not have written the Prothalamion or Epithalamion of Spenser, nor Wordsworth's Platonic Ode; but neither could Spenser or Wordsworth have risen to the splendid—the almost light-

ning

[illegible] picturesqueness [illegible] be a strictly unique [illegible] not his own country. [illegible] examined ever since. [illegible] but nothing [illegible] have survived [illegible] method similar [illegible] like that of [illegible] of the epic [illegible] said might [illegible] by the Icelanders. [illegible] examples of Co- [illegible] upon the [illegible] of very [illegible]

But it [illegible] of the figures in [illegible] other [illegible] superseded [illegible] that, in a [illegible] predominant [illegible] eager to [illegible] not content [illegible] single [illegible] it, and [illegible] the subordinate [illegible] For it from [illegible] various [illegible] gination by [illegible]

'All their glorious deeds to tell
Lyric law forbids the string;
Time urges.'—

Pindar repeats this sort of remark, in different words, in almost every ode preserved to us, and especially remembers it before or after telling a story. If he erred in prolixity of narration in the beginning of his career, as Plutarch's anecdote* would seem to prove, certainly no poet ever corrected a fault more completely than he did. The οἶμος βραχύς of Pindar may be studied by historians and orators as well as by poets; it is the perfection of conciseness and graphic precision withal. Perhaps it may be said with confidence, that in Pindar the distinct thoughts bear a larger proportion to the number of words used, than in any other poet—with the exception of Shakspeare in his Venus and Adonis and Rape of Lucrece. Yet, after taking notice of a few peculiar ellipses and unusual usages of the prepositive particles, the competent reader finds less difficulty in the mere construction of Pindar's sentences than of those of most of the other great writers of independent Greece. Not to mention Thucydides—can any one, after due comparison, charge half as much involution and abruptness of phrase upon these Epinician Odes as upon the tragic chorusses—especially those in the Agamemnon and Choephoræ? It may be the effect of great admiration and dutiful study; but to us the Pindaric odes seem written in characters of light, and we feel, speaking humbly, as if we apprehended their spirit and meaning as well as those of any other of the precious works of the high Greek muse, which the hand of time has spared.

In proceeding now to lay open, in the summary manner which the length of our preceding remarks renders necessary, what seems to us to be the Pindaric method discoverable in these Odes—we must make our sincere acknowledgments to Professor Dissen, for the pleasure and instruction which we have received from an attentive perusal of his very ingenious preface to the edition of Pindar mentioned at the head of this article. It can be no deduction from the value of our humble commendation to say that we cannot assent to all the ramifications of his theory, nor that the main foundations of it were not new to our minds. On the contrary, we tender it as a proof of the truth of the theory itself in general, that independent scholars—unequal surely in everything, excepting a profound admiration of the great poet in question—should see, or seem to see, precisely the same leading lines in the construction of his poems. The professor has worked out and applied his principles with that resolute industry and patient devotion, which

* De Glor. Athen. Reiske. vii. p. 320.

so honourably distinguish the Germans, and which, we say it in sorrow, are so signally deficient in most of the works of our modern English scholars.*

As long as any one acquiesces in the vulgar reason assigned for Pindar's fables and histories—namely, that the poe was obliged to have recourse to them for materials of his poems;—as long as he agrees with Cowley in thinking, that the second Olympic, or any other of the Epinician Odes, consists more in digressions than in the main subject,—so long, in our judgment, such a person will remain in utter ignorance of the manner and subject of those extraordinary poems. It is said that the incidents of an individual contest in the games could not afford matter for repeated odes of victory. But it must surely be admitted, that if Pindar had thought it proper for the occasion, such powers as his might at least have succeeded in the description of *one* chariot race—*one* boxing match—or *one* quinquertium. Does any one seriously believe that such a poet as Pindar—so copious, so varied, so picturesque—could not find in the struggle and accompaniment of an Olympic or Pythian contest in that glorious age of Greece, what a scarcely greater poet had found in the Funeral Games of Patroclus?—what a much inferior poet was afterwards to find in those of Anchises? Have we duly considered, and passed before our mind's eye, the august spectacle of one of those assemblies—the tens of thousands of Greeks of every race, met again at the end of four years, on the sacred plain—from the islands—from Asia—from Africa—from Sicily—the sword thrown aside for *this* and *this* alone—the twelve altars burning on either side of the course—the grove of Hercules—the tomb of Pelops—the roaring Alpheus—the fane of Jove—the oath-bound candi-

[redacted]

ode to a notice of the incidents of the particular contest in question. He generally mentions the victor in the barest way possible; a line or two—a figure—an epithet—suffices. He just designates the place and the species of game, and says no more about it. If the Epinician Hymn had been generally considered as a poem devoted to an eulogistic description of the winner's own prowess, would Pindar have been so unskilful as not to comply with the expectation of his patrons;—and if so, would his odes upon such occasions have been so anxiously sought and so universally admired?

The truth, we venture to say, is, that the object and intention of the Epinician Hymn have been totally mistaken. We have been angry with a circle for not being square. The candidates for victory in the great games of Greece were persons in whom a whole state was deeply interested; in many instances, where there was great promise of gymnastic excellence, the expenses of the ten months' preparatory training—in the gymnasium at Elis—were borne by the public treasury; and when the victor's name was proclaimed by the heralds, those of his city—his tribe—and his father, were especially remembered. Every Rhodian—perhaps every one of Doric blood—partook in the glory of Diagoras. The Olympic wreath was, according to Cicero, little less honourable than a Roman triumph. The κῶμος, or festive procession homewards, was the inviolable object of generous envy to the tribes among which it passed; and the breach in the wall through which the victor entered his native city, was left for a season unrepaired, as a mark of the common glory of himself and his country. There was a solemn celebration of the happy event in which the whole city joined, and the anniversary was observed in the family, and perhaps tribe of the winner, for generations afterwards. He was entitled to the first place in all spectacles, received costly presents from the magistrates, and was at many places, as in Athens, maintained for life at the public charge. The Epinician Hymn was composed to be chanted upon the most solemn occasions—sometimes at the banquets given by the victor at Olympia itself, at the termination of the games, but more commonly, as we see expressed by Pindar himself, sent by the poet afterwards, and intended to be *performed* by the practised band of histrionic musicians, who accompanied the κῶμος to the native city of the victor. The details of the particular contest were unimportant—would have been irrelevant—in such a public solemnity. It was the Olympic victory itself—the being victor where excellence only could win the palm—that constituted the glory of Hiero and Arcesilaus. Syracuse and Cyrene shared the glory; the victor was *their* countryman; *their* names had been proclaimed in the ears of all the Greeks,

so honourably distingu
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dern English scholars.

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these assemblies
met again at the en
islands—from Asia
aside for *this* and
side of the course-
the foaming Alph

[illegible]ate, or the felicity consequent on the favour of heaven. It is not [illegible]ual, however, to find the theme of the ode single, although [illegible]ere are some instances of such treatment in those odes which [illegible]nge under the first class of Ἀνδρία; as IX. Olymp. to Ephar[illegible]ostus the wrestler; II. Nem. to Timodemus, and IV. Isthm. [illegible] Phylacidas, both pancratiasts. In these three instances the [illegible]heme is single, and every image and example has immediate [illegible]eference to fortitude. But these are exceptions to Pindar's usual [illegible]lan, which is to associate with the fundamental fortitude or for[illegible]une some other good quality, and celebrate both in conjunction; [illegible]r, otherwise, sometimes to contrast an evil quality, and hold it [illegible]p for scorn and abhorrence. As, for example, in the former class [illegible] odes, in XIII. Olymp. to Xenophon the Corinthian, the forti[illegible]ude of the fellow-countrymen of the victor, both in military and [illegible]ymnastic contests, is associated with their talent and elegance. [illegible] the III. Nem., the gymnastic fortitude of Aristoclides, as a [illegible]boy, a youth, and middle-aged man, is associated with the praise [illegible] the wisdom to be expected in his latter years. In the VIII. [illegible]Olymp., piety and justice; in VII. Isthm., justice and a peaceful [illegible]disposition; in X. Nem., fraternal love; in V. Olymp., labour and [illegible]a generous expenditure are the qualities compounded with forti[illegible]tude. In the IX. Pyth. and V. Nem.—both written to boys—[illegible]chastity; and in the XI. Pyth., political moderation, contrasted [illegible]with tyrannical insolence, are enforced. In other instances the [illegible]theme rests upon an opposition or balance of qualities: as in [illegible]VIII. Pyth. and V. Isthm., where gymnastic and military forti[illegible]tude are distinguished; and as in XI. Olymp. and X. Olymp., [illegible]where poetry and war, Calliope and Mars, are contrasted. In [illegible]VI. Nem., great vigour is contrasted with great weakness, with [illegible]reference to the family annals of the victor; and in IV. Nem., the [illegible]wounds received by Timasarchus are compensated by praise and [illegible]song; in VII. Nem., the odium under which Sogenes laboured [illegible]is relieved by the muse, who will speak his merits truly; and, in [illegible]VIII. Nem., virtue is balanced by good and evil fortune.

We have said that there are three instances of fortitude being the single theme of an ode; but there is no similar instance of felicity or fortune—ὄλβος—being so taken by itself. Pindar would have thought it irreligious to praise any man upon the score of his fortune alone. Hence all the odes of the second class are founded upon an association of some other matter with the principal topic. The Pindaric ὄλβος is either the mere honour of victory in the games, or *that* associated with military glory, or with riches, or [illegible] power, or high birth. With this felicity Pindar conjoins [illegible], or piety, or moderation—either, as most commonly, pre[illegible]g such virtues of the victor—or exalting them by way of gentle

which they are found, as any other part of those odes. We would fain bespeak the attention of our readers to this point, because it is one of much nicety, and by far the most important of all to a right understanding of the admirable art of this great and peculiar poet.

The Greeks of Pindar's age had little history, as that word was understood by Thucydides and Xenophon, and what they had was neither great nor interesting. But they had what served the purposes of poetry a thousand times better, an inexhaustible treasure of mythic history, common, as being Greek, to all Greece, yet peculiarly popular in parts in the different regions of Greece. It partook so much of history as to seem real, and so much of fable, as to seem miraculous; it was at once familiar and venerable. Like Homer's chain, it linked heaven and earth, time past and present, the gods and men in mysterious union together. It was sometimes Ionian, sometimes Doric; it belonged to states and to families; it embraced the islands and the continent; it followed the colonist to Asia, to Africa, to Sicily; and yet, whencesoever it sprang, whithersoever it went, it was national, holy, and revered. Whatever of lovely, beautiful, or grand, Greek genius could conceive or execute, was all canonized therein by time and popular respect; and so multiplied were the instances, and so extensive the localities of these legends, that examples of every quality or fortune, interesting from similitude of character or identity of origin, were never wanting to a poet of imagination. It is hard for us in these days to assume the old Greek mind; few rightly understand its peculiar moods of thought and feeling; fewer still can actualize those moods in their own consciousness. *We* have nothing like the mythic history of the Greek; our heroes of romance are either well known to be fictitious personages altogether, or else the historical part of their existence is in such im-

this advantage in the mythic and heroic history of the Greeks, that the poet might select fables more or less ancient, general, or revered, as the character of his immediate subject might require, and yet it was easy to give to the most modern or familiar of them a connexion with antiquity, and an exaltation of tone when such were needed. Witness the different shades thrown over Hercules, and compare the Pindaric Jason, Achilles, or Ajax, with the portraiture of those heroes in Homer and the Tragedians.

No man seems to have been more deeply learned in the mythic history of his country than Pindar. He was a profound *divine;* the purposes of his poetry compelled him to adopt the popular system, and his own temper led him to uphold it. Pindar was a devout man, and could not put up with the dreary abstractions of the old mundane theory. He was full of love, and had a worshipping spirit, and needed deities with human sympathies, although with superhuman powers. In another age of the world, Pindar would have been a fervent Christian; he would not have courted (nor cajoled) reform mobs; he might perchance have fallen into toryism. He was accordingly a great antiquarian, a reverer of times past, an upholder of the wisdom of his ancestors. Hence it is, that we get an insight into his intention and principle in those mythic narratives of which the critics complain—and this we take to be—*the exhibiting of an ideal image or example of the ethic theme of the ode.* The poet states or alludes to the virtue or fortune of the victor in direct terms; then he passes into a mythic legend, generally connected by locality or kindred with his hero's country or family, in which legend is set forth, as in a brilliant mirror, the similar virtue or fortune of some famous ancestor, human or divine—but magnified in dimensions and, brightened in colouring, by every effort of a daring, although solemn, imagination. Thus in each ode the victor was made to gaze upon a magic looking-glass, which, like our Merlin's,

> —— 'vertue had to show in perfect sight
> Whatever thing was in the world contaynd
> Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's hight,
> *So that it to the looker appertaynd;*
> Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
> Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
> Forthy it round and hollow-shaped was,
> Like to the world itself, and seemd a world of glas.'
>
> —*Faëry Queene.*

A 'world' it may well be called; for imperfect as our collection of the Epinician Odes is, there is hardly a fable in the whole Greek mythology, some shred or fragment of which may not be discovered in Pindar's magic orb. The particular legends are not introduced

gentle admonition. In the III. Isthm. the general modesty of the family of Cleonynus is associated with their good fortune; yet insolence or arrogance—ὕβρις—is also deprecated. In the X. Pyth. the supreme felicity of Phricias, the father of the victor, is sung; but he is admonished that felicity is the gift of the gods, and may be suddenly reversed unless piety attends it. In IX. Nem. Chromius is urged to political moderation, lest the divine anger be roused. In XI. Nem. the poet warns Aristagoras, the chief magistrate of Tenedos, not to affect the tyranny. In I. Olymp. the favour of Neptune to Hiero, by which he had obtained the prize in the horse-race, is magnified; but the poet, taking notice of Hiero's intention of contending for the superior honour of the chariot race, exhorts him to piety, and sets out the punishment of pride, to which Hiero inclined. In the II. Pyth. he celebrates the military and agonistic glory of Hiero, his riches and power; but prays that wisdom may be joined with his fortune, and dissuades him from cruelty and evil desires. The IV. and V. Pyth. to Arcesilaus are founded upon a similar association or contrast. Sometimes, as in III. Olymp. and I. Nem., the honour of the victory is considered as the reward of the victor's virtues; and sometimes as a topic of consolation to him for past misfortunes—as in III. Pyth. to Hiero, who had lost his daughter and was suffering with disease—and especially in that magnificent ode, the second Olympic to Theron. The XII. and XIV. Olympic odes seem exceptions at first; but, upon consideration, it will be seen that the fortune of the victor in each instance is meant to be referred to the divine favour.

Unfortunately for us, the collateral information which has been preserved concerning the families and private histories of Pindar's prize-men is very scanty; but those who will attend to what the poet himself records, and to what the scholiasts have picked up,

So much for the foundation of the Epinician Hymn. Let us now look for a moment to the superstructure raised upon it. Pindar, in general, treats his subject both *directly*, and through the medium of allusive fable. If the theme is compounded, he, for the most part, speaks of one of the components in the primary strain, and involves the other in the secondary; but sometimes each component is to be found interwoven throughout the ode. There are instances in which he employs no fable at all; but these are rare, and in them there will be found invocations of the tutelary divinities, which throw a mythic colouring over the direct mode of treatment. We refer to XI. Olymp. (Heyne's), V. Olymp., and II. Isthmian. The direct portion of the ode is the principal in respect of controlling the mythic part, although it is generally the shortest and least ornate. In it are stated the victor's name, the place where the prize was won, and the species of contest; also the other gymnastic victories, if any, gained by the victor or his immediate relations, and the praise of the divinity to whom the principal games in question were dedicated. In this part are contained the poet's prayers, and also admonitions and praises, although these latter are frequently involved in the fables. The propriety with which Pindar introduces his prayers will be apparent to any one who attends to the facts told in the ode itself, or to be collected from history; one thing in particular deserves mention upon this point—that a prayer is very often made the transitional link between one part of the poem and another; as from the mythic to the actual, in the addresses to Phœbus, I. Pyth. 74 (Heyne), and IX. Nem. 66 (H.);—from the praise of the city to that of the victor, its native, in the prayer to Jupiter, XIII. Olymp. 34 (H.);—from the praise of the victor's ἀνδρία, to that of his justice and modesty, in the prayer to Jupiter, VII. Olymp. 159 (H.); and sometimes Pindar makes use of an ethic remark, or γνωμὴ, in order to pass naturally and gracefully from one of his components to another, as, amongst many other instances, in the lines, II. Olymp. 93 (H.), τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν—κ. τ. λ.

The merits of Pindar as a straight-forward and pertinent writer in the *direct* portion of his Odes have never been denied; it is his copious use of fable that has principally subjected him to the charge of being a rambling and incoherent poet. Now we do not plead in his defence the intrinsic beauty of these fables, because he who could need their beauty to be pointed out to him must also need a sense beyond our power to impart; and also because we do not think that the mere beauty of these digressions, if they be such, affords any sufficient answer to the above-mentioned charge. But we say, that these fables are no digressions, but on the contrary, as closely pertinent to the true theme of the odes

vidual piety. He addresses the laity from the altar. Mark and compare his absolute 'Αφίσταμαι with the mock *Odi profanum vulgus* of the little Roman courtier. Horace has a thousand merits—but he was a French kind of Pindar.

It was Pindar's own subtle remark, that those who love not music are confounded with it, yea, though it be music of the spheres :—

ἀτύζονται βοὰν
Πιερίδων ἀΐοντα.

It is as true of the poet himself. We never knew any scholar indifferent about Pindar. Either you love and venerate him—you carry him, as the noble Romana did, in your pocket—or you cannot away with him at all. There is no medium.—But we must stop. We tender our thanks to Mr. Cary for the pleasure which the perusal of his translation has given us, and trust he will think it worth his while to go through his author once more with patience, and consider no pains lost by which vagueness may be removed and inaccuracies corrected. He needs not to be told by us, that every image should be *distinct* in Pindar —that every word should ring—that every thought should be stamped in characters of light. To the sublimity resulting from the obscure and the dimly-seen, Pindar has no claim; his figures are distinguishable in member, joint, and limb; their robes are sun-bright, and the banners which they seem majestically to wave are bathed in the glory of high noon. Pindar was no David, no Æschylus, no Milton; and, with Dante's power, he would have abhorred Dante's subject. But such as he was, he stood, and he stands, aloft and aloof—unsurpassable—inimitable—incomparable; not the very greatest or the most affecting of poets, in an universal sense—but the one permitted instance of perfection in his own arduous, although particular, line—the absolute Master of Lyric song.

Can we part with Pindar, and not say one word at parting for his other translator? Poor Moore!—his last days were gloomy indeed. How bright the promise of his youth—how splendid the occasional coruscations of his happier hours in early manhood! —stored with all scholarship, ebullient with inexhaustible wit, eloquent where need was, good humoured, and gentle to all. He died a broken-hearted exile; where his name, his talents, and misfortunes were alike unknown. We have not quoted much of his translation of his beloved Pindar; let us do him some justice by transcribing a sonnet, which the faithful friend who has superintended the publication of his book has placed at the end of the second part:—

'*On*

[illegible]

[illegible] Physical Sciences. By [illegible]

[illegible] Physical Sciences may be [illegible] by putting for- [illegible] by dwelling [illegible] history and bearing; — [illegible] reasoning; or by taking [illegible] in general terms [illegible] knowledge of the former kind [illegible] when, by means of his [illegible] to the senses com-

This latter course is, however, by no means without its use and value: for, strange as it may seem, it is undoubtedly true, that such general aspects of the processes with which science is concerned may be apprehended by those who comprehend very dimly and obscurely the nature of the processes themselves. Words can call up thought as well as things; and, in spite of the philosophers of Laputa, with their *real* vocabulary, the trains of reflection suggested in the former way are often more to our purpose, because more rapid and comprehensive, than those we arrive at in the latter mode. The office of language is to produce a picture in the mind; and it may easily happen in this instance, as it happens in the pictures of some of our un-Pindaric artists, that we are struck by the profound thought and unity displayed in the colouring, while there is hardly a single object outlined with any tolerable fidelity and distinctness. The long-drawn vista, the level sunbeams, the shining ocean, spreading among ships and palaces, woods and mountains, may make the painting offer to the eye a noble expanse magnificently occupied; while, even in the foreground, we cannot distinguish whether it is a broken column or a sleeping shepherd which lies on the earth, and at a little distance we may mistake the flowing sleeve of a wood-nymph for an arm of the sea. In like manner, language may be so employed that it shall present to us science as an extensive and splendid prospect, in which we see the relative positions and bearings of many parts, though we do not trace any portion into exact detail—though we do not obtain from it precise notions of optical phenomena, or molecular actions.

Mrs. Somerville's work is, and is obviously intended to be, a popular view of the present state of science, of the kind we have thus attempted to describe. In her simple and brief dedication to the Queen, she says, 'If I have succeeded in my endeavour to make the laws by which the material world is governed, more familiar to my countrywomen, I shall have the gratification of thinking, that the gracious permission to dedicate my book to your Majesty has not been misplaced.' And if her 'countrywomen' have already become tolerably familiar with the technical terms which the history of the progress of human speculations necessarily contains; if they have learned, as we trust a large portion of them have, to look with dry eyes upon oxygen and hydrogen, to hear with tranquil minds of perturbations and excentricities, to think with toleration that the light of their eyes may be sometimes polarized, and the crimson of their cheeks capable of being resolved into *complementary colours*;—if they have advanced so far in philosophy, they will certainly receive with gratitude Mrs. Somerville's able and *masterly* (if she will excuse this word) exposition of

the present state of the leading branches of the physical sciences.

[illegible] own parts, however, we beg leave to enter a protest, in the name of that sex to which all critics [illegible] ever [illegible] against the appropriation of this volume to the sole [illegible] author's countrywomen. We believe that there are few [illegible] of that gender which plumes itself upon the exclusive possession of exact science, who may not learn much that is both [illegible] curious in the recent progress of physics from this little [illegible] even those who have most sedulously followed the [illegible] discoveries cannot but be struck with admiration [illegible] which the survey is brought up to the present day. [illegible] up to Saturday night,' as was said of the [illegible] that the latest experiments and specu- [illegible] Europe are referred to, rapidly indeed, [illegible] discursively.

[illegible] two extracts. We take one concerning [illegible] especially as this remarkable visiter is [illegible]

[illegible] the orbit of a comet that ap- [illegible] so nearly with those of the [illegible] concluded it to be the same body [illegible] about seventy-five years. He [illegible] the year 1758, or in the [illegible] sufficiently advanced in the time [illegible] perturbations this comet [illegible] it would be retarded [illegible] of Saturn, and 518 by [illegible] would pass its perihelion [illegible] days more to arrive at [illegible] This, however, he consi- [illegible] thirty days

representation of the path of the comet among the stars, according to each of these three mathematicians, its places being marked from Aug. 7, 1835, to Feb. 7, 1836. The positions, according to the different computations, though not very far asunder, are sufficiently distinct to make the separation, at a certain period, very wide. M. Pontécoulant, M. Damoiseau, and Mr. Lubbock, start their comets close together in August; but by the 4th of October, Pontécoulant is a whole length behind Damoiseau, (except these 'fiery steeds' have bodies and tails of portentous prolixity,) and Lubbock decidedly shoots a-head of both. It will be extremely interesting, when the period arrives, to observe which of the three lines Comet himself will select. We recommend this subject to those of our friends who have taken an interest in our recent philosophical disquisitions concerning the Turf, and especially if their 'adverse stars' prohibit a visit to Newmarket: for the stars, in this case, offer them a very sufficient compensation; and our amateurs, by backing one of the three calculated paths of this 'courser of celestial race,' as the true one, 'to be decided' by the comet himself when he makes his appearance, may have the luxury of *higher* play than has yet been known.

But we must return to Mrs. Somerville's chapter on Comets, and quote the account of another of these curious bodies. After speaking of Encke's comet, which has a period of 1207 days, she says—

'The other comet belonging to our system, which returns to its perihelion after a period of $6\frac{3}{4}$ years, has been accelerated in its motion by a whole day during its last revolution, which puts the existence of ether beyond a doubt, and forms a strong presumption in corroboration of the undulating theory of light. The comet in question was discovered by M. Biela at Johannisberg on the 27th of February, 1826, and ten days afterwards it was seen by M. Gambart at Marseilles, who computed its parabolic elements, and found that they agreed with those of the comets which had appeared in the years 1789 and 1795, whence he concluded them to be the same body moving in an ellipse, and accomplishing its revolution in 2460 days. The perturbations of this comet were computed by M. Damoiseau, who predicted that it would cross the plane of the ecliptic on the 29th of October, 1832, a little before midnight, at a point nearly 18484 miles within the earth's orbit; and as M. Olbers, of Bremen, in 1805, had determined the radius of the comet's head to be about 21136 miles, it was evident that its nebulosity would envelop a portion of the earth's orbit—a circumstance which caused great alarm in France, and not altogether without reason, for if any disturbing cause had delayed the arrival of the comet for one month, the earth must have through passed its head. M. Arago dispelled their fears by the excellent treatise on comets which appeared in the Annuaire of 1832, where

where he proves that, as the earth would never be nearer the comet than 24800000 British leagues, there could be no danger of collision.' —pp. 369-70.

We may observe that the alarm of which Mrs. Somerville here speaks, affords an example of the confusion of ideas, which popular views of scientific matters often involve; and thus shows us how valuable a boon it is to the mass of readers, when persons of real science, like Mrs. Somerville, condescend to write for the wider public, as in this work she does. The apprehensions with regard to Biela's (or, as it ought rather to be called, Gambart's) comet, which were entertained by our worthy neighbours, *tout le monde* of Paris, were of a kind somewhat peculiar. The expected arrival of this visitor, with his fiery train, produced a commotion scarcely inferior to that which was excited among the good people of Strasburg by the stranger in the red-plush inexpressibles. That his head or his tail would do us irreparable harm—that he would burn us with his nucleus—or drown or poison us with his atmosphere—were slight terrors compared with those excited by the combination of terms 'perturbations' and '*orbite de la terre*.' It appeared that the comet would cross the earth's orbit; what mischief might not come of this? It was true that the earth would not be near the crossing at that time; but then, might not the orbit itself be seriously injured? Instead of an imaginary line in the trackless ocean of space, the fears of our friends appear to have represented to them the earth's orbit as a sort of railroad, which might be so damaged by what Mr. Campbell calls the 'bickering wheels and adamantine coil' of the 'fiery guest,' that the earth must stick or run off the next time the revolving seasons brought her to the fatal place. In M. Arago's agreeable and instructive article

long been an increasing proclivity to separation and dismemberment. Formerly, the 'learned' embraced in their wide grasp all the branches of the tree of knowledge; the Scaligers and Vossiuses of former days were mathematicians as well as philologers, physical as well as antiquarian speculators. But these days are past; the students of books and of things are estranged from each other in habit and feeling. If a moralist, like Hobbes, ventures into the domain of mathematics, or a poet, like Goethe, wanders into the fields of experimental science, he is received with contradiction and contempt; and, in truth, he generally makes his incursions with small advantage, for the separation of sympathies and intellectual habits has ended in a destruction, on each side, of that mental discipline which leads to success in the other province. But the disintegration goes on, like that of a great empire falling to pieces; physical science itself is endlessly subdivided, and the subdivisions insulated. We adopt the maxim 'one science only can one genius fit.' The mathematician turns away from the chemist; the chemist from the naturalist; the mathematician, left to himself, divides himself into a pure mathematician and a mixed mathematician, who soon part company; the chemist is perhaps a chemist of electro-chemistry; if so, he leaves common chemical analysis to others; between the mathematician and the chemist is to be interpolated a '*physicien*' (we have no English name for *him*), who studies heat, moisture, and the like. And thus science, even mere physical science, loses all traces of unity. A curious illustration of this result may be observed in the want of any name by which we can designate the students of the knowledge of the material world collectively. We are informed that this difficulty was felt very oppressively by the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at their meetings at York, Oxford, and Cambridge, in the last three summers. There was no general term by which these gentlemen could describe themselves with reference to their pursuits. *Philosophers* was felt to be too wide and too lofty a term, and was very properly forbidden them by Mr. Coleridge, both in his capacity of philologer and metaphysician; *savans* was rather assuming, besides being French instead of English; some ingenious gentleman proposed that, by analogy with *artist*, they might form *scientist*, and added that there could be no scruple in making free with this termination when we have such words as *sciolist*, *economist*, and *atheist*—but this was not generally palatable; others attempted to translate the term by which the members of similar associations in Germany have described themselves, but it was not found easy to discover an English equivalent for *natur-forscher*. The process of examination which it implies might suggest such undignified compounds as

as *nature-poker* *, or *nature-peeper*, for these *naturæ curiosi;* but these were indignantly rejected.

The inconveniences of this division of the soil of science into infinitely small allotments have been often felt and complained of. It was one object, we believe, of the British Association, to remedy these inconveniences by bringing together the cultivators of different departments. To remove the evil in another way is one object of Mrs. Somerville's book. If we apprehend her purpose rightly, this is to be done by showing how detached branches have, in the history of science, united by the discovery of general principles.

'In some cases identity has been proved where there appeared to be nothing in common, as in the electric and magnetic influences; in others, as that of light and heat, such analogies have been pointed out as to justify the expectation that they will ultimately be referred to the same agent; and in all there exists such a bond of union, that proficiency cannot be attained in any one without a knowledge of others.'—*Preface.*

We may add, that in the same way in which a kindred language proves the common stock and relationship of nations, the connexion of all the sciences which are treated of in the work now before us is indicated by the community of that *mathematical* language which they all employ. Our space does not allow us to dwell on the illustration of this point, but we may select a passage or two. We cannot even refer to the curious sections on the properties of light; on the fringes of shadows, the colours of thin plates, the results of polarization, and of the analysis of polarized light after passing through crystals; on the evidence and proofs of the undulatory theory; which last great question our author,

to it through the air. Light, heat, sound, and the waves of fluids, are all subject to the same laws of reflection, and, indeed, their undulatory theories are perfectly similar. If, therefore, we may judge from analogy, the undulations of some of the heat-producing rays must be less frequent than those of the extreme red of the solar spectrum; but if the analogy were perfect, the interference of two hot rays ought to produce cold, since darkness results from the interference of two undulations of light—silence ensues from the interference of two undulations of sound—and still water, or no tide, is the consequence of the interference of two tides. The propagation of sound, however, requires a much denser medium than that either of light or heat; its intensity diminishes as the rarity of the air increases; so that at a very small height above the surface of the earth the noise of the tempest ceases, and the thunder is heard no more in those boundless regions where the heavenly bodies accomplish their periods in eternal and sublime silence.'—pp. 250, 251.

We refer to the following on account of the novelty of the subject:—

'After Mr. Faraday had proved the identity of the magnetic and electric fluids by producing the spark, heating metallic wires, and accomplishing chemical decomposition, it was easy to increase these effects by more powerful magnets and other arrangements. The following apparatus is now in use, which is in effect a battery, where the agent is the magnetic instead of the voltaic fluid, or, in other words, electricity.

'A very powerful horse-shoe magnet, formed of twelve steel plates in close approximation, is placed in a horizontal position. An armature consisting of a bar of the purest soft iron has each of its ends bent at right angles, so that the faces of those ends may be brought directly opposite and close to the poles of the magnet when required. Two series of copper wires—covered with silk, in order to insulate them—are wound round the bar of soft iron as compound helices. The extremities of these wires, having the same direction, are in metallic connexion with a circular disc, which dips into a cup of mercury, while the ends of the wires in the opposite direction are soldered to a projecting screw-piece, which carries a slip of copper with two opposite points. The steel magnet is stationary; but when the armature, together with its appendages, is made to rotate horizontally, the edge of the disc always remains immersed in the mercury, while the points of the copper slip alternately dip in it and rise above it. By the ordinary laws of induction, the armature becomes a temporary magnet while its bent ends are opposite the poles of the steel magnet, and ceases to be magnetic when they are at right angles to them. It imparts its temporary magnetism to the helices which concentrate it; and while one set conveys a current to the disc, the other set conducts the opposite current to the copper slip. But as the edge of the revolving disc is always immersed in the mercury, one set of wires is constantly

constantly maintained in contact with it, and the circuit is only completed when a point of the copper slip dips in the mercury also; but the circuit is broken the moment that point rises above it. Thus, by the rotation of the armature, the circuit is alternately broken and renewed; and as it is only at these moments that electric action is manifested, a brilliant spark takes place every time the copper point touches the surface of the mercury. Platina wire is ignited, shocks smart enough to be disagreeable are given, and water is decomposed with astonishing rapidity, by the same means, which proves beyond a doubt the identity of the magnetic and electric agencies, and places Mr. Faraday, whose experiments established the principle, in the first rank of experimental philosophers.'—pp. 339, 340.

The following speculations are somewhat insecure, but they are proposed as conjectures rather than assertions, and are well worth notice:—

'From the experiments of Mr. Faraday, and also from theory, it is possible that the rotation of the earth may produce electric currents in its own mass. In that case, they would flow superficially in the meridians, and if conductors could be applied at the equator and poles, as in the revolving plate, negative electricity would be collected at the equator, and positive at the poles; but without something equivalent to conductors to complete the circuit, these currents could not exist.

'Since the motion, not only of metals but even of fluids, when under the influence of powerful magnets, evolves electricity, it is probable that the gulf stream may exert a sensible influence upon the direction of the lines of magnetic variation, in consequence of electric currents moving across it, by the electro-magnetic induction of the earth. Even a ship passing over the surface of the water, in northern or southern latitudes, ought to have electric currents running directly across the line of her motion. Mr. Faraday observes, that such is the

extend through space, the induction of the sun, moon, and planets must occasion perpetual variations in the intensity of terrestrial magnetism, by the continual changes in their relative positions.

'In the brief sketch that has been given of the five kinds of electricity, those points of resemblance have been pointed out which are characteristic of one individual power; but as many anomalies have been lately removed, and the identity of the different kinds placed beyond a doubt by Mr. Faraday, it may be satisfactory to take a summary view of the various coincidences in their modes of action on which their identity has been so ably and completely established by that great electrician.'—pp. 352-354.

We shall not here pursue this subject, as the examination of it at suitable length would lead us too far. We add some examples of the information contained in this work :—

'M. Melloni, observing that the maximum point of heat is transferred farther and farther towards the red end of the spectrum, according as the substance of the prism is more and more permeable to heat, inferred that a prism of rock-salt, which possesses a greater power of transmitting the calorific rays than any other known body, ought to throw the point of greatest heat to a considerable distance beyond the visible part of the spectrum—an anticipation which experiment fully confirmed, by placing it as much beyond the dark limit of the red rays as the red part is distant from the bluish-green band of the spectrum.'—p. 237.

The establishment of the identity of charcoal and diamond led sanguine persons to anticipate the time when our home-manufactures should rival the produce of Golconda. In such speculations it is but reasonable to take into account the reflection with which Mrs. S. closes the following passage:—

'It had been observed that, when metallic solutions are subjected to galvanic action, a deposition of metal, generally in the form of minute crystals, takes place on the negative wire: by extending this principle, and employing a very feeble voltaic action, M. Becquerel has succeeded in forming crystals of a great proportion of the mineral substances precisely similar to those produced by nature. The electric state of metallic veins makes it possible that many natural crystals may have taken their form from the action of electricity bringing their ultimate particles, when in solution, within the narrow sphere of molecular attraction already mentioned as the great agent in the formation of solids. Both light and motion favour crystallization. Crystals which form in different liquids are generally more abundant on the side of the jar exposed to the light; and it is a well-known fact that still water, cooled below thirty-two degrees, starts into crystals of ice the instant it is agitated. Light and motion are intimately connected with electricity, which may, therefore, have some influence on the laws of aggregation; this is the more likely, as a feeble action is alone necessary, provided it be continued for a sufficient time. Crystals

tals formed rapidly are generally imperfect and soft, and M. Becquerel found that even years of constant voltaic action were necessary for the crystallization of some of the hard substances. If this law be general, how many ages may be required for the formation of a diamond!'—pp. 307, 308.

The following is the history of the successive approximations to the place of the magnetic pole:—

'In the year 1819, Sir Edward Parry, in his voyage to discover the north-west passage round America, sailed near the magnetic pole; and in 1824, Captain Lyon, on an expedition for the same purpose, found that the magnetic pole was then situated in 63° 26′ 51″ north latitude, and in 90° 51′ 25″ west longitude. It appears, from later researches, that the law of terrestrial magnetism is of considerable complexity, and the existence of more than one magnetic pole in either hemisphere has been rendered highly probable; that there is one in Siberia seems to be decided by the recent observations of M. Hansteen,—it is in longitude 102° east of Greenwich, and a little to the north of the 60th degree of latitude: so that, by these data, the two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere are about 180° distant from each other: but Captain Ross, who is just returned from a voyage in the polar seas, has ascertained that the American magnetic pole is in 70° 14′ north latitude, and 96° 40′ west longitude. The magnetic equator does not exactly coincide with the terrestrial equator; it appears to be an irregular curve, inclined to the earth's equator at an angle of about 12°, and crossing it in at least three points in longitude 113° 14′ west, and 66° 46′ east of the meridian of Greenwich, and again somewhere between 156° 30′ of west longitude, and 116° east.'—pp. 310, 311.

We may add that the place thus determined by Captain Ross agrees with that collected from considerations, which we conceive to be more trustworthy than observations made at one place, with

which runs through such popular judgments. But there is this remarkable circumstance in the case,—that where we find a real and thorough acquaintance with these branches of human knowledge, acquired with comparative ease, and possessed with unobtrusive simplicity, all our prejudices against such female acquirements vanish. Indeed, there can hardly fail, in such cases, to be something peculiar in the kind, as well as degree, of the intellectual character. Notwithstanding all the dreams of theorists, there is a sex in minds. One of the characteristics of the female intellect is a clearness of perception, as far as it goes: with them, action is the result of feeling; thought, of seeing; their practical emotions do not wait for instruction from speculation; their reasoning is undisturbed by the prospect of its practical consequences. If they theorize, they do so

> 'In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth.'

Their course of action is not perturbed by the powers of philosophic thought, even when the latter are strongest. The heart goes on with its own concerns, asking no counsel of the head; and, in return, the working of the head (if it does work) is not impeded by its having to solve questions of casuistry for the heart. In men, on the other hand, practical instincts and theoretical views are perpetually disturbing and perplexing each other. Action must be conformable to rule; theory must be capable of application to action. The heart and the head are in perpetual negotiation, trying in vain to bring about a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. The end of this is, as in many similar cases, inextricable confusion—an endless seesaw of demand and evasion. In the course of this business, the man is mystified; he is involved in a cloud of words, and cannot see beyond it. He does not know whether his opinions are founded on feeling or on reasoning, on words or on things. He learns to talk of matters of speculation without clear notions; to combine one phrase with another at a venture; to deal in generalities; to guess at relations and bearings; to try to steer himself by antitheses and assumed maxims. Women never do this: what they understand, they understand clearly; what they see at all, they see in sunshine. It may be, that in many or in most cases, this brightness belongs to a narrow Goshen; that the heart is stronger than the head; that the powers of thought are less developed than the instincts of action. It certainly is to be hoped that it is so. But, from the peculiar mental character to which we have referred, it follows, that when women are philosophers, they are likely to be lucid ones; that when they extend the range of their specula-

of this duty, the filial feelings of the daughter were gratified by a permission from Pope Benedict XIV. to fill the professorial chair, which she did with distinguished credit. Before this, at the age of nineteen (in 1738), she had published 'Propositiones Phisophicæ;' and, along with a profound knowledge of analysis, she possessed a complete acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish languages. Her 'Instituzioni Analitiche' were translated by Colson, the Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge; and this version was at one time a book in familiar use at that university. The end of her history, though not of the terrible nature of that of Hypatia, is perhaps what an Englishwoman would look upon as rather characteristic than happy. She relinquished the studies of her early life, and went into the monastery of the *Blue* Nuns, at Milan, where she died January 9, 1799.*

We must leave it to some future reviewers to tell of the rapid acquisitions and extensive accomplishments of Mrs. Somerville; which, indeed, will bear confronting with those of Hypatia and Agnesi. Her profound mathematical work on the 'Mechanism of the Heavens' has already been treated of in this Journal; the germ of the present treatise was the preliminary dissertation to that work; and what opinion this development of that sketch is likely to give the world at large of her talents as a philosopher and writer, we hope we have enabled our readers to determine.

The reader of ancient folios (if any such persons remain in the land) will easily imagine how, a few centuries ago, such works as these would have come forth preluded by 'commendatorie verses,' in which the author would have been compared to Minerva and to Urania, or probably (very reasonably) preferred to all the nine Muses and the goddess to boot. In a case so fitted to excite unusual admiration, we are not at all surprised that the ancient usage should have been thought of; and though neither Mrs. Somerville's modesty nor the fashion of the day would authorize the insertion of such effusions in her pages, we happen to be able to lay before our readers one or two of these productions: we presume they are intended to be valued (like coronation medals struck in base metal) rather for the rarity of the occasion than the ex-

* We have not met with any account of this sisterhood; but we conceive that when Protestant nunneries are established in this country, (as we have occasionally recommended,) it would be desirable to have one foundation, at least, of this colour. We presume that they would substitute a review for the breviary, and a confidential critic or professor for the father confessor. We do not pretend to suggest any rule for the *dress* of the order; but their principal daily meeting would probably be a repast upon bread and water—(*toasted* bread and *warm* water in this severe climate could not be considered blameable indulgences;) and it might correspond with the *lauds* of Catholic institutions—'*Lauds*,—the last portion of *nocturns*—*officium matutinum*—*vespertinum*.'

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broadly distinguished from the mass of books recently published in the same shape and form, both by excellencies of a very high order, and by defects, indicating such occasional contempt of sound judgment, and sense, and taste, as we can hardly suppose in a strong and richly cultivated mind, unless that mind should be in a certain measure under the influence of disease. The author says of one of his characters :—' He was born with one of those heads in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly is wanting.' The partition in his own head would seem to be a moveable one. A clearer or a more vigorous understanding than he in his better parts exhibits, we have seldom encountered; but two-thirds of his performance look as if they might have been penned in the vestibule of Bedlam. The language, however, even where the matter is most absurd, retains the ease, the strength, and the purity of a true master of English; and there occur, ever and anon, in chapters over which no human being but a reviewer will ever travel for the second time, turns of expression which would of themselves justify us in pronouncing the author of this ' apish and fantastic ' nondescript to be a man of genius.

The writer is often a wise one—but his attempts at what is now called *wit* are, in general, unsuccessful: nor can we speak much better of his humour, though he has undoubtedly a few passages which might make Heraclitus chuckle. With these rare exceptions, his jocularity is pedantic and chilling—his drollery wire-drawn, super-quaint, Whistlecraftish. The *red* letters and mysterious monogram of his title-page—the *purple* German-text of his dedication to *the Bhow Begum Redora Niabarma*—his division of chapters into ante-initial, initial, and post-initial—his inter-chapters—his post-fixed preface, &c. &c.—what are all these things but paltry imitations of the poorest sort of fun in Tristram Shandy? All his jesting about bells, and ' the manly and English art' of bell-ringing, (excepting one *Dutch* quotation,) appears to us equally dolorous. As for his bitter sneers at Lord Byron—his clumsy and grossly affected contempt for Mr. Jeffrey—and the heavy magniloquence of his own self-esteem—we dismiss them at once in silence. They mark as evidently the disruption of the ' thin partition,' as his prolix babble on the garden-physic of his great-grandmother, the drivelling of the alchemists, and the succession of the mayors of Doncaster—or his right merry and conceited elaboration of one of the dirtiest of all the practical jokes in Rabelais.

If we were not quite serious in our suspicion that ' The Doctor' is the work of a man who stands more in need of physic than of criticism, we should have felt it our duty to illustrate, by citations, the justice of the language which we have not hesitated to apply

apply to so great a portion of these volumes. As it is, we willingly spare ourselves a thankless piece of trouble, and our readers a dose or two of dullness—and, indeed, of disgust. Let us henceforth drop a veil upon the mountain of dross and rubbish, and keep all our daylight for the gold and gems, which have made it worth the sifting.

One word only as to the outline. The author does not seem to have reflected that Rabelais adopted the broad grotesque of his plan —(and execution also)—because it would have been impossible for any man of that age, above all for a curé of Meudon, to satirize the baseness of French courtiers, and the hypocrisy of Romish priests —in any direct shape; or to have perceived that, after all, the great French humorist would have been infinitely more popular than he is, had he not pushed the system of *rambling* to such an extent as he has done. The same sort of thing might have been the result of a very little reflection on the personal position and character of the author of Tristram Shandy,—which work, of course, has been the more immediate prototype of 'The Doctor.' Sterne was to the last, what we have no reason to believe that Rabelais was in the more advanced part of his life,—a profligate priest;* and his buffoonery of manner was the shield rather than cloak of his licentiousness. Moreover, there is one very important particular in which Sterne's *plan*, with all its wildness, stands contrasted, to its own infinite advantage, against that of his anonymous imitator. The strange farrago of odd, yet often second-hand learning, for the purpose of exhibiting which Tristram Shandy was, no doubt, first conceived, is all, by the art of Sterne, poured out dramatically: the character of *My Father* is a most original conception, most happily worked out with a skill which can convert materials, apparently the most in-

Dove, M.D., late Surgeon-Apothecary in Doncaster—the hero of the book—' The Doctor.' Then there are his father, Daniel Dove the Elder, yeoman of Ingleton; his uncle, William Dove, a half-idiot; his rural pedagogue, Mr. Richard Guy; his old master, the *quondam* Halford of Doncaster, Philip Hopkins; and for heroines we have Dinah, the mother of the doctor, Deborah, his wife, and that wife's mother—of neither of whom, however, the desultory novelist has as yet found leisure to give us more than a few glimpses. Add to these some three or four *real* persons long since defunct, such as Dr. Green, the in his day celebrated quack of Penrith—one or two half insane recluses—and Mr. Rowland Dixon, the proprietor of a gigantic set of puppets,—and suppose descriptions and anecdotes of them and their odd doings swimming rare in a sea of quotations, prose and verse, serious and comic,—Latin, French, *Low*-Dutch—(N.B.—no High-Dutch)—Spanish, Portuguese, and, above all, English and Italian. There is such a total contempt of all the ordinary rules of story-telling, that half a volume is bestowed on the hero's infancy, and we then leap at once to his full-grown manhood. Forthwith the bells ring for his wedding; but ere we have seen the veil lifted from the face of the bride, the bride's mother fixes the author's attention, and *her* love story must take precedence of her daughter's—which last, accordingly, is not half told by the time that volume the second closes. What the author means to make of these heroes and heroines in the eight or eighteen volumes which we presume are yet to come, we can offer no sort of conjecture—no more, we are pretty sure, could the author himself at this hour. He himself says, at the middle of his first volume,—

' Do you know, Sir, what mutton broth means at a city breakfast on the Lord Mayor's Day—mutton broth being the appointed breakfast for that festival? It means—according to established usage—mutton broth and everything else that can be wished for at a breakfast. So, Sir, you have here not only what the title seems to specify, but everything else that can be wished for in a book. In treating of the Doctor, it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* It is "The Doctor, &c.," and that &c., like one of Lyttleton's, implies everything that can be deduced from the words preceding.'

But to our specimens.

After fifty-seven pages of incoherent rhapsody, the generation and dwelling-place of the Doves are thus, at length, introduced to our acquaintance. We do not believe that English literature contains a more exquisite sketch of the true old yeoman existence. Daniel the father,—our author says,—was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six-and-twenty acres which his fathers had possessed

possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther than register or title-deeds could ascend.

'The little church called Chapel le Dale stands about a bow shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common, with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

'The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which had been placed there were now themselves half-buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath-day, or with a slower tongue gave

yet found their way into these remote parts; and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

'The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lions' Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the Lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely described by Landor;

——— "Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch—where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.—
Shake one, and it awakens—*then apply*
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,

And

(*as such things always are*) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

'Refusing all reward for such services, the strangers to whom he officiated as a guide, though they perceived that he was an extraordinary person, were little aware how much information he had acquired, and of how strange a kind. His talk with them did not go beyond the subjects which the scenes they came to visit naturally suggested, and they *wondered more at the questions he asked, than at anything which he advanced himself. For his disposition was naturally shy, and that which had been bashfulness in youth assumed the appearance of reserve as he advanced in life;* for having none to communicate with upon his favorite studies, he lived in an intellectual world of his own, a mental solitude as complete as that of Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe. Even to the curate, his conversation, if he had touched upon his books, would have been heathen Greek; and to speak the truth plainly, without knowing a letter of that language, he knew more about the Greeks, than nine-tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine-tenths of the schoolmasters also.'

We must remember that this history opens in the year 1723:—

'Our good Daniel *had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men.* In fact, he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement—not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself anything. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun, and wind, and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought, indeed, that if he had had *grammar-learning* in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining, in this natural reflection.

'Never

But cheerful birds chirping him sweet good morrows,
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day
The diapason of their heavenly lay.

'His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On the ireful ocean (as the winds do blow)
With sudden tempest is not overwhurled,
To seek his sad death in another world:
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas,
No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
Than that which waters with its silver current
His native meadows; and that very earth
Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

'To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed;
But on green carpets thrum'd with mossy bever,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

'Drum, fife, and trumpet, with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep to arms;
Nor dear respect of some great General,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The crested cock sings "*Hunt-is-up*" to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the mountains and the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears which great Aurora sheds.

'Never gross air poisoned in stinking streets,
To choke his spirit, his tender nostril meets;
But the open sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives;
And Death, dread Serjeant of the Eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge.'

We shall give the reader another peep at Daniel the elder, ere we close our paper: in the meantime take a passage, eminently characteristic of the author, which occurs in introducing some details of the style of education that awaited his son, the future 'Doctor.' The passage is full of matter for reflection, and at least ought to be interesting to every parent.

'"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old his feet will not depart from it." Generally speaking it will be found so; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions?

'Ask the serious Christian as he calls himself, or the Professor (another and more fitting appellative which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves)—ask him whether he has found it hold good? Whether his sons when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life) have

pro'

for leading them wrong! The son of Charles Wesley, born and bred in methodism, and bound to it by all the strongest ties of pride and prejudice, became a papist. This indeed was but passing from one erroneous persuasion to another, and a more inviting one. But Isaac Casaubon also had the grief of seeing a son seduced into the Romish superstition, and on the part of that great and excellent man there had been no want of discretion in training him, nor of sound learning and sound wisdom. Archbishop Leighton, an honor to his church, his country, and his kind, was the child of one of those firebrands who kindled the Great Rebellion. And Franklin had a son, who, notwithstanding the example of his father (and such a father!) continued stedfast in his duty as a soldier and a subject.'

The vanity of *independence* leads many young persons, on entering the world, to embrace the opposite opinion in religion or politics to what had found favour with their parents or guardians—and the same principle may be seen acting still more frequently in respect of mere matters of taste. But the Mess-room, the Circuit-club, the House of Commons, or the general rub of society in town or country, soon teaches every man, who is worth any teaching, to moderate his juvenile estimation of himself; and nature has provided beautiful means for the revival of the best affections of youth, in the proper relations of advancing life. The careless and disrespectful son is apt to undergo a great and a permanent change when he finds himself a father; and often reverts, with even more than the warmth of infantine feelings, to the gentle influences which, in the season of hot blood and seething brains, he had undervalued or forgotten. For all minds not naturally coarse and base, the great and sure lesson of time is modesty; and may it not be, with submission, suggested—that when the Hebrew sage bids us 'train the *child* in the way he should go,' he does not follow up his precept by a promise that the *stripling* will be prudent, chaste, and sober of spirit, but points to the rational hope, that the fruits of early culture may be visible in the reflective autumn of *the man?*—But to come to a less serious part of the same chapter.

'I am sometimes inclined to think that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system than boys at a grammar school. The pig is allowed to feed upon any kind of offal, however coarse, on which he can thrive, till the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon; and then he is fed daintily. Now it has sometimes appeared to me that in like manner boys might acquire their first knowledge of Latin from authors very inferior to those which are now used in all schools—provided the matter was unexceptionable and the Latinity good; and that they should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity till they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.

'Understand

[illegible] meaning forcibly,—and that too [illegible] or the scholar will return in proper [illegible] worthy of being studied,—and as for [illegible] forming whether the book which he con- [illegible] and dog-earing it in the corners [illegible] if the head have any cognizance [illegible] he will think it must take somewhat of the [illegible] their early immorality. [illegible] their productions are applied [illegible] administered to boys in regular doses, as [illegible] some an obscuration of their meaning [illegible] to penetrate the head, cannot be [illegible] which they anticipated or de-

[illegible] in the opinion which the above- [illegible] nities for to we in all admit the [illegible] "honest" suggests on the other [illegible] the hair the scholar will return [illegible] which are worthy of being studied;" [illegible] most cases, we suspect, idle ones: [illegible] Byron, when he was penning [illegible] overcome the disgust with which [illegible] the very name of [illegible] Dianoges, and the like, appear [illegible] who have their Latin [illegible] How absurd to make boys [illegible] masters would never imagine to be [illegible] Pope. It would be hardly more in- [illegible] on Raphael's cartoons for the

that ever was composed for children, and for which its excellent authoress will one day rank high among women of genius, when time shall have set its seal upon desert.* The only book within his reach, of all those which now come into the hands of youth, was the Pilgrim's Progress, and this he read at first without a suspicion of its allegorical import. What he did not understand was as little remembered as the sounds of the wind, or the motions of the passing clouds; but the imagery and the incidents took possession of his memory and his heart. After a while Textor became an interpreter of the immortal Tinker, and the boy acquired as much of the meaning by glimpses as was desirable, enough to render some of the personages more awful by spiritualizing them, while the tale itself remained as a reality.

'"What, Sir," exclaims a lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and woad-stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full dye,—"what, Sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?" And she casts her eyes complacently toward an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female,—some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools,—have composed for the laudable purpose of enabling children to understand everything. "What, Sir," she repeats, "are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?"

'"You are a mother, Madam, and a good one. In caressing your infants you may perhaps think it unphilosophical to use what I should call the proper and natural language of the nursery. But doubtless you talk to them; you give some utterance to your feelings; and whether that utterance be in legitimate and wise words, or in good extemporaneous nonsense, it is alike to the child. The conventional words convey no more meaning to him than the mere sound; but he understands from either all that is meant, all that you wish him to understand, all that is to be understood. He knows that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it. So, too, it continues after he is advanced from infancy into childhood. When children are beginning to speak they do not and cannot affix any meaning to half the words which they hear; yet they learn their mother tongue. What I say is, do not attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat till they have teeth to masticate it. There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered when they were with most dexterity put aside! Let me tell you a story which the Jesuit Manuel de Vergara used to tell of himself. When he was a little boy he asked a Dominican Friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The Friar not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look round the room,

* The little book here alluded to is one of Mrs. Trimmer's.

 and

destitute of every kind of comfort, have, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, to seek their living how they can in some other employment,—for it is only by children that this can be carried on? Did his lordship know that girls as well as boys are thus abused? that their sufferings begin at the age of six—sometimes a year earlier? finally, that they are sold to this worst and most inhuman of all slaveries, and sometimes stolen for the purpose of being sold to it?

'I bear no ill-will towards Lord Lauderdale, either personally or politically: far from it. His manly and honourable conduct on the Queen's trial, when there was such an utter destitution of honour in many quarters where it was believed to exist, and so fearful a want of manliness where it ought to have been found, entitles him to the respect and gratitude of every true Briton. But I will tell his lordship that rather than have spoken as he did against an act which would have lessened the sum of wickedness and suffering in this country,—rather than have treated a question of pure humanity with contempt and ridicule,—rather than have employed my tongue for such a purpose, and with such success, I would———But no: I will not tell him how I had concluded. I will not tell what I had added in the sincerity of a free tongue and an honest heart. I leave the sentence imperfect rather than that any irritation, which the strength of my language might excite, should lessen the salutary effects of self-condemnation.'—pp. 159-163.

We hope Lord Lauderdale will seriously consider this affecting admonition; and we can assure him that if he were to confess in his place in parliament, that he spoke rashly on the occasion here alluded to, and be himself the man to bring in a new bill in the room of that which his merriment was the unhappy means of throwing out—he would entitle himself to a deeper and a more general sense of grateful respect than has lately rewarded any part of the public conduct of any of our statesmen, with the exceptions of Mr. Sadler and Lord Ashley, in their generous exertions for the factory children. But let us return to the Doves—

'*A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite; the one has its origin in some disease of mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.* Your true lover of literature is never fastidious. I do not mean the *helluo librorum*, the swinish feeder, who thinks that every name which is to be found in a title-page, or on a tomb-stone, ought to be rescued from oblivion; nor those first cousins of the moth, who labour under a bulimy for black-letter, and believe everything to be excellent which was written in the reign of Elizabeth. I mean the man of robust and healthy intellect, who gathers the harvest of literature into his barns, threshes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it at his own mill, bakes it in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of knowledge. If he bake his loaf upon a cabbage-leaf, and eat onions with his bread and cheese, let who will find fault with him for his taste—not I!

'The Doves, father as well as son, were blest with a hearty intel-

son had the m

Norwich. Sa

Marmalade

punch w

indulging

[redacted]

rate of thirty miles an hour upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway, or at ten miles an hour by stage upon any of the more frequented roads, to consider the little intercourse which in those days was carried on between one part of the kingdom and another. During young Daniel's boyhood, and for many years after he had reached the age of manhood, the whole carriage of the northern counties, and, indeed, of all the remoter parts, was performed by pack-horses, the very name of which would long since have been as obsolete as their use, if it had not been preserved by the sign or appellation of some of those inns at which they were accustomed to put up. Rarely, indeed, were the roads about Ingleton marked by any other wheels than those of its indigenous carts.

'That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days, as being the home and head-quarters of Rowland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or puppet-show-master-general of the north; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel whom the Spectator has immortalized.

'My readers must not form their notion of Rowland Dixon's company, from the ambulatory puppet-shows which of late years have added new sights and sounds to the spectacles and cries of London. Far be it from me to depreciate those peripatetic street exhibitions, which you may have before your window at a call, and by which the hearts of so many children are continually delighted: nay, I confess, that few things in that great city carry so much comfort to the cockles of my own, as the well-known voice of Punch.—

'The same which in my schoolboy days
I listened to,——'

as Wordsworth says of the Cuckoo,

'And I can listen to it yet—
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.'

It is a voice that seems to be as much in accord with the noise of towns, and the riotry of fairs, as the note of the cuckoo with the joyousness of spring fields and the fresh verdure of the vernal woods.

'But Rowland Dixon's company of puppets would be pitifully disparaged, if their size, uses, or importance, were to be estimated by the street performances of the present day.

'The dramatis personæ of these modern exhibitions never I believe comprehends more than four characters, and these four are generally the same, to wit, Punch, Judy, as she who used to be called Joan is now denominated, the Devil, and the Doctor, or sometimes the Constable in the Doctor's stead. There is, therefore, as little variety in the action as in the personages. And their dimensions are such, that the whole company and the theatre in which they are exhibited are carried along the streets at quick time, and with a light step, by the two persons who manage the concern.'—(By the way, has the author ever seen Mr. George Cruikshank's etchings of Punch and Judy? If not, he is obliged to us for thus suggesting to his attention a work of great

lectual appetite, and
catholic taste. He
upon lager unsuitery
'He would have
Lunns at Bath, S
Edinburgh, Finnan
Beefsteaks to oblige
with a *déjeûner à*
'He would have
is squabber than
in Scotland, and
with the French,
Germans, maccaroni
garlic with any bod
the Persians; do
curry with the A
mutton roasted wi
Orinoco; and turtle
and venison he wo
his taste, though
tried all, tasted all,
fully upon either,
And his intellectual
'He would not
lie; if in Greece,
have said with hin
Romulus; eat wi
dymion; watch w

We must now
extract from the

ce than another, and I will show you in that same person one o loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections without a tap-root. The laws recognize this truth in the privi-es which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknow-ges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who e what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may derstand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, ch as gypsies, tinkers, and potters.

'The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove, in e highest degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have und out a bump on his head for its local habitation;—letting that uackery pass, it is enough for me to know that he derived this feeling om his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by heritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt pon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye hose domains extend over more square miles than there were quare roods upon his patrimony! To have held that little patrimony nimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, im-lies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course f steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest f your genealogies! The most sacred spot upon earth to him was is father's hearth-stead. Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Thames, or Tyber, he mighty Ganges, or the mightier Maranon, even Jordan itself, ffected his imagination less than the Greta, or Wease, as he was ont to call it, of his native fields; whose sounds, in his boyhood, ere the first which he heard at morning, and the last at night; and, uring so many peaceful and happy years, made, as it were, an companiment to his solitary musings, as he walked between his ther's house and his schoolmaster's, to and fro.'—vol. ii., pp. 15-17.

The same strain is elsewhere resumed, when Doctor Dove, now graduate of Leyden, establishes himself in the pretty town of oncaster, instead of carrying his great talents and acquirements the market of London.

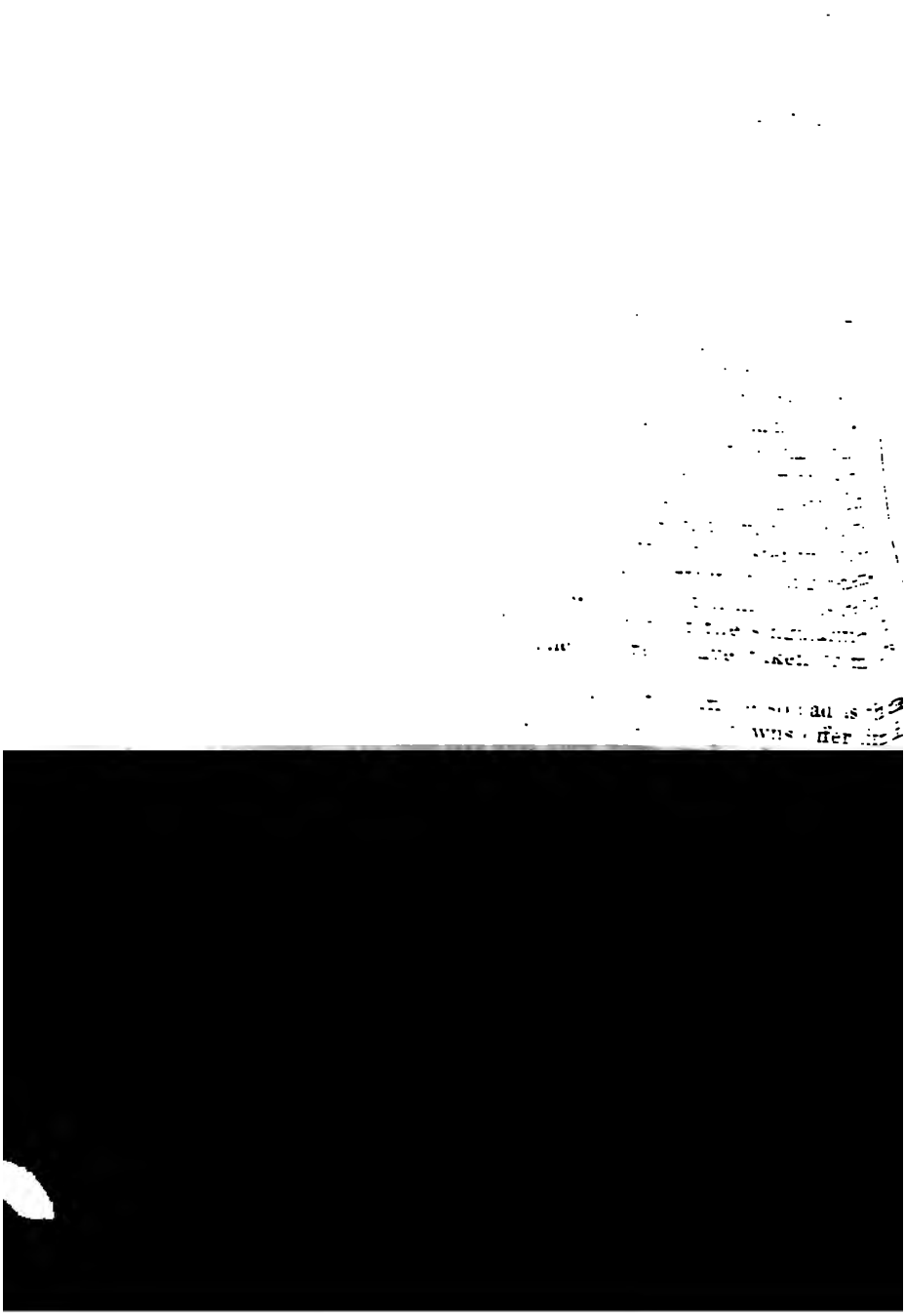
'Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in e metropolis or in a village, will go on in the ordinary way, con-rming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world f their own, with the whole powers of the head, and of the heart too if they have one), intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit:—if hey have a heart, I say, *for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh.* In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society, and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others, for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision and sympathy,

not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then Archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks, and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for saints and images, as for the great object of Romish idolatry. These probably will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the Sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Dalilah clipped him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

'That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "hazy weather, master Noah," having been preserved by tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupæ gesticulantes*, which may be found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum.*

'"Ecce tamen subitò, et medio discrimine rerum,
Ridiculus vultu procedit Homuncio, tergum
Cui riget in gibbum, immensusque protruditur alvus:
Punchius huic nomen, nec erat petulantior unquam
Ullus; quinetiam media inter seria semper
Importunus adest, lepidusque et garrulus usque
Perstat, permiscetque jocos, atque omnia turbat.
Sæpe puellarum densa ad subsellia sese
Convertens,—sedet en! pulchras mea, dixit, amica
Illic inter eas! Oculo simul improbus uno
Connivens, aliquam illarum quasi noverat, ipsam
Quæque pudens se signari pudefacta rubescit;
Totaque subridet juvenumque virumque corona.
Cum vero ambiguis obscœnus turpia dictis
Innuit, effuso testantur gaudia risu."

'In one particular only this description is unlike the Punch of the Ingleton Company. He was not an *homuncio*, but a full-grown personage, who had succeeded, with little alteration either of attributes or appearance, to the Vice of the old Mysteries, and served like the Clown of our own early stage, and the *Gracioso* of the Spaniards, to scatter mirth over the serious part of the performance, or turn it into ridicule. The wife was an appendage of later times, when it was not thought



withstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.' —vol. ii., pp. 244-247.

Another favourite theme with our author is one which has been so often dwelt upon of late years in this Journal, that we may presume our readers to be in possession of most of the important facts bearing on it—namely, the imperious necessity, and most sacred duty, of proceeding to bring into cultivation the enormous tracts of unproductive but improveable land in these kingdoms. This writer details in clear and forcible language the means by which a large morass near Doncaster, called *the Potteric Carr,* was drained and converted into fertile ground, about the year 1766; and as this example had never before reached our own knowledge, we must extract a portion of the chapter in which it is described.

'Four thousand acres of bog, whereof that Carr consisted, and upon which common sand, coal ashes, and the scrapings of a limestone road, were found the best manure, produce now good crops of grain and excellent pasturage. There are said to be in England and Wales, at this time, 3,984,000 acres of uncultivated but cultivable ground; 5,950,000 in Scotland; 4,900,000 in Ireland; 166,000 in the smaller British islands. Crags, woods, and barren land are not included in this statement. Here are 15,000,000 acres, the worst of which is as good as the morass which has been reclaimed near Doncaster, and the far greater part very materially better.

'The money which is annually raised for poor-rates in England and Wales has for some years amounted to from five to six millions. With all this expenditure, cases are continually occurring of death from starvation, either of hunger or cold, or both together; wretches are carried before the magistrates for the offence of lying in the streets or in unfinished houses, when they have not where to hide their heads; others have been found dead by the side of lime-kilns, or brick-kilns, whither they had crept to save themselves from perishing for cold; and untold numbers die of the diseases produced by scanty and unwholesome food. This money, moreover, is for the most part so applied, that they who have a rightful claim upon it receive less than, in justice, in humanity, and according to the intent of a law wisely and humanely enacted, ought to be their portion; while they who have only a legal claim upon it, that claim arising from an evil usage which has become prescriptive, receive pay, where justice, policy, and considerate humanity, and these very laws themselves if rightly administered, would award restraint or punishment. Thus it is in those parts of the United Kingdom where a provision for the poor is directly raised by law. In Scotland, the proportion of paupers is little less, and the evils attendant upon poverty are felt in an equal or nearly equal degree. In Ireland they exist to a far greater extent, and may truly be called terrible. Is it fitting that this should be while there are fifteen millions of cultivable acres lying waste? Is it possible to conceive grosser improvidence in a nation, grosser folly,

folly, grosser ignorance of its duty and interest, or grosser neglect both, than are manifested in the continuance and growth and increa of this enormous evil, when the means of checking it are so obviou and that too by a process in which every step must produce direct a tangible good?

'But while the Government is doing those things which it oug not to have done, and leaves undone those things which it ought do, let parishes and corporations do what is in their power for the selves. And bestir yourselves in this good work, ye who can! T supineness of the Government is no excuse for you. It is in t exertions of individuals that all national reformation must begin. G to work cautiously, experimentally, patiently, charitably, and in fait I am neither so enthusiastic as to suppose, nor so rash as to asse that a cure may thus be found for the complicated evils arising fro the condition of the labouring classes. But it is one of those rem dial means by which much misery may be relieved, and much of th profligacy that arises from hopeless wretchedness be prevented. is *one* of those means from which present relief may be obtained, a future good expected. It is *the readiest way* in which useful e ployment can be provided for the industrious poor. And if the la so appropriated should produce nothing more than is required for t support of those employed in cultivating it, and who must otherwi be partly or wholly supported by the poor-rates, such cultivati would even then be profitable to the public. *Wherever there is hea moor, or fen—which there is in every part of the island—there is wo for the spade; employment and subsistence for man is to be found the —and room for him to increase and multiply for generations.*'—vol. i pp. 27-30.

Among the many beautiful detached passages of Christian r flection which occur in this strange book, we have been partic larly struck with one suggested by a melancholy page in t writings of Sir Egerton Brydges, who is well characterized he

that stops the current which was wont to put this mighty formation into activity! Perhaps the incomprehensible Spirit may have acted in conjunction with its corporeal adherents to the last. Then, in one moment, what darkness and destruction follows a single gasp of breath!'

The commentary of 'The Doctor' is as follows:—

'This fine passage is as consolatory in its former part, as it is gloomy at the conclusion; and it is gloomy there, because the view which is there taken is imperfect. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world—but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with wealth, rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things. But nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. When Ovid says, in Ben Jonson's play,—

"We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fade our loves,"

the dramatist makes the Roman poet speak like a sensualist, as he was; and the philosophy is as false as it is foul. Affections, well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships, happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge, acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers, that have been diligently improved, as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping;—these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.'—vol. ii., pp. 50-53.

On the subject of *death*, our author has many passages besides this, not less worthy of being extracted. We are sure every reader will thank us for the following specimen, and more especially for the anecdote of Thistlewood with which it concludes.

'It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful,—Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold. In cases of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence, this is not surprising; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz, when he was at the point of death, desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, "The Lord will say to me presently, 'My friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up!' (*muy arropado*) and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'"

'The author who relates this anecdote remarks that "o morrer com graça

graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto mão:" the observation is good, but untranslateable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour "strong in death;" perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed.

'Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation: as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!—The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the father confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement, beyond all doubt, was purely habitual,—as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

'A personage in one of Webster's plays says,

> "I knew a man that was to lose his head
> Feed with an excellent good appetite
> To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before,
> And if he did, it only was to speak."

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well-known fact, which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved: in

We are inclined to attribute to the author himself some lines which he gives as having been found worked on a little girl's first sampler at Ingleton—beautiful lines, with which we shall close our citations:—

'Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;
With thy dear children may she have a part,
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.'—vol. ii., p. 136.

We much regret that we have not room for the love-story which fills the last chapters of volume second. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that it is the sweetest love-story that has been printed for many a day in the English tongue—every sentence in it breathes freshness of heart and purity of mind, and all is perfect homely simplicity, both in the thought and the expression. This jewel would alone make an enviable reputation.

Be this author who he may, the names which conjecture has banded about in connexion with his work imply, all and each of them, a strong impression of the ability and erudition which it evinces. At first, suspicion lighted almost universally, we believe, on the Poet Laureate himself; and certainly the moral, political, and literary doctrines of the book are such, in the main, as might have countenanced such a notion—nor do we hesitate to pay the language of the book the extraordinary compliment of saying that much of it also might have done even Mr. Southey no discredit; but surely, of all the gross errors, both in the conception and in the execution, to which we have already alluded, the least could never have been supposed to have come from him,—unless, perhaps, in some merely juvenile prolusion, casually dug up out of a long-forgotten cabinet; and their catalogue contains some items which even that theory could never have reconciled us to affiliate upon him. Of the real author of the work we happen to know he is ignorant; so we may spare ourselves further speculation on this head. Mr. Frere, who has also been not unfrequently talked of, must have changed many of his opinions in these latter days, if he has had any hand in 'The Doctor;' but the comparative poverty of classical learning (strictly so called) in the book, is to us sufficient proof that it is none of his. Mr. D'Israeli, too, has been much mentioned; but that delightful and instructive writer, though he might have supplied all, and more than all, the learning of this odd work, could neither have reached the elegant clearness and precision of its style, nor condescended to affect certain feelings most beautifully and cordially expressed therein, and towards which, unfortunately for the world, his avowed works exhibit,

exhibit, at best, a semi-poetical sort of respect. We confess that of all our distinguished contemporaries the one upon whom we ourselves were at first most inclined to fasten 'The Doctor,' was Sir Egerton Brydges; but this guess was soon overturned by abuse of Lord Byron, whom no one has praised more eloquently than Sir Egerton—by past, but highly expressed laudation of Sir Egerton himself—and lastly, alas! by the frequent recurrence of passages indicating a happy and serene temper of mind, which, if Sir Egerton Brydges had possessed, it must long ere now have been one of the most popular, as well as, what no adequate judge of his writings can hesitate to pronounce him, one of the most elegantly accomplished and profoundly reflective authors of his age. A whisper seems now to be gaining ground that the book before us is in truth a joint-stock performance—but that the larger share belongs to Mr. Barry Cornwall, of whose exquisite Sonnets we gave some specimens in a recent Number of this Journal. This may or may not be the fact—the gentleman's residence in Yorkshire has perhaps been enough to start a provincial rumour, which, should it be unfounded, he can have little reason to resent. Indeed, if *The Doctor* should prove at length to be a new candidate for literary fame, the names we have been reciting and rejecting will sufficiently acquit the universal feeling that he, with all his defects, has been fully entitled to claim his degrees *in numero*.

Art. V.—*Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir, written by himself; and translated from a Persian Manuscript.* By Major David Price, of the Bombay Army; Member of the Royal Asiatic

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epic and lyric poems, sketches of national customs, and precepts of religion and morality. Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of some of these publications, it cannot be doubted that the zeal and liberality of the gentlemen, by whose exertions they have been collected and printed, are deserving of unqualified praise. Though hitherto uncheered even by the barren reward of popularity, Lord Munster and his colleagues have steadily persevered in the execution of an enterprise, which cannot ultimately fail to promote the interests of sound knowledge, and to reflect honour upon the national character.

The stores of Eastern literature, which are deposited in public and private libraries in England and France, and in the hands of Arabian, Hindoo, and Persian families, may be said, without exaggeration, to be inexhaustible. They are of course of various degrees of merit: but, excluding works on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine, which the greater progress of Europe in those sciences has rendered obsolete, it is known that there are amongst those manuscript collections many compositions of considerable interest and importance. Accomplished scholars and travellers, who have had access to those treasures, report that they comprehend volumes on ecclesiastical history and divinity, written by the fathers of the Syrian and Arabian churches, which illustrate the progress of Christianity during the earlier centuries of its existence; that they also include some valuable disquisitions on grammar and rhetoric—and numerous works of fiction, not excelled by those of a similar class which have been already rendered familiar to us in every polished language of Europe. Histories of the Crusades, exhibiting minute details of wars, which, however mistaken in their origin, will never cease to captivate the attention of mankind, are also said to abound in the East, and to be well entitled to a wider sphere of celebrity. The treatise of Apollonius Pergæus, on conic sections, which was brought to Europe by Golius, and translated by Halley, was preserved from the ruins of Greek literature by a learned Arabian, who was employed for the purpose by the court of Bagdad. It is not, perhaps, visionary to suppose, that some others of the long-lost works of ancient Greece may yet be found among the versions, which are known to have been executed under the protection of the same authority during the enlightened and memorable period of the Caliphate.

To explore these sources of literature and science, and to render them available to the civilized world, is the very laudable ambition of the committee appointed to manage the subscriptions which are contributed to the Oriental Fund. This country ought to feel particularly interested in the results of their labours, from the inti-

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Art. V.—Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangeir, written by himself, and translated from a Persian Manuscript. By Major Price, of the Bombay Army; Member of the Literary Society of Great Britain and Ireland; of the Translation Committee; and of the Royal Society of [illegible]. 4to. pp. 167. London. 1829.

It seems to be even as yet hardly known to the [illegible] a committee of persons of great learning [illegible] them members of the Royal Asiatic Society, [illegible] during the last four or five years, in giving to the [illegible] French translations from manuscripts in the [illegible] galese, and other oriental languages. Subscribers, which, though not as numerous as [illegible] the names of several individuals of the [illegible] country, they have been already enabled [illegible] volume [illegible] with more [illegible] the [illegible]

which that prince held the sceptre of India; but as far as it goes it is highly characteristic of the writer. It is no modern discovery. Its existence was known to Dow, who, however, seems to have made no use of it in his valuable and often elegant translation of the History of Hindostan. In alluding to this composition he says very truly, though somewhat quaintly, that the emperor 'was a man of science and literary abilities, and that the memoirs of his life, which he penned himself, do him more honour as a good writer, than the matter as a great monarch.'

Few eastern princes ever ascended a throne under more auspicious circumstances than Jehangire. He was the great grandson of Baber the restorer of the dynasty of Timur, and the son of the renowned Akbar, by whose chivalrous valour in the field the twenty-two provinces,* then composing the empire of India, were firmly subdued and tranquillized. Like the 'Swedish Charles,' Akbar gained important victories by surprising rapidity and boldness of movement, attended frequently by little more than an ordinary guard of his followers. But by his extraordinary wisdom and statesmanship during his lengthened reign of fifty-one years, he secured and consolidated the conquests which he had achieved as a soldier. Assisted by his celebrated minister, Abul Fazel, he compiled the well-known survey of his empire called the 'Ayeen Akbery,' a very valuable work, which comprises a full account of everything connected with his government and the productions of the different provinces. At the period of his death, which occurred in the latter part of the year 1605, the ordinary annual revenue of the empire, including the average amount of presents made to the sovereign, and of the estates of his officers which reverted to him at their death, is estimated by Dow at the sum of [illegible]-two millions of our money. His standing army consisted of

systems of philosophy were studied; and the powers of the mind were generally cultivated and improved.'

It was quite in keeping with every part of the new monarch's character, that, upon succeeding to the empire, he should have changed his original name of Selim to that of Jehangire-shah, which signifies 'the world-subduing king;' and that he directed a legend to be stamped upon the current coin, proclaiming himself the 'sovereign splendour of the faith,' and the 'safeguard of the world.' He inherited the literary talents of Baber, mingled with the fantastic tastes of Humaioon; but in his love of extravagant ostentation in dress and household ornament, he surpassed both his Mogul and Patan predecessors. He constantly boasts, throughout his memoirs, of his boundless wealth and of his munificence to his favourite servants. He reveals, though not always without reserve, his daily occupations, especially when connected with the proceedings of his government, his sumptuous amusements, and the homage paid to him by the princes under his sway. The business of war always appears burdensome to his mind; but he describes a splendid dress decorated with precious stones, with all the man-milliner minuteness of a Pepys. His effeminacy upon this point, his extreme fondness for the tricks practised by jugglers, his habit of escaping from the palace at night, and mixing with the lowest of his subjects at the punch-houses, and his violent attachments easily changed into sudden indifference and even into hostility, betray an infirmity of character bordering on insanity. It is said, indeed, that his mother introduced a tincture of madness into his blood, and he confesses himself that he was much addicted to the use of wine, (and he might have added, of opium,) which sometimes inflamed to frenzy the natural fever of his mind.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read these Memoirs, without concluding that the errors of Jehangire, enormous as they were in some instances, had their main source in the circumstances of his position, rather than in a bad heart. He was warmly attached to his children, faithful to his bosom friends—and *generally* mild towards his enemies, and inexorable in enforcing the execution of impartial justice. When his own passions were interested, however, he seemed to recognise no restraint in divine or human law. He was upon these occasions the Eastern despot to the full extent of that pregnant phrase. He concerted his measures for the assassination of any person who stood in the way of his designs, with as much coolness as if he were only transcribing a couplet. If thwarted in his nefarious operations, he persevered with all the treachery of the tiger, but without a particle

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Amongst the numerous regulations, many of them highly meritorious, which Jehangire promulgated on his accession to the throne, was one strictly forbidding the manufacture or sale of wine, or of any other intoxicating liquor within his dominions. But as he was conscious that he exhibited in his own proper person an example rather inconsistent with the doctrine which he enforced by law, he deemed it necessary to enter into the following curious explanation of his motives.

'I undertook to institute this regulation, although it is sufficiently notorious, that I have myself the strongest inclination for wine, in which, from the age of sixteen, I liberally indulged. And in very truth, encompassed as I was with youthful associates of congenial minds, breathing the air of a delicious climate—ranging through lofty and splendid saloons, every part of which was decorated with all the graces of painting and sculpture, and the floors bespread with the richest carpets of silk and gold, would it not have been a species of folly to have rejected the aid of an exhilarating cordial—and what cordial can surpass the juice of the grape?

'For myself, I cannot but acknowledge that such was the excess to which I had carried my indulgence, that my usual daily allowance extended to twenty, and sometimes to more than twenty cups, each cup containing half a seir, (about six ounces,) and eight cups being equal to a maun of Irak (about three pounds). So far, indeed, was this baneful propensity carried, that if I were but an hour without my beverage, my hands began to shake, and I was unable to sit at rest. Convinced by these symptoms, that if the habit gained upon me in this proportion, my situation must soon become one of the utmost peril, I felt it full time to devise some expedient to abate the evil; and in six months I accordingly succeeded in reducing my quantity gradually from twenty to five cups—(at entertainments I continued, however, to indulge in a cup or two more—)—and on most occasions I made it a rule never to commence my indulgence until about two hours before the close of the day. But now that the affairs of the empire demand my utmost vigilance and attention, my potations do not commence until after the hour of evening prayer, my quantity never exceeding five cups on any occasion; neither would more than that quantity suit the state of my stomach. Once a day I take my regular meal, and once a day seems quite sufficient to assuage my appetite for wine; but as drink seems no less necessary than meat for the sustenance of man, it appears very difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue altogether the use of wine. Nevertheless, I bear in mind, and I trust in heaven, that, like my grandfather Humaioon, who succeeded in divesting himself of the habit before he attained to the age of forty-five, I also may be supported in my resolution, *some time or other*, to abandon the pernicious practice altogether. "In a point wherein God has pronounced his sure displeasure, let the creature exert himself ever so little towards amendment, and it may

the infant, and they were obliged to abandon it in the desert. But before they quitted the child, they contrived to deposit it under a tree, and to cover it with leaves. They then renewed their journey, bathed in bitter tears.

The mother, as she departed, kept her eyes fixed upon the tree, beneath which she had thus been constrained to leave the precious fruit of her womb. She bore her grief in silence until that beacon began to fade on her sight, and then she could no longer suppress the voice of nature.—'My child! my child!' she exclaimed, in agony, throwing herself from the palfrey, and attempting to return to her infant; but she could not move. Aias, pierced to the heart, tottered back for the child; but what was his horror on approaching the tree to behold an immense black snake coiled round the babe, and preparing to devour it! The shouts of the father frightened the reptile, which fled into a hollow part of the tree, and he succeeded in restoring the innocent safe to her mother's arms. A few hours afterwards travellers appeared within the horizon, from whom they received a supply of necessaries. Eventually they made their way to the city of Lahore, where Akbar then held his court.

Aias in a short time became secretary to Asiph Chan, a kinsman of his, who was then one of Akbar's omrahs. Having by his abilities in his office attracted the notice of the emperor, he was gradually promoted to the appointment of high treasurer, and thus became, from a poor adventurer, one of the first subjects in the empire. His daughter—who from her extraordinary beauty was at first called Mher-ul-Nissa, 'The Sun of Woman,'—received the best education that could be obtained for her. In music, dancing, and poetry, she was eminently accomplished—in painting she had no equal among her own sex. She was in the early bloom of her beauty when Jehangire (then Selim) was in the heyday of his youth. Being invited one day to her father's, he remained after the public banquet was over, and all but the principal guests had withdrawn, when, according to custom, wine was brought, and the ladies of the family made their appearance veiled. Mher-ul-Nissa's graceful figure at once attracted the attention of the young prince. She sang—her voice touched his very soul: she danced—he followed all her movements with expressions of rapture that could hardly be restrained within becoming bounds. In the midst of this excitement the fair enchantress, turning towards Selim, *accidentally* dropped her veil. He was completely taken in the toils which her ambition had designedly spread for him, although she was already betrothed to Shere Afkun, a Turcomanian nobleman of distinguished character. Selim demanded from his father a dissolution of this contract, but

fitted up. Without losing her presence of mind for a moment, the fair forlorn rose slowly from the couch, and, without uttering a word, made the usual obeisance, touching first the ground, and then her forehead, with her right hand. The emperor also remained silent, the tide of former passion rushing upon him while he once more gazed upon her beauty, and above all, admired that indescribable mien by which her charms were rendered irresistible. The result was as she had foreseen. Jehangire folded her in his arms; and the next day orders were given for the celebration of their nuptials. Her name was changed by an imperial edict to Noor-Mahil,—'Light of the Seraglio,'—and she thenceforth held undivided sway over her husband, yielding to her father the real government of the empire. Many members of her family were raised to posts of eminence, to which they proved themselves entitled by their integrity and talents; and their names, especially that of Chaja Aias, are still remembered with honour by the natives of India.

In mentioning this family, Jehangire is lavish of his praises. At the period when he wrote his memoirs, he had changed the name of Noor-Mahil to that of Noorjahaun—'Light of the Empire,' a title indicative of the unbounded influence which she had obtained over him. Upon Chaja Aias he had conferred the dignity of Ettemaud-ud-Doulah; and it is worth noticing, in passing, with what consummate plausibility and coolness he touches upon the transactions that led to his marriage with the object of his lawless passion:—

'Ettemaud-ud-Doulah, it is almost superfluous to observe, is the father of my consort, Nourjahaun Begum, and of Asof Khan, whom I have appointed my lieutenant-general, with the rank of a commander of five thousand. On Nourjahaun, however, who is the superior of the four hundred inmates of my harem, I have conferred the rank of thirty thousand. In the whole empire there is scarcely a city in which this princess has not left some lofty structure, some spacious garden, as a splendid monument of her taste and munificence. As I had then no intention of marriage, she did not originally come into my family, but was betrothed in the time of my father to Shere Afkun; but when that chief was killed (!) I sent for the Kauzy, and contracted a regular marriage with her, assigning for her dowry the sum of eighty laks of ashrefies of five methkals,* which sum she requested, as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. I presented her, moreover, with a necklace of pearl, containing forty beads, each of which had cost me separately the sum of forty thousand rupees. (160,000*l.*) At the period in which

* That is to say, 7,200,000*l.*—'One of those enormous sums,' observes the translator, 'which startle belief!'

this

I shall here record the elevation by me, to the dignity of a commander of 2000 horse, of Sheikh Abdurrahman, the son of Abul Fazel, although the father was well known to me as a man of profligate principles. For towards the close of my father's reign, availing himself of the influence which, by some means or other, he had acquired, so wrought upon the mind of his master, as to instil into him the belief that the seal and asylum of prophecy, to whom the devotion of thousand lives such as mine would be a sacrifice too inadequate to speak of, was no more to be thought of than as an Arab of singular eloquence; and that the sacred inspirations in the Koran were nothing else but fabrications invented by the ever-blessed Mahommed. Actuated by these reasons, it was that *I employed the man who killed* Abul Fazel and brought his head to me, and for this it was that I incurred my father's deep displeasure.'—pp. 32, 33.

The fact was, that Jehangire believed Abul Fazel to have been at the bottom of the intrigue already mentioned for placing Chusero upon the throne to his own exclusion. All this talk about the imputed irreligion of that accomplished minister is mere rhetorical invention, intended to cover under the specious cloak of patriotism and piety one of the most infamous deeds that stain the memory of the author.

Jehangire devotes several pages of his journal to the exploits of his father, which he relates with a natural filial pride, and an energy of style that sometimes rises into eloquence. He details also in a clear and forcible style the transactions connected with the rebellion of his son Chusero, 700 of whose followers were impaled alive in the bed of the Rauvy at Lahore. Severities of this description were a part of his system of government, and he thus attempts to justify it upon the ground of necessity:—

'The shedding of so much human blood must ever be extremely painful; but until some other resource is discovered, it is unavoidable. Unhappily, the functions of government cannot be carried on without severity, and occasional extinction of human life; for without something of the kind, some species of coercion and chastisement, the world would soon exhibit the horrid spectacle of mankind, like wild beasts, worrying each other to death with no other motive than rapacity and revenge. *God* is witness that there is no repose for crowned heads!—There is no pain or anxiety equal to that which attends the possession of sovereign power, for to the possessor there is not in this world a moment's rest. Care and anxiety must ever be the lot of kings, for of an instant's inattention to the duties of their trust a thousand evils may be the result. Even sleep itself furnishes no repose for monarchs, the adversary being ever at work for the accomplishment of his designs.'—p. 95.

The imperial autobiographer then proceeds to give a moral portrait of himself, drawn, it must be supposed, when he was in a melancholy mood—

'While

ties that place him before us sometimes as a most cool and atrocious criminal, sometimes as little better than an idiot.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged, to an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jehangire was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately sowed in separate places, seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after, a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple-trees, mangoes, fig-trees, almond and walnut-trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jehangire assures us, was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes, was not all:—

'Before the trees were removed there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.'

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. 'I have, however,' he adds, 'no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit.'

The reader will be amused with the emperor's narrative of some more of these 'specious miracles:'—

'One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round; to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere

within the tents. In short, they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

'They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows to the last of all, which striking the sheaf suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

'They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air, in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising.' —pp. 100-103.

As we are dealing with the marvellous, we may as well notice a strange story, somewhat in the style of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' which was related to Jehangire, by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered, that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature, that he feared to mention them, lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days, after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm, which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular but unexplained purpose, whom they

 must

must detain—the others should be dismissed in safety. T
sengers and crew having been successively stripped nak
minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about the
ness with the exception of the Arabian and his brother,
whom were placed in close confinement, and detained a
departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entre
their father. The Arabian then proceeds:—

"The same medical person, on whose report we were detai
came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my bro
confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his
a table, where he was exposed to the same manual examin
before. They then left him and came to me; and, stretchin
on a board in the same manner, again examined my body i
part as before. Again they returned to my brother; for f
situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I co
tinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bow
knife, and, placing my brother with his head over the bowl,
cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the
and with the knife actually severed his head from the body,
head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the
had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they imm
poured into a pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stir
whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil beca
pletely amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they
head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued
the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until th
had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed t
and went their way.

"At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for m
my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obta
my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpo
pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, whi

so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold; and the fourth chamber was strewed middle deep with silver.

'I had some difficulty in determining to which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollected that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent—perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia—I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and, at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

'The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of three thousand tomauns, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined.'—p. 106-108.

In several passages of these Memoirs the imperial author boasts, in terms that to Europeans must appear ludicrously extravagant, of the riches which he possessed in gold and precious stones of every description. When the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to his authority, he assures us that, as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars, and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9000*l.* of our money! No doubt,

 however,

however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it would appear, that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,200,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as

'supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoises, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship!'

When to these ornaments we add a moveable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a moveable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage whenever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity—especially as the author calculates the weight of the pre-

ART. VI.—*An Account of the Infancy, Religious and Literary Life of Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c.* Written by One who was intimately acquainted with him from his boyhood to the sixtieth year of his age. Edited by the Reverend J. B. Clarke, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge. London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1832-3.

IT must needs have ever been matter of great solicitude to John Wesley to know what was to become of Methodism when he should be no more. He could not but feel, that, whilst he lived, he was the 'be all' of the singular society he had constructed; and he could not but have perceived the danger there was, that, when he should die, he would be its 'end all.' He enjoyed, it is true, a very long life, in which to consolidate his plans; he was not called upon to surrender his functions to others till most of those contingencies which were likely to derange his machinery had arisen and been met. Still the genius of the man—his capacity for government—did not appear fully manifest till after his departure. So deep had he laid his foundations in the knowledge of human nature, that after death had deprived the Methodists of their leader—when their form of government became of necessity, and according to his own appointment, changed from a monarchy, which it was under him, to a republic, which it was to be under the Conference—the character of their institution remained essentially the same; they continued a people still loyal to their king and true to the constitution of their country, even as Wesley had enjoined them to be: and whilst the Dissenters, properly so called (for the Methodists do not acknowledge themselves such), exhibited deep and deadly hatred to the Church Establishment, they, with every natural impulse, it might have been supposed, to the same sentiments, felt themselves still, as it were, under the spell of their patriarch, though no longer in the flesh with them, and did not decline to attend the services of the Church, partake of her sacraments, and even adopt her forms of devotion. This is the greatest triumph of Wesley. He himself was held to the Church by associations early and strong—he had for his father a faithful minister of that Church; another, for his elder brother, to whom he was under deep obligations, a man of the most masculine sense and the kindest heart. He was bred at Oxford, had been a successful student there, and was fellow of his college. Wesley, therefore, had lived within the penetralia of the temple, and well understood by practical experience the knowledge the Church diffused from her seats of learning, and the charities she inspired by her parochial ministrations. These restraints he never shook off in the days of his boldest visions as the founder of an order; but that he should

[illegible] upon his followers, who had [illegible] ground as himself, [illegible] the harmony and dis- [illegible] that—they were with [illegible] regard her with some [illegible] of his power, who, [illegible] and who, if he were [illegible] danger, would not be [illegible] destruction at the [illegible] the Dissenter, [illegible]

W[illegible] most influential of Wesley's [illegible] the first written by Dr. Clarke [illegible] youngest daughter, her father [illegible] moreover perused the whole manuscript [illegible] and attached his signature to each sheet [illegible] the whole edited by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, [illegible] youngest son.

Adam Clarke was born [illegible] at Moscow hamlet in Londonderry, about the year [illegible] His father was a village schoolmaster of a superior order, and [illegible] I've understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars [illegible] of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to earn. It was intended that he should be brought up by his grandfather, but not liking the restraint of his grandmother's apron-strings, and having a great passion for looking into a draw well on the premises—whether in early quest of truth, is not [illegible] he incurred the old lady's displeasure by keeping her in a state of alarm for his life, and was accordingly sent home. We [illegible] perceive that Dr. Clarke notices this as one amongst the many instances he discovers of a special Providence that was over him—[illegible]

His companion on this occasion was one James Brooks, the tenth child of his parents. When this boy's mother went to pay her tithe to Dr. Barnard, the rector of Maghera, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, and well known as the friend of Johnson, and a member of *The Club*, the poor woman said, 'Sir, you have the tenth of all I possess except my children: it is but justice you should have the tenth of them too; here is my tenth son, take him and provide for him.' Dr. Barnard took the child at her word, clothed him, and sent him to school, where he ever went by the name of *Tithe*. Traits of this kind, where they relate to men of any distinction, are valuable as keys to character.

The nearest neighbour Adam Clarke's father had was one Pierce Quenlin, a very fat man. Adam beheld him with disgust, as a loathsome object; a feeling which was rendered yet more intense by a dumb fortune-teller, called, in the Scottish dialect of Ulster, a spae-man, who gave Adam to understand that it would be one day his own lot to be fond of the bottle and to have a big belly. He thought that the spae-man might be right, nevertheless that God could overrule evils even great as these; and accordingly, he stole into the field, kneeled himself down in a furze-bush, and prayed heartily, saying, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pierce Quenlin!' He adds, that he continued throughout life to entertain a wholesome dread of drunkenness and fat. Upon such trifles in our tender years do some of the most invaluable safeguards of our future virtue depend. He still remained a dunce; was reproached by his teacher, and scoffed at by his school-fellows; till at last a taunt of the latter kind stung him in the right place—he felt as 'if something had broke within him;' and from that day forward he made rapid advances 'in whatsoever he put his head unto'—arithmetic only excepted.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child, (Adam was their second,) had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's Georgics, a work of which he was a great admirer: though whether the system of agriculture which suited the Campagna di Roma would consort so well with the village of Maghera or Moybeg, 'in the township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronagan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry,' might admit of a reasonable doubt. However, his crops, says his son, were 'as good as his neighbours'.' Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed

'Repent, repent, though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot,
And, though your sins be red as scarlet
They shall be white as snow!'

In short, Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—'This is the doctrine of the Reformers.' From that time the house of the Clarkes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had *assurance* of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but—

'One morning,' we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, 'in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him;* the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. . . . . It is said the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone.'—vol. i. pp. 99. 102.

The field in which this crisis befel him, this wrestle, as it were, with the angel, he used to visit with intense interest in the latter years of his life, when his journeys to Ireland brought him into its neighbourhood, and would have gladly got possession of it by purchase. Yet we should have thought Dr. Clarke might have been led to suspect the nature of this evidence, when a few years afterwards, according to his own account, it appears that he became a universal sceptic, 'save only that he believed in the being of a God, and the truth of the sacred writings'—(p. 130); a point very far below that fulness of faith which his former *assurance* must have reached; and, indeed, how his doubts could have stopped where they did, we are quite at a loss to understand. For when he had arrived at the condition of distrusting his own senses,

good-will, who, to the plain questions of a plain tradesman, would make answer in such rigmarole as the following, the sceptical scruples of which we have already spoken being then upon him, 'Have you been at ——?—I think I have, Sir.' 'Did you see Mr. ——?—I believe I did, Sir.' 'Did you deliver the message? —I think so,' &c. Come what might, it was clear that Adam was not to make his fortune by cloth.

At this same precious school of Kingswood he arrived in a cold wet day of autumn, and with three-halfpence in his pocket. There he was thrust, by the churlish Nabals of the place, into a miserable unfurnished chamber—fed thrice a day upon scanty supplies of bread and milk, not being allowed to join the family meals; and dressed before a large fire (the only one he saw there) with Jackson's itch ointment—it being presumed that such application could not be ill bestowed upon any one who proposed to be a student at Kingswood; meanwhile poor Adam was as innocent of any disease of the kind here intimated, save 'an itching ear,' as the child unborn. Here the poor lad worked in the garden to keep himself warm, and found a half-guinea in a clod. The inmates of this place were in general heartless persons enough, but in the present instance they could not reconcile it to themselves to deprive a forlorn boy of this God-send, for such it seemed to be, who proposed, however, on his own part, to resign it; and with six shillings of the sum, which was all that he had in the world, he gallantly bought Bayley's Hebrew Grammar, the foundation of his future acquirements in Oriental literature, and of the character by which he was principally known. Soon afterwards Wesley himself arrived at Bristol, and delivered his victim from this strange preparation for the ministry.

'Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand. Our conversation was short,—"Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the word of God?" I answered, "Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases." He then said, "We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts); hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go." He then turned to me, laid his hand upon my head, and spent a few minutes in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called.'

So this raw boy went forth to preach: his call to the ministry from God being found in the casual opening of his Bible, some time before, upon John xv. 16, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should bring forth fruit,' &c. —and from man, in the imposition of John Wesley's hands. It might have occurred to him, that, if this sortilege through Scripture was good for directing the priest, it was equally good for directing the

Sunday of its sitting—the last, 'an *awakening* one;' and, after only eleven months' probation as an itinerant preacher, was admitted into full connexion. On this occasion, the candidate has to answer certain inquiries previous to ordination, for the satisfaction of Conference; one of which, and one characteristic of the sagacity of the framer, is—'Are you in debt?' Now, it happened that Adam Clarke had borrowed a halfpenny in the morning, from one of his brother-preachers, to give to a beggar. Should he acknowledge that he was in debt, the sum would seem ridiculous: should he deny that he was in debt, the fact would not be true. 'He dissolved the difficulty in a moment,' (we are triumphantly told,) 'by answering—"Not one penny." Thus both his credit and conscience were saved. The reader,' it is added, 'may smile at all this; but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing.' The scruple might be the scruple of a Methodist, but the evasion was that of a Jesuit. Adam Clarke greatly ripens in sound Christian knowledge as he advances in years, and the time soon came when he would have thought the knot and the solution of it equally contemptible.

We have now launched the stripling in his circuit; but he was without a horse. A gentleman, however, at Bradford—one of that class who heretofore 'loved our people, and built them a synagogue'—would give the young preacher a horse; and, amongst other good qualities for which he extolled him, he was an excellent *chaise*-horse. There seems to be something in matters of horse-flesh that puts to the proof the virtue of a saint. Amongst the various animal forms in which the devil tempted St. Anthony, we do not recollect that the horse was one:—it would surely, for a saint, have been the most trying of all. 'One of my horses,' quoth John Wesley, who happened to be present, and heard the conversation, 'troubles me much; he often will not draw. Had not I better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have mine? He *may* be a good hack, though a bad chaise-horse.' The exchange was made, to the great delight of Adam Clarke, too happy to find himself in John Wesley's saddle. But, alas! not ten miles could he travel without the creature coming at least once upon his knees. Adam's friends endeavoured to persuade him to part with a beast which he rode at the extreme hazard of his neck; but it had been John Wesley's horse, and was precious in his sight. However, at last, when he had stumbled beyond forgiveness—having pitched his idolatrous rider upon his head, disturbed the vertebræ of his backbone, and seriously injured him for three years—Adam Clarke consented 'to change him with a farmer who had a high reverence for John Wesley, and promised to use him mercifully.'

We now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several

[illegible] was appointed:—Bradford, Norwich [illegible]—those picturesque adventures [illegible] by flood and field, [illegible] Methodist-preacher something [illegible] of the wildness of an expe[illegible] however, by the dignity of [illegible] scenes and sufferings when [illegible] trace his limbs, and lead [illegible] all force unabated. This [illegible] great charms for Ad[illegible] himself *Emeritus*, he was [illegible] by Wesley—where [illegible] a Methodist *mission*-[illegible] and maintained several preachers [illegible] personal influence enabled him [illegible] man encounters in [illegible] the Sumburgh Head [illegible] and morasses of the island [illegible] describes the frank aspect [illegible] the Shetlanders, the *oculus herbeus* of [illegible] for the men were all at the [illegible] in troops to hear the word—visit[illegible] the islanders had just dispatched a shoal of [illegible] in their boats upon the shallows, a [illegible] as the sand, to the Doctor's arrival [illegible] to discourage the notion—all [illegible] for the success of the religious [illegible] devoting himself, and the tenacity with [illegible] to habits contracted in his youth.

[illegible] which attended the exercise of a ministry so [illegible] sometimes blinded him to the position in which he stood,

'Now, sir,' are his words when he had remounted, 'I am a stranger, and you refused me the common rights of hospitality; I am a messenger of the Lord Jesus, coming to you, your family, and your neighbours, with glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the mean time, I must act as my Lord has commanded me, and wipe off against you even the *dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet*: so saying, he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his left hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off, saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus, and you have rejected both him and his message." He went on his way, and the farmer turned into his house.'

And then is added—

'What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house or before his door. Ruin came on him, and his family became corrupt, and were at last finally scattered; and he died not long after.'

That Dr. Clarke should ever have written this passage, as a young man, is strange: that he should have reviewed it, as an old man, and not struck it out, is stranger. Does he mean to say, that because this poor farmer (for that he was then poor, all that is said of him indicates) did not choose to open his house to Methodist preachers, being satisfied with such means of grace as his own parish-church might supply to him—for a parish-church he must have had—and bid a youth of whose person he knew nothing, and of his capacity to instruct him less, seek for quarters elsewhere, he was in the situation of those persons of old times who actually rejected the gospel of Christ altogether, closed their eyes to miracles wrought expressly in evidence of it, and blasphemed the Holy Ghost?—or that he, a stripling teacher—many would say with a doubtful commission—was justified in hurling at this offender a dreadful sentence of wrath, entrusted to men endowed with supernatural gifts by the Saviour himself, to be executed upon such, and only upon such, as wholly and positively denied Him?—or that because this yeoman's family fell into decay—no uncommon thing for the family of a yeoman—and he himself, after a while, went down to his grave—he has a right to conclude that the hand of God was upon this man for his sin in refusing hospitality to the Rev. Adam Clarke? We fear there was more here of the spirit of James and John, under similar circumstances, at the Samaritan village, than the preacher himself was aware.

There is another incident related in this part of the work, if possible, still more offensive: it happened in the island of Jersey. The Methodists, it will be remembered, were at the first an unpopular

him to trespass upon holy ground, we owe it to ourselves and our readers to expose the error, and supply the key to it. John Wesley, however, had taught his followers, by his own example, this presumptuous carriage, of which a curious instance occurs in this portion of Adam Clarke's life. The incident is indeed briefly noticed in Wesley's Journal, but here we have the colouring and costume, which is half the battle. Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance—Adam Clarke sailed with him—the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks:—

'Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer*"—his own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire—his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the waterfloods, and reignest a king for ever!—Command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading.* Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and *therefore* to him *the occurrence was not strange.*'—p. 260.

What would not the master of 'the ship that was sailing from Alexandria to Italy' have given for John Wesley as a passenger instead of St. Paul! Wesley, however, it may be observed, '*makes no remarks*'—asserts no claims of his own, but very wisely and very safely leaves them to his admirers to assert for him.

Adam Clarke now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious—one of them relates to the eternal sonship of Jesus Christ; a pet subject with Clarke, which the study of Bull's writings would have enabled him to discuss with better success, if it

have overcome;—as enfeebling the energies of the pulpit, by the unconscionable demand of five or six hundred sermons in the year, which must needs therefore be 'lean and flashy songs;'—and as relaxing that security for exemplary character which arises out of the rigorous scrutiny which a resident minister of God must be prepared to defy, but which the itinerant may hope to evade:—how much is conveyed by that rule of Methodism, and the reason of it, which proscribes the preacher from meddling with drugs!—(vol. i., p. 198.) The system would be injurious to the people, not merely because whatever is so to the pastor must through him be equally so to the flock; but also because it would give them no opportunity of seeing the domestic and quotidian habits of their minister—the eloquent example of the good man's life, as he sits *daily* teaching in the temple; and would deprive them of the advantage of those easy visits which he makes 'from house to house,' when, after the manner of the servants in the parable, and for a similar purpose, he goes 'into the streets and lanes of the city.'

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society in the department of their translations—to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of saving-bank for the incidental labours of forty years—and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I. and coming down to the sixth of Charles II., left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials for English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the Fœdera (for such was the shape the work assumed) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and accordingly we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, 'in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour;' and rambling amongst the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

The various events of his busy life, active and contemplative,

 thus

very numerous, but of considerable weight in the land, I have not hesitated to show them that those sacred oracles from which they derive the principles of their faith and practice, are in perfect consonance with the principles of the British constitution, and the doctrines of the Established Church: not that I doubt their loyalty or attachment to the State or the Church, but to manifest to men of these and future generations, the *absolute necessity of holding fast that form of sound words which distinguishes our national Church, and ever connects the fear of God with honouring the king.*'—vol. ii. p. 314.

In a communication which he makes to Lord Sidmouth, on the subject of a loyal address which the Methodist ministers proposed to send to King George IV. on his accession, he tells him—

'As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenters had been condescendingly received by his Majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations—standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others—*holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service*—and consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated Dissenters, in any legal sense of the term—humbly wished to be received also by deputation,' &c.—vol. iii. p. 279.

Then, with respect to his own practice, Adam Clarke admitted candidates to the ministry, according to the form of the Church in ordaining priests.—(iii. p. 67.) When he administered the sacrament of baptism, it was always *more ecclesiæ Anglicanæ;*—(iii. 175, 395,) and when he buried the dead, it was apparently after her form too.—(iii. p. 200.) Confirmation he received himself at the hands of Bishop Bagot, *after* he had become a preacher, and he encouraged his people to resort to the church for the same rite.—(iii. p. 232.) He is most anxious that a new edition of the Polyglott should be undertaken; but he wants *the bishops* to stir in it—'his heart's desire being that the honour should be with *the British Church.*'—(iii. p. 109.) He is found a hearer in a church—nay, in a cathedral—and partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its altar.—(ii. p. 254.) He is solicitous to gather his children together once more, and, in company with them, to make a solemn covenant with God, *cum Deo inire fœdus;* and the way in which he proposes it should be done is, by repairing to the church, and there getting the clergyman to administer to them the communion, one and all; adding, as he imparts the proposal to 'his dear lads,' old Samuel Wesley's touching application of Scripture, on a somewhat similar occasion—'With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die.'—(vol. ii. p. 409.) And to crown all, and to give a further pledge of his sincerity in these repeated avowals, both by word and deed, of his attachment to the establishment, he brings up one of his sons at Cambridge, and leads him to take orders in the church.

Such

Such were the sentiments of Adam Clarke in this great question: a man on whom Wesley had such confidence, that he made him one of seven trustees of all his literary property, and he [illegible] formed one, executors of his will.

We now hasten to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made several excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named in his prayer, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that each and all might be saved from its ravages, and prepared for sudden death.' He was engaged in preaching at Weymouth, on Sunday, 26th August, and on the Saturday before he had arrived there in a friend's chaise. He was [illegible] well, but was tired with his journey and listless in the [illegible] and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon on the day, he made answer, 'I am not well; [illegible] I must first see what God is about to do [illegible] early, not without some of those [illegible] the approach of this awful disease, but [illegible] have excited any suspicions in himself or [illegible] the morning ill, and wanting to get [illegible] could be made for his removal he [illegible] that any coldness, by which the complaint [illegible] and when the medical men [illegible] case of cholera. His wife, and [illegible] the summons was, gathered about [illegible] affectionate of husbands and [illegible] great satisfaction when he had [illegible] *aliquid oculi*; but he was

be remembered, in a country where a National Church was as yet standing and ministering to the great bulk of the inhabitants,) an argument against any Church Establishment at all; which, accordingly, they declare to be unlawful, inexpedient, and unnecessary. We know not how we can conclude a memoir like the present more appropriately than by a few observations in reply to these misstatements. We are of opinion, indeed, that the theory of our Church is fast working itself clear—that circumstances in our own times somewhat similar to those under which it took its shape, are beginning to teach us, a matter which we were in danger of forgetting, how that shape came to be what it is—as one who stands upon the same spot, and shoots a second arrow the same way, finds the first which he had lost. Well will it be if amongst those many points of resemblance of our own to former days, which are thus bringing out the principles on which our Church is constructed, the following character, sketched by the graphic pen of our great sarcastic divine, may not be discovered to have a place.

'There is one who lives by the altar, and turns his back upon it; one who catches at the preferments of the Church, but hates the discipline and orders of it; one who practises conformity, as papists take oaths and tests—that is, with an inward abhorrence of what he does for the present, and a resolution to act quite contrary when occasion serves; one who, during his conformity, will be sure to be known by such a distinguishing badge, as shall point him out to, and secure his credit with, the dissenting brotherhood; one who, in the midst of his conformity, thinks of a turn of State, which may draw on one in the Church too; and accordingly, is very careful to behave himself so as not to overshoot his game, but to stand right and fair in case a wished-for change should bring fanaticism again into fashion; which it is more than possible that he secretly desires, and does the utmost he can to promote and bring about.

'And, therefore, if there be any one who has the front to own himself a minister of our Church, to whom the foregoing character may be justly applied, howsoever such an one may for some time soothe up and flatter himself in his detestable dissimulation, yet, when he shall hear of such and such of his neighbours, his parishioners or acquaintance, gone over from the Church to conventicles; and when the noise of those national dangers which are every day threatening us, shall ring about his ears, let him then lay his hand upon his false heart, and with all seriousness of remorse, accusing himself to God and his own conscience, say, I am the person, who by my conforming by halves, have brought a reproach upon the purest and best constituted Church in the Christian world.'

Now we would remind the objectors to an Established Church, that the principle was fully recognized under the Old Testament, and has never been cancelled under the New, and therefore cannot be

be supposed to have anything in it essentially wrong; and it is replied, as no doubt it will be, that our Lord's language is, 'My kingdom is not of this world;' we make answer,—true, but the words of Jesus to Pilate, who charged him with conspiring against Cæsar, are hardly to be understood as meaning that kings are to build churches, or provide pastors for the people committed to them. And if it be further contended that kings are not a fact represented under the New Testament as nursing fathers of the Church, we again say—true, for a Tiberius and a Nero happened to be kings in those days, but that it is strange to go from them to a George or a William in our own. Is it meetly that the Church should still suffer persecution in order that it may more closely resemble the primitive Church; and for the same reason, that the sovereign should blow the coals?

But why should a king, any king, every king, be supposed to know more about religion than his subjects—that he should be made the head of the Church? If the king undertook to teach the people himself there would be some room for the question; but he undertakes, however, to see that they be taught—taught by persons called to the office originally by no authority of his, that is his subjects perish not for lack of knowledge;—he is a Christian king, he calls itself a Christian people, and he provides for them Christian ministers. Is there anything so very monstrous in this? Must he of necessity be the best captain in his dominions because he looks to the national defence by granting commissions in the army, or the best lawyer, because he sees that persons shall not be wanting to administer the laws?

But the king may be the friend of religion, we are told—only he must establish it (that is the phrase) in the same way as he [illegible] any other good cause, and not establish it. Now, [illegible]

which they never enter? No greater hardship than a thousand others, which a state of society (as opposed to a state of nature) involves. Individuals are constantly compelled to support institutions in which they have no direct interest themselves, but which the public good is understood to require. We pay our quota to a county rate for the erection of a mad-house which we shall never occupy, or of a bridge which we shall never pass; we are taxed for the maintenance of the soldier, though we may have serious scruples as to the lawfulness of the profession of arms, or political objections to a standing army.

But the Church of England is the creature of an act of parliament. And why should it not be? A certain form of worship is agreed upon in convocation, *i. e.*, by a synod of the clergy and of the clergy only, after patient investigation, as having Scripture for its warrant; and then, being submitted to parliament, in order that the nation should signify its solemn assent to the same by the body which represents it, is acknowledged by parliament in the people's name. Where is the scandal in this? And if parliament further establishes such worship by the act of uniformity, it in like manner establishes (Lord Mansfield uses this very word in this very case*) the worship of the Dissenter by the act of toleration —so that both Church and Chapel may be said in this sense to stand upon act of parliament.

But the Church Establishment no longer represents the religious sentiments of the vast majority of the nation, as it once did, and therefore is no longer to be supported by the national government. We apprehend that its numerical majority is still great;—the children educated in the principles of the Church at the schools in connexion with the National Society only, which are by no means all that are so educated, are nine hundred thousand;—that in all country parishes it is very great; in the best educated and most intelligent, as well as the wealthiest classes, those therefore upon whom the burden chiefly falls, if burden there could be said to be, greatest of all. The true comparison, however, to institute is this:—what proportion do the members of the Church of England bear to those of any single body of Dissenters? Is there any single body that will admit of being named as its rival—we mean its rival in numbers? For to speak of the Dissenters as a community, in the same sense as we speak of the Church, is an abuse of language; the various sects into which they are split differing from one another at least as much as from the Establishment itself: in fact, holding nothing in common save jealousy of that, and a determination to combine for its overthrow. Besides, if the Church of England does not represent the vast majority of

* See Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. v. p. 284.

the

the people which it once did, is it therefore to be abandoned without inquiry into the cause? Suppose it should appear that Dissenters are made, for the most part, not by scruples but by circumstances, might it not be well to ascertain whether those circumstances do not admit of remedy before we condemn the Church as unsatisfactory to the country? For instance, when the present Church Establishment was formed, the county of Lancaster was thinly peopled—its wilds and moors were divided into sixty-two parishes; but, in the lapse of time, Lancashire becomes the very focus of our manufacturing system, and gathers within its borders a million and a half of inhabitants. Meanwhile, the parochial divisions and the churches, until quite lately, remained just what they were; and, accordingly, twenty thousand souls on the average fell to the lot of every parish priest. What wonder that there should be some two or three hundred thousand Dissenters generated in that county? There the people were sheep without fold or shepherd—surely it was not conscientious objections to our ecclesiastical constitution, or to our liturgy, that withdrew from us these multitudes, but a mere want of accommodation within the Church walls, and personal knowledge of a Church minister! And were churches and ministers provided now on an ample scale, we should not despair of seeing crowds of these stragglers brought back, without the need of any sacrifice whatever on the part of the Church, either of discipline or doctrine; and until this experiment has been tried, no such sacrifice should be made. The fashionable remedies of these days do not meet the case. The Dissenter, so made by *accident*, wants a seat in a church, and you tell him you have no seat in church for him, to be sure, but you will make your articles more comprehensive. The Dissenter upon *principle* wants the abolition of episcopacy and the dissolution of

p by some man who has built a church himself, and applied those cts practically, and let it be freely circulated. If the Society for he Building and Enlarging of Churches is not supported so universally as it ought to be, let its claims be enforced by the clergy, both by official charges and recommendations in private. If the erection of galleries and side-aisles is impeded by the expense of obtaining faculties (which is sometimes the case in small parishes), let the impediment be examined, with a view to its removal. If any periodical review of pews could be made, in order to accommodate them better to the fluctuating population of a parish, let it be attempted. Only give the Church, by some method or other, more power of expansion—present it bodily to the multitude—let them be brought into contact with it, as it was intended they should be—and, if it woo them in vain, then, and not till then, despair.

But it is not desired that any form of Dissent should supersede the Establishment, and rise upon its ruins. The wish is, that there should be no Establishment whatever—that every man should be left free to choose for himself to join what congregation he will, or gather one of his own. The experiment has been tried in our history—when Charles I., in the year 1642, gave consent to the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords—*which was in fact the moment when the Church of England fell*—the great bulk of the people were Presbyterians. But look at the country again at the end of *four short years*, and observe what was the practical effect of the suppression of that Establishment;—the land was by this time flooded with Independents, Manifestarians, Brownists, Millenarians, Libertines, Fanatics, Antinomians, Anabaptists, Seekers, Perfectists, Enthusiasts, Socinians, Arians, Anti-trinitarians, Anti-scripturists, Sceptics, and Questionists: each of these sects again, by subdivisions and interlacements, ringing changes with one another, till, according to the author of the Gangræna, no less than a hundred and seventy-six distinct churches were the issue.* Meanwhile, the creed of the country, which, for the sake of the peace of mind of millions, and especially of the poor and ill-informed, should be rendered as stable as may be, was set upon a seat as vertiginous as a windmill-sail; and the charities of life were wrecked in the hurricane of unprofitable dogmas that were let loose.

Moreover, when it is proposed that there shall be no Established Church at all—that the State shall make no provision for the religious wants of the people—it is assumed, that the people will assuredly provide for their own wants: their zeal being sufficiently manifested, it is pretended, by the *voluntary* churches they already

* Edward's Gangræna, p. 18.

uphold:

deny that the populous towns in England would probably
than, even without any extrinsic help, a body of ministers
kind or other; but, in the meanwhile, what would become
country?—how would voluntary churches be furnished to m
cultural communities, consisting, as they often do, of one
gentlemen, eight or ten farmers, and a few scores of co
How, in fact, does this district, composing the chief sui
every kingdom, fare in the favoured land across the Atlanti
see no reason to doubt the correctness of the picture dra
late traveller in the United States—certainly no enthusiast

"A stranger taking up his residence in any city in Americ
think the natives the most religious nation upon earth; but if
lead him among her western villages, he will rarely find either
or chapels, prayer or preacher; except, indeed, at that mos
Saturnalia—a camp-meeting. I was much struck with the
of a poor woman whom I saw ironing on a Sunday. 'Do y
no difference in your occupations on a Sunday?' I said. 'I
Christian, ma'am; we have got an opportunity,'—was the re
occurred to me that the government would be guilty of n
did it so far interfere, as to give them all an opportunity of b
Christians, if they wished it."

But, if exceptions be taken against this testimony, as
from a witness under passion or prejudice, hear the accoun
of the matter by an American himself—a minister, too—t
Samuel J. Mills, who thus describes what he had seen w
own eyes:—

"Never will the impression be erased from our hearts, by be
those scenes of wide-spreading desolation. The whole countr
Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, is as the valley of the sha
death. Darkness rests upon it. Only here and there a few
gospel light pierce through the awful gloom. This vast coun

which has been much overlooked, though perhaps the most important of any. We have, indeed, already touched upon it in a previous part of this paper, but not with the emphasis it deserves, —that this system of *voluntary* churches would be absolutely fatal to all efficient pastoral intercourse of the minister with his people; that however it might provide places of worship for the Sunday, it would provide no adequate parochial superintendence during the week; for the class and band-meetings of the Methodists amount to nothing of the sort, and produce none of its fruits. As it is, there are some ten thousand men circulating throughout this country for two or three hours most days of their lives, upon various home-missions of charity, of pity, of exhortation, of reproof, —each man of them all knowing precisely the district within which he has to walk; confident in the soundness of the warrant by which he enters every house in it uninvited; and, in general, hailed by the welcome of all, as one of those whose feet are beautiful. What a mass of misery is thus daily explored and relieved! what heart-burnings are quenched! what complaints hushed! what follies withstood! what knowledge imparted! what affections stirred up! Who would rashly disturb this under-current of good-will which is diffusing itself, silently and secretly, throughout all the darkest and most dismal recesses of society, and mitigating so much that is evil in this hard-hearted world? Yet, withdraw the Church Establishment, and it is done. There will then be no minister who has a district assigned to his peculiar care and keeping, where he individually feels himself answerable for the souls that are therein. He will share it with other parties of other persuasions. The latch of the door will no longer be lifted with the same boldness as now. The whole parish will be debateable ground, and no man will know in it his own. The several ministers will find it no pleasant thing to encounter one another in the sick-man's chamber, under a temptation, perhaps, to wrangle out points of divinity over the couch of death; or, at all events, each uncertain whether he is not trespassing on the province of the others; and so the patient will probably be abandoned altogether. This is no speculative objection: the inconvenience is already felt, in a small degree, in parishes where Dissenters abound; and the ministers of such parishes feel themselves under some embarrassment in the discharge of their pastoral duties to that portion of their flock, even with the advantage of their present position; and yet we believe, were they to abstain from making their call upon such persons through any false fear of intrusion, their absence would not often be supplied from any other quarter. We are most anxious to press this consideration upon all whom it may concern,—

principally on the
of Schneider; the w
such as are poetical
certain writers and classes
translated, selected from th
Donnegan, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

in having left our
immeasurable distance behind
the arts, and are at least keeping
departments of science, we are
classical knowledge, a quite
the dead languages in general,
Greek and Latin, the Germans have
taken

en the lead, not only of us, but of all the rest of Europe, and e gained such a decided ascendancy, that their neighbours pear to have given up all hope of rivalling them, and are satisfied follow as mere servile imitators of their triumphant career. me splendid exceptions may be found in the names of Porson, msley, Gaisford, Blomfield, Mitchell, and perhaps one or two hers, who have ventured to think and examine for themselves, d whose exertions in the service of Greek literature have placed em on a level with the most distinguished of their contemporaries; but when we consider how universally ancient Greek is udied in this country, it seems surprising that such instances of cknowledged superiority should be so rare amongst us. But the act is that the study of Greek with us is anything but critical, nd it must follow, as a necessary consequence, anything but deep and accurate. With some it is the fashion to look down on the labours of the critic as beneath the notice and even incompatible with the character of the elegant scholar; others are satisfied with a very superficial knowledge of the classics, preferring to rove through the modern languages or some of the numerous branches of science—ambitious perhaps of being what is termed general, scholars; and others again are cut short in their classical career, being obliged to dedicate their time and talents to the particular studies of some profession. Whatever the causes may be, the fact cannot be denied that we have comparatively few really classical scholars, few who enter deeply into the study of the Greek language, into the examination of its structure, of its formations, of its analogies. In proof of which we need say no more than this, that for the best edition of almost every Greek classic, and the best notes of every edition, we are generally indebted to our German neighbours; that the best, nay the only Greek grammars worthy of the name, are those of Buttmann, of Matthiae, of Thiersch; and the only Greek lexicons of any value since the time of Stephanus and Scapula, are two of those named at the head of this article, the recent works of Schneider and Passow.

It is not our present intention to examine into the causes of this superiority of the German classics over all their neighbours, though we do hope, at no distant time, to dedicate a few of our pages to a subject which we have much at heart; at present we will confine ourselves to one point of primary importance—that which must be the first step to any decisive advance in our knowledge of ancient Greek—we mean the possession of an accurate and comprehensive lexicon of that language explained in our own tongue.

Until within a very few years it has been impossible to get at Greek but through the medium of Latin. No Greek lexicon—

 nay,

order that, having seen their merits and defects, how far their labors have succeeded, and in what respects and why they have failed, we may be able to profit by experience, and to lay down such rules for the direction of future lexicographers, as may enable them to avoid the faults and improve on the excellences of their predecessors. For be it always remembered, that no single scholar, however great his talents and perseverance, can hope to produce at once a lexicon which shall make any near approach to perfection: it is only by repeated attempts, each improving on the former, that this most desirable object can, if ever, be brought about.

The lexicon of Professor Schneider has been in general use for some years in Germany, and—in name, at least—is well known to the scholars of this country. Its author was principal librarian at Breslau, and the well-known editor of some of the best editions of different classics. The first idea of a Greek lexicon, interpreted in German, did not emanate from Schneider. It would be unfair to pass over, in total silence, the names of Dillenius, Vollbeding, and Haase, who at different times meritoriously preceded him, and set him that example which he has so well followed up, that his name must always be known as the father of Greek-and-German lexicography. The first edition of Schneider's Lexicon appeared in 1806; but that was only in octavo, and did not profess to be more than a manual for younger students. In a few years appeared a second edition, considerably improved and enlarged; and in 1819 came out the third and last edition, in two thick and closely-printed quarto volumes, followed, in 1821, by an Appendix, containing 180 additional pages. This last edition, which is a stupendous example of German industry, perseverance, and research, combined with an extensive knowledge of the Greek language, superseded at once, in the German universities, the use of every other lexicon, and fairly drove them all out of the field, —so much so, that Scapula's, even the Elzevir edition of 1652, we have seen sold in Germany for a few shillings.

The superior excellence of Schneider's lexicon consists in the amazing copiousness of its valuable matter; but this excellence is wofully counterbalanced by a total want of arrangement. Wherever a word, from the uncertainty or from the variety of its derivation or meanings, admits of, or requires a lengthened discussion, we have generally almost everything which can be desired, and sometimes a great deal more: but whether we find the original meaning at the beginning, middle, or end of the article,—whether the primary sense comes before or after the derivative, seems to be a mere matter of chance, according as Schneider met with it earlier or later in the course of his reading. Schneider's

ing in some one of those later and comparatively unknown s, than in those of an earlier and more classical period—of r, of Herodotus, of Pindar, or of Plato. *

r did Schneider sufficiently attend to the grammatical part of xicon. His strength did not lie in being an accurate gram- n. The consequences are, that he not only did not weed umerous ungrammatical words and forms, which had been duced, from time to time, into former lexicons, until their imacy had almost ceased to be doubted; but he and his fellow- urers† have deluged his lexicon with a fresh flood of doubtful ds and forms, either drawn from unauthentic and disputed rces, or fabricated in order to trace some supposed analogy, or orm a link in some etymological chain. There can be no doubt Schneider having been fully justified in introducing, from the grammarians, or even in *supposing* the existence of those old d obsolete forms of verbs, of which there still remain some tenses use; but he has constantly carried this liberty further than was stifiable. In giving the tenses of the verbs, however, Schneider s not been so liberal: there we find constant and considerable ficiencies, as well as frequent inaccuracies. His principal tention seems to have been directed to the meaning of the word, —very little to its inflexions: nor does he appear to have ever hought of making any distinction between passive, middle, and leponent verbs, which, being so often similar in appearance, and so easily confounded with each other, require, therefore, to be marked with the greater care. As to the deponents, they are not even mentioned, from the beginning of the lexicon to the end. The particles, too—those most important parts of the Greek language, whose all-pervading influence is felt in every limb of every sentence—are invariably dismissed with a brief and unsatisfactory notice. The fact is, that Schneider's forte lay in natural history, in a most comprehensive knowledge of the natural productions alluded to by the ancients, and their various terms of art and science. In this he has had no equal,—no rival; here his lexicon is rich beyond hope or expectation; while points of great grammatical importance are slurred over in a few lines, half a page, or perhaps a whole one, is given to the discussion of some unknown bird, or some disputed plant. And yet, with all these drawbacks, Schneider's lexicon is an invaluable book; not a book for translation or abridgment, nor even to be

* Schneider had previously published a very excellent edition of Nicander and Oppian.

† Schneider had associated with him, in preparing his lexicon, two scholars very unequal to such a task, named Wetzel and Riemer, to whose carelessness and want of judgment, Passow, in one of his prefaces, attributes much of this faulty exuberance.

used

used as the ground-work of future editions—which would [illegible] but to perpetuate its faults—but a mine of wealth for succeeding lexicographers who shall know how to draw from, and use judiciously, the treasures so profusely scattered through its pages; who, forming their own plan, and adopting rules which Schneider has neglected, shall improve on his excellencies, and his faults, and supply his deficiencies.

And such, we are happy to say, it has proved in the hands of the learned and judicious Passow, the author of the lexicon which we have placed second at the head of our article. Schneider's lexicon had caused a great sensation in Germany; and many pamphlets and critiques appeared, at different times, pointing out its faults, and laying down plans and rules for the direction of future lexicographers; and, in 1818, the year before Schneider published his third edition, Passow, who was also of Breslau, a pupil of Jacobs and Hermann, and a friend and colleague of Schneider, commenced a Manual-Lexicon, formed on an entirely new plan, but embodying, on an abridged scale, most of the valuable matter of Schneider's third edition. The first part, containing A and B, appeared in 1819; the second, from Γ to K, in 1821; and the two last, which completed the work, in 1823 and 1824. In this excellent little work, Passow began by correcting the want of arrangement in Schneider. His leading principle was to draw out, wherever it was possible, a kind of biographical history of each word, to give its different meanings in an almost chronological order, to cite always the earliest author in which a word is found,—thus ascertaining, as nearly as may be, its original signification—and then to trace it downwards according as it might vary in sense and construction, through subsequent writers. For this purpose, he began—where every historical account of the Greek language must begin—with the primeval language of the

Homeric meanings were frequently comprehended in one sweeping, undistinguishing clause, generally without a quotation in support of them, or even the name of any author who used them, by which their value and authority might be ascertained. Nor was any distinction made between those significations which a word had in the pure and classical times of Greece, and those which it acquired in the decline of the language. Except, however, being much deteriorated by this continually-recurring defect, Passow's first edition deserved the highest praises which could be bestowed on it; in all other respects he had very judiciously avoided the faults, and filled up most of the deficiencies of Schneider, as far as the size of his book would allow. He had left out all those doubtful vocables with which Schneider and his predecessors had loaded their Lexicons, admitting none unless supported by good authority; and he had shown great discrimination, and a deep insight into the analogies of the language, by rejecting a vast number of those obsolete forms of verbs which Schneider had admitted so lavishly, and retaining only those of which there were evident remains, and in which he was justified by sound analogy. The primary sense of a word was always carefully marked, and the derivative senses so traced from it and from each other, as to make the connexion obvious. Any variety of construction occurring in different authors, was generally noticed; as also, whether the word was used principally by the epic poets, by the dramatic writers, or by the Attic prose authors. These last were points which had been almost entirely neglected by preceding lexicographers, and but slightly and occasionally touched on even by Schneider; while in Passow they are a very striking and valuable feature of his work. The syntax of the particles, also, was very elaborately worked,—perhaps more minutely than is necessary or even useful; but this is one of those points where it is difficult or almost impossible to draw the line between the grammar and the lexicon. Nor must we forget one very useful addition which Passow has made,—that of marking the quantity of all doubtful syllables. In a word, then, we should say of that first edition of Passow's Lexicon, that, for the reader of Homer and Hesiod, it was all but perfect; for the study of other authors, it was only (it pretended to nothing more) a very admirable manual: but we must at the same time say of it, that, by its chronological history of the significations of words, it established a principle which must be the basis of all future lexicography; and that, by its admirable examination of the old epic language, it laid a sure and immoveable foundation for future labours.

It was Passow's intention, in preparing a second edition, to advance one step farther in his original plan, by examining the

will judiciously pursue the same career which he is now pursuing with so much credit to himself and so much advantage to the classical world; and we may then expect, that not many years can elapse before Germany will possess a lexicon that may serve as a sure foundation and an almost perfect model for all others.

It is, perhaps, not strictly in accordance with the original purpose for which we undertook this article, to notice the new edition of Stephens's 'Thesaurus' now in a course of publication at Paris. Our first object in taking up this subject was to aid and direct the progress of Greek and *English* lexicography, and in furtherance of this design we have been necessarily led to describe, at some length, the gigantic strides which the Germans are making in the same department. But Greek and *French* lexicography is still so completely in its infancy, that we shall learn little or nothing by noticing the progress made in that country. And yet, as the republication, and consequently the more general diffusion of such a body of Greek literature as the Thesaurus contains may be expected to have a considerable influence on the lexicographical knowledge of that language, whether a dead or a living tongue be the medium of interpretation; and as every student and every lover of classic lore must be interested in such a work,—we are sure that no apology is necessary for our giving an account of the plan and its execution, as far as we can judge from the few numbers yet published; nay, we rather feel, that were we to pass over in silence such a vast and influential undertaking, we might be fairly expected to give some strong reasons for such an omission.

The present publication, of which only three numbers have as yet appeared, is a reprint of the original 'Thesaurus,' with selections from the numerous additamenta of Valpy's edition, and fresh contributions from many of the leading scholars of Europe. The principal editor is M. Hase, assisted by M. de Sinner and M. Fix. Hase* is known in the literary world as having edited 'Leo Diaconus,' for the new edition of the Byzantine Historians; De Sinner has published an edition of 'Longus,' and of 'Buondelmonti de Insul. Archipel.'; and Fix was, we believe, a pupil of Hermann.

The wisdom or utility of reprinting any work of some centuries old, when the subject of it has been progressively improving, must always be very questionable. In the case of a Greek Lexicon, published more than two hundred and sixty years ago, when the philosophy of language and the great principles of etymology were little

* M. Hase entitles himself, Instituti Regii Franciæ Socius, in Schola Regia Polytechnica Regiaque Speciali Linguarum Orientalium Professor, In Bibliothecæ Regiæ parte Codd. MSS., complectente Conservator adjunctus, &c. &c.

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publishing the 'Thesaurus' would
it as we may suppose Stephens would
superintend it. And the editor
is not fit to be the editor

t, yet we have no doubt but that it will be considered a great improvement by a very large majority of the classical world.

When the editors had adopted this alteration, one should have supposed that their first thought would have been how they might supply the void made in the etymological department by this their change of plan, and that they would have laid down for themselves some general rule for attaching the derivation to each word now separated from its family and connexions. But through the first number, and nearly to the end of the second, there is no appearance of their having given this a thought; consequently, some few words have a derivation as originally given by Stephens, a very few others have it added by the new editors, and the greater part have *none at all.* Towards the end of the second number, they seem to have bethought themselves of the necessity of some such plan; and through the third they have generally imitated Passow, by adding the derivation *in curved brackets*, immediately after the word, and before any of its significations. As they have thus early adopted a most excellent model, we should not have mentioned the subject, but that they have adopted it *only in part;* they have not followed Passow's whole plan, than which we know not a better. The part which they have omitted is this,—that when the derivation, from being doubtful or disputed, is too long to be placed at the beginning of the article, Passow places it at the end, so that we know at once where to look for it. For want of this simple device, the scholar, who happens to be looking for a questionable etymon in the new 'Thesaurus,' must wade through the whole of a long article, consisting of perhaps many paragraphs, before he can be sure that he has all the derivations which the article contains,—as, possibly, two or three separate paragraphs may each furnish a different one.

There is another blemish of a different kind, and of less importance, (some, indeed, may not think it a blemish,) arising from the attempt to distinguish all the interpolations and additions from the original matter of Stephens, and each from the other. The principle of this scheme is in itself so fair, and the means of effecting it are apparently so easy, that there would seem to be no reasonable objection to it: and yet, when carried into effect, it renders the present edition a most unsightly work, and is frequently very puzzling and perplexing to the eye of the reader: a considerable part of almost every article being so filled with round, and square, and single, and double brackets, one within the other, that it requires extraordinary care and considerable practice to wind one's way safely among them.

Another branch of this same principle is productive of much more

ıp of quotations from Plutarch, after Aristotle had been given fore; and this, not to introduce any new meaning or construc-n, but actually prefacing his paragraph by '*sensu proprio* utarchus—*sensu proprio* Hermes Trismegistus!' What a thing of shreds and patches' poor Stephanus will become!

It will be readily supposed, that amidst all this pic-nic of scho-rs and editors, it is quite out of the question to expect that, when e search for a word, we shall find its original sense the first. Nothing like it. Its original sense will be found quite as likely, r more so, in the middle or at the end of an article. Nor are ve to expect, that an authority quoted is one of the earliest or purest in which the word occurs. Far from it. The word may have been perhaps used in the same sense by Homer; but the authority is more likely to be Philo. Many of these latter defects are not, be it remembered, to be attributed so much to the editors themselves, as to the unfortunate plan which they and their advisers have thought fit to adopt in *reprinting* Stephanus. Those, for instance, which we have last mentioned, are defects in the original; and a *reprint* of the original, with additions affixed to different articles, must necessarily contain all its defects, and in cases, particularly, of mal-arrangement, an accumulation of others. At the same time it would be unfair not to add, that we have found many useful and able paragraphs, showing extensive reading, and containing scholar-like remarks, particularly some by Fix, who appears to be not so long-winded as his colleagues. But now a word or two as to the length and cost of this new edition.

It may be recollected, that in our XLIVth Number we found it necessary to animadvert in pretty strong terms on the very lengthy manner in which the English editors began their edition of this same 'Thesaurus,' and our animadversions had so far the desired effect, that the numbers published after the appearance of our article were surprisingly and advantageously curtailed. The present editors are not indeed to be compared to their English friends, in this respect, but still their labours will admit of great cutting down, and their work would be in every respect improved by the operation. But, indeed, some very considerable curtailment must be effected in the future numbers, if the work is to be brought within anything like the limits which the editors have laid down. Let us calculate, as nearly as we can, what length the book threatens to reach. The change from the etymological to the alphabetical arrangement precludes our forming any comparison between this and the original: but we may draw a fair guess from examining it along with the last edition

the editors have used the means which are, or ought to have been, within their reach. We have hitherto spoken of redundancies, we shall have now to speak of deficiencies.

The first word in the lexicon, ἀάατος, is a striking proof of both;—of much admitted, which is unprofitable, and everything omitted which could elucidate its meaning. It is rendred *noxius* and *innoxius;* and then comes all the nonsense from Eustathius and the scholia of two alphas privative destroying each other—of the possibility of its meaning in the same passage, *crens noxâ*, or, ironically, *valde noxius*, &c. &c. Now there are two scholars, by whom the word had been handled in a masterly and satisfactory manner,—viz., Passow, in his Lexicon, and Buttmann, in his Lexilogus: yet the former is not once thought of the latter, who has discussed the word in all its bearings, so as to leave nothing to be desired, is just referred to in a most meagre and slovenly manner: 'Diverso tamen modo Buttmann,' &c. &c. Now can anything be more careless than, in so copious work as this new 'Thesaurus,' which professes and ought to give the best and most ample information, to put the student off with a mere reference to a work *written in German?* We have not time or space to give Buttmann's masterly dissertation on this word, but must follow the example of the French editors; we do so, however, with the less reluctance, because we have heard that a translation of his Lexilogus into English is in a state of considerable forwardness.*

Again, in ἀάβακτοι, Buttmann has given, in a very few words, a far more satisfactory account of its formation and meaning, than Stephanus and all his editors together; and yet we have drily 'Cfr. Buttmanni Lexil., i. 233;' the obvious interpretation of the brief hint being that Buttmann's opinion would be found confirmatory of what had gone before; whereas, in this and many other instances, it is *decidedly the contrary.*

The same may be said of ἀβληχρὸς, ἀγοστέω, ἄφα, ἀείδελος, ἄητος, and αἴητος, of ἀδέω, &c.; under the last of which words we find the following curious recommendation,—'Btm. Lexil. cujus totum legas,' &c. &c. One should almost be inclined to suppose that the editors were ignorant of Buttmann's work being written in German. If not, they must suppose the generality of their

* Buttmann's Lexilogus is a most able disquisition on the derivation, formation, and meaning of a number of doubtful words and passages in Homer, and contains, in two small unpretending volumes, a deeper and more critical knowledge of Greek, more extensive research, and more sound judgment, than we can remember to have seen in any one work before. Though it is primarily a criticism on Homer, yet it is not confined to his poems; for every author, and every page, and every analogy which the whole range of Greek literature can furnish as illustration or example, is brought to bear on the old epic language with a talent and a memory surpassed (if surpassed) only in Porson himself.

readers

readers to understand that language: and this idea would seem to be confirmed by their having copied 'Αγροκήπιον from Schneider's Lexicon, and given the whole explanation in German,—either not taking the trouble, or not thinking it necessary to translate it. Indeed, unless it were translated better than that of 'Αγωνιστικὸς is, it were better left undone. They say—

'Ἀγωνιστικὸς ap. Galen. et recentiores Medicos, Strenuus, Fortis, Audax, Momentum habens: Schneid. Lex.'

Schneider's interpretation is, in fact, *bold and decisive;* a meaning which it would be difficult to collect from the vague epithets of the Parisian editors.

We cannot think ἀβίαστος done with due care and accuracy. We have first the original article of Stephens, with rather less than its usual complement of single and double brackets within each other, and then a fresh paragraph begins thus:—' = Ineluctabilis, cui obsisti non potest, Severianus Gabal.' who speaks of the Creator of the worlds as ὁ πνεύματι ἀβίαστος, &c. Then follow three ¶s, each of which according to the Preface, indicates some—' Nova vocabuli significatio a nobis demum observata.' The first of these newly-discovered significations is, 'inviolatus,' which is not new, for it is mentioned in the paragraph preceding. An authority is given from St Basil; and then follow five other quotations from ecclesiastical writers, in every one of which the word does not mean *inviolatus,* but has the ordinary sense of *non coactus.* The second ¶ is, 'Sensu theologico, Qui fruitur libero arbitrio. S. Joann. Climac.' &c. Now, in what this new meaning differs from the old one of *non coactus, spontaneus,* we confess we are not casuists enough to discern. The third ¶ is, 'Exquisitum et proprium vocabulum de non coactâ explicandi ratione, ubi nulla inferenda sit vis verbis a interpretibus: Euseb. Præpar. Evang.,' &c. In short, this is the old meaning again of non coactus applied to [illegible]

had been cleared up, as long ago as 1819, in the first edition of Passow.

'Αβροτάζω is left with the old foolish meaning and derivation of 'τὸ βροτοῦ ἀποτυγχάνειν ἐν ὁδῷ,' or 'τὸ ἐν ἀβρότῃ ἀποπλανᾶσθαι—in nocte evagari.' Reference is given by Fix to the Lexilogus, as if in confirmation of the above; but not one word of Buttmann's opinion, which entirely demolishes these meanings and derivations, cuts off all connexion between ἀβροτάζω and ἄβροτος, and satisfactorily traces a chain from ἁμαρτάνω, ἥμαρτον, ἤμβροτον to ἀβροτάζω. Again, in ἀβροτήμων, not a word is said of its connexion with ἁμαρτάνω.

Under ἄβροτος, M. Hase has another notable ¶, giving, as a new meaning, 'carens mortalibus.' We have only to remark, that this *new* meaning may be found in the original Stephanus, in Scapula, and in Hederic; but that it ought not to be found in a new edition of Stephanus, without our being told that it is now universally exploded as a false signification; and that the authority quoted from the Prometheus is now universally admitted to be a corrupt reading.

''Αγαπητῶς, vix. Quamvis locutionis ratio non adpareret, satis est usum sic jubere.' We, on the contrary, think the reason very apparent, and to be traced very satisfactorily. We know that ἀγαπητὸν ἐστι, like ἀγαπητέον, meant in Xenophon and Demosthenes, *one must be well contented;* and hence the meaning of ἀγαπητῶς, which, strictly speaking, is not *vix*, though that idea is implied. Thus, τὴν εἰρήνην ἐποιήσασθε ἀγ., 'you thought yourselves lucky in having made peace.' Demosth. Διεσώθημεν ἀγ. καὶ μόλις, Aristid. We see here plainly what the true meaning of ἀγαπητῶς is, and how that of 'vix' comes to be mixed up with it.

'Αδημονέω and its derivatives are not accurately rendered in Stephanus, nor, indeed, in any of our lexicons. 'Animo concido, terreor, terrefio, pavesco;' and 'sollicitudine affici, angi,' are expressions too general to give a definite idea of the meaning of the word; and we wonder that, as M. de Sinner has made a good use of Buttmann in stating its probable *derivation*, he did not add Buttmann's explanation of its *meaning*,—which had, indeed, been before given in Photii Lexicon—τὸ ἀπορεῖν καὶ ἀμηχανεῖν—*to be in perplexity—not to know what to think or how to act.*

But it is unnecessary to pursue this examination further: from the extracts which we have given, our readers will be able to judge for themselves. These gentlemen may yet, if they will listen to advice, and profit by experience, go a great way towards retrieving the character of their work: the unfortunate plan which they have adopted will always be a great obstacle to their best exertions; but still, by care and accuracy, they may make up for much imperfection,

perfection, and leave a monument of their talents and industry, creditable to themselves, and generally useful to Greek literature.

We come now to the Greek-and-English Lexicon, which stands last at the head of our article, and which we have placed there for two reasons, principally for its connexion with Greek-and-German lexicography, but also because it is the best specimen that we have seen of a Greek-and-English lexicon—which, unfortunately, is saying little for it. Of this work two editions have been published—the first in 1826, the second in 1831—of both which it will be necessary to speak somewhat in detail. We will begin with the former. When we first heard of *a lexicon taken from Schneider*, we were on the tiptoe of expectation, knowing the intrinsic excellence of our German friend, whom we had been in the habit of consulting for some years. As soon as we had possession of our new prize, we naturally turned to the title-page, and there, to our great astonishment, we read, 'A new Greek-and-English Lexicon, principally *on the plan* of the Greek-and-German Lexicon of Schneider.'—On the plan of Schneider!!! The *only* point of similarity between Donnegan's and Schneider's lexicons, as far as we have been able to discover, is in neither of them having any particular plan or arrangement at all. If there be any difference, it is in favour of Schneider, who *does* sometimes divide and number the different meanings of a word, and occasionally traces the derivative sense from the primitive. Donnegan never numbers the different significations of a word: he has indeed two marks which seem to denote some difference of signification, viz. a semicolon and a dash (thus —); but these marks are used so indiscriminately, with such want of decision and knowledge, or of care, that we can never be sure what they are intended to denote. They are sometimes placed between different meanings, sometimes between modifications of the same meaning, and sometimes

as Schneider's confusion, and more unsatisfactory, to say nothing of its adding unnecessarily to the size of the lexicon; because, in this case, either the same meaning must be repeated, first as an interpretation of the word—and then annexed to the quotation *—or the quotation itself must be always translated, a thing generally unnecessary when it follows close on the signification of which it is the authority. For the student who consults Donnegan, if not fully satisfied with his intepretation of a word, as given generally without any authority affixed to it, must proceed to wade through a string of sentences in search of authority or explanation, where he finds no distinguishing mark to point out with which meaning each quotation is connected, and of which it is an illustration or peculiarity. If Donnegan had chosen to adopt this plan, he should have imitated the example of Ainsworth, in his Latin-and-English dictionary, which we are sometimes inclined to think as good as any. Had he done so, marking each distinct set of meanings 1, 2, 3, &c., and then each authority or quotation 1, 2, 3, &c., as they referred respectively to each meaning, the student might have easily cast his eyes from the one to the other, as we have all done in Ainsworth, with ease and convenience.

Or should it be said that Schneider's *plan*, as adopted by Donnegan, consists (we still quote from the title-page) in 'distinguishing such words as are poetical, of dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain writers or classes of writers,'—we answer, that though there may be here and there instances of such distinction marked both in Schneider and Donnegan, yet these instances are so few and far between, so rare in comparison of what they might and ought to be, that they would seem to have come there more by some lucky chance than from any regular plan or system. In Schneider, indeed, we are frequently able to ascertain, to a certain extent, what expressions are poetical or prosaic by the authorities given: but this is an advantage of course less frequent in Donnegan, where the authorities are scattered with a much more sparing hand. So much for Donnegan's *plan*.

And next, a little as to the matter. To Schneider, he fairly confesses, in his first preface, that his lexicon is indebted for its most valuable matter; but he, at the same time, assures us,

'that in collecting materials for this first edition, neither time nor labour has been spared; the classical Greek writers have been carefully studied, the works of eminent lexicographers consulted, and information sought in the writings of the most celebrated critics and philosophers of our own and of neighbouring countries.'

This sounds well: but where are the fruits of the preface-writer's

* Should any one wish to see this plan of Donnegan most absurdly exemplified, let him consult his lexicon, second edition, at ἀπαλλάσσω.

labour and research? We have not met with them in any one page of his book. We have carefully examined a very large portion of his lexicon, comparing it article by article, and page by page, with Schneider; and we will venture to assert that, while almost every error, mistake, or defect of Schneider is too faithfully copied, [illegible] *saving*, which Donnegan's boasted researches have added to the valuable matter of Schneider, might be put in [illegible] and leave room enough for the kernel. Dr. Donnegan entitles his book, 'A new Greek-and-English Lexicon, [illegible] *than* of the Greek-and-German Lexicon of Schneider.' No, but a more correct title would have been, 'An [illegible] translation of Schneider, with a few alterations and [illegible] nothing to the value of the original.' As [illegible] we should say that, in very ordinary cases, it is pretty [illegible] points of the least doubt or difficulty [illegible] constant occurrence) it is extremely [illegible] We should say that Dr. Donnegan has a [illegible] English for ordinary matters, and a general [illegible] enough for the adequate rendering [illegible] that as for his Greek—wherever an [illegible] knowledge of the language is necessary; [illegible] discrimination of the force of [illegible] acquaintance with the analogies or a [illegible] structure of the language;—there [illegible] breaks down under him, and leads [illegible] most generally the case) he [illegible] We must do him the justice to [illegible] of his own powers, for he al- [illegible] most implicitly; but where he does [illegible] and trust to himself, we have

But let us now come to the Second Edition. It is evident, from every page and line of Dr. Donnegan's first edition, that he had never seen Passow's lexicon, although the first part of it appeared as early as 1819, and the English lexicon not until 1826. But in this second edition, Dr. Donnegan has had the advantage of Passow's labours. One thing, however, rather puzzles us: we hardly know whether Donnegan understood Passow's system of arrangement or not. That he did not see its value, or appreciate it as he might, we are quite sure, both from the way in which he speaks of it in his second preface, (if indeed he does speak of it there, of which we are far from clear,) and because *he has only followed it in the former half of his re-edited lexicon.* The latter half, from λ inclusive, is, as to anything like arrangement, precisely as Schneider left it. But more of this hereafter. Let us first see what account Donnegan himself gives in his preface, of the improvement of this second edition. 'Attention,' he says, 'has been most particularly directed to correct any deviation from the natural or philosophical arrangement of the meanings of words.' Now, who would imagine from this that Donnegan's first edition was composed without the slightest regard to, or knowledge of, any natural or philosophical arrangement whatever; and that this second edition—(or rather the first half of it)—is drawn up with slavish fidelity on that most admirable and systematic arrangement of Passow, which we have a few pages back described? We are justified, therefore, in saying, when he penned this preface he either did not understand the plan he was adopting, or contrived so to write as to take to himself the merit due to Passow. But in truth we cannot pass over, without censuring, in the strongest language we are capable of, Dr. Donnegan's most unfair and unhandsome conduct in not having *distinctly acknowledged* the advantages which he has derived from Passow's lexicon. He has adopted Passow's arrangement—copied—translated from him as he had done before from Schneider—and yet never had the honesty to give the slightest acknowledgment. It is true that the name of Passow occurs in a few scattered instances, (under ἄγκυρα, for example,) but then in so short and unintelligible a manner as to be hardly observable; and so very rarely does even this occur, that any one who recognizes the name of Passow could only suppose that Donnegan had borrowed from him a few scattered hints, instead of having made his lexicon the foundation of his second edition. Is this fair or honourable? Is it like a gentleman or a scholar? Again, he says,—

'Above 200 pages of entirely new matter have been added to the present edition. Half the work has been re-written, and THE ENTIRE *newly*

short after he had re-modelled the half of his work,—why he published it thus imperfect, may perhaps puzzle the uninitiated; but we have no doubt that the simple fact is,—a second edition was wanted when only the half had been re-written; and we venture to guess that a third edition is *now* in hand, in which the latter half will one day appear corresponding with the former. In this there would have been nothing to blame, had the preface told us exactly how the matter stood; but it remains for Dr. Donnegan to explain how he dared to talk of his lexicon as being 'entirely re-modelled,' when, in fact, only one half of the work had been so dealt with!

It would be unnecessary to go into detail through all the improvements and corrections which Donnegan has made in this his second edition. Suffice it to say, that for all of them (and they are really numerous and considerable) he is indebted to Passow; so that, instead of calling the book a *second edition of Donnegan's lexicon*, we should term the former half of it an abridged translation of Passow, and the latter an abridged translation of Schneider.

But now comes the main question. Has Donnegan made the most of the advantages furnished him either by Schneider or by Passow? we must answer decidedly in the negative. His lexicon is full of inaccuracies and faults, and some of them are so radical that nothing less than an entire and careful examination of the whole, with a constant reference to the original authors, and a re-modelling and re-writing of every article of any length, by a more skilful hand than Donnegan's, can ever thoroughly correct it. The main and constantly recurring faults are—

1st. Mis-translations of Schneider's and Passow's German, and a frequent want of precision in giving the exact meaning of a word or of a quotation.

2nd. An unnecessary number of meanings, either by the use of many synonymous words, by refining too much on the real meaning, and thus frittering it away, by giving too vague * and general an interpretation, or by expressing qualities which may be in the thing signified, but are not in the *sense* of the word.†

* For instance βαρυαχὴς ought to have some more definite meaning than 'grievous, distressing, Soph. Œ. C. 1561.' The same may be said of βαρύθυμος. Again, Eurip. Herc. Fur. 1098, calls arrows, πτερωτὰ ἴγχη, winged spears. But this does not justify the German lexicographer, nor his copyist Donnegan, in giving as a meaning of ἴγχος, a weapon in general.

† We point to such words as ἄστομος, rendered by Donnegan, 'unpalatable—bitter, acid, tasteless.' These three last interpretations are not the meaning of the word. A thing which is ἄστομος, unpalatable, may be acid or lusciously sweet, or bitter, or sour, or tasteless,—but these qualities, though either of them may exist in the thing signified, are not, therefore, *in the word.*

These

[illegible]

'Αγήνωρ,* under which we find no less than thirteen (not different meanings, but) different words of interpretation for Homer and Pindar; as thus—'most manly, brave, valiant, courageous, noble —Pindar; haughty, arrogant, insolent, daring, rash, headstrong; strong—Ody.; great—Pindar'!!! We pity the unfortunate schoolboy who is expected to form some precise idea of the sense of ἀγήνωρ from this heterogeneous mixture of similar and dissimilar meanings. What must he think of the vagueness and inaccuracy of ancient Greek? It is enough to disgust him with it for ever. Of these thirteen interpretations, there is not one which fully and truly expresses the meaning of the word. *High-spirited* will perhaps come nearest to it, and will suit every passage in the Iliad, and many in the Odyssey; and where, in the latter, it is used in a sense rather vituperative, as applied to the suitors, we may render it by *licentious*. In Pindar, it is used as the epithet of a high-spirited horse, and thence metaphorically applied to *things*, as being 'exceedingly (ἄγαν) splendid or magnificent,' *e. g.* πλοῦτος, μισθὸς, κόμπος.

Again ἁγνὸς is rendered by Donnegan

'meriting worship or veneration: hence, glorious, honourable, as a contest is, Pind.; sacred to the gods, holy as a festival, Ody. 21, 259; not to be approached by the profane, Soph. Œ. C. 38; undefiled, pure in a physical or moral sense, chaste, virginal, an epithet of Diana and Proserpine, Ody. 11. 385; morally good or irreproachable.'

Now multiply and subdivide as we will, ἁγνὸς can have but two meanings,—the first, sacred or holy; the second, free from all moral or physical impurity, *i. e.* pure and chaste. All beyond this is unnecessary, and can only serve to puzzle rather than explain.

If it were necessary, we might go on with ἁβρὸς, ἀγνώμων, ἀστεμφὴς, ἀστεῖος, ἀστικὸς, ἄφοβος, &c.† But we have done, and will close

* The origin of this would seem to be, that Donnegan, having too often no precise and definite idea of the meaning of a Greek word, is fearful that, in translating from the German lexicographer, he may omit any of its meanings, and therefore gives every sense and signification which the German words can by possibility bear; in doing which he wanders widely from the meaning of the original Greek. There is a ludicrous instance of his ignorance in ''Αποκαθεύδω, to sleep separately; to sleep out of one's house—to be fond of sleep—to sleep upon—sleep with another.' Only the two first are legitimate significations; whence the third came we cannot conjecture; the fourth is a false translation of Schneider's *über etwas einschlafen*, *i. e.* to fall asleep in the midst of doing a thing: the fifth is a false deduction from Schneider's quotation, ἀποκάθευδε παρ' αὐτῷ, he *slept away from his own house*—*i. e.* at the sick person's.—Philostr. Apoll. 8, 7, 14.

† It would be wearying ourselves and our readers unnecessarily to make any extracts from, or throw away any criticism on, the latter half of Donnegan's Lexicon; it has all the imperfections of Schneider's want of arrangement, in addition to those which we have mentioned of the former half.

our

not some good and undoubted authority, and to affix to each meaning the authority on which it rests, or the passage from which it is drawn: of course, the earliest or best author should be preferred. By setting out on this plan, and regularly adhering to it, we shall be laying the only sure foundation for avoiding errors and mistranslations at first; for discovering and correctiug them when made: and preventing that endless multiplication of meanings, many of them tautologous or false, which now deluge our dictionaries, and only go on increasing with every fresh edition. It would then be seen, at the first glance, what authority there is for any sense; and should the inquirer question the fidelity or skill of the lexicographer, he could satisfy his doubts by referring to the author himself. If it be said, that a lexicon formed on such a plan as this would be too cumbrous and too expensive for general use, we answer, that the plan proposed is the only one calculated for preventing a lexicon becoming too extensive, by excluding everything not absolutely necessary; and that from a work of this kind would be formed, very soon and very easily, abridged editions to suit younger students and all who are willing to rely on the judgment of others, while the greater work would remain for more advanced scholars who think and examine for themselves. Besides, this part of the plan might be so modified, with very little or no injury to the work, or inconvenience to those who use it, that all apprehension of its too great bulk would vanish at once. For instance, in all common and useful meanings, where there can be no doubt, and where the author from whom the authority is taken is in every one's hands, as Homer, Xenophon, &c., a reference to the passage would be sufficient; in all unusual meanings, and where the author is not of every-day use, it would be better to give the example at length.

Every word should have its root attached to it, and, if possible, in such a way that both should be seen at the same glance; and if the quantity be marked, it will be a great additional convenience and advantage. The best general plan which we have seen for combining both these very desirable points is that of Passow. In his work, the root is added in curved brackets immediately after the word; and the quantity of the doubtful vowel or vowels is marked, wherever it is possible, over the word itself—as in Maltby's Thesaurus; but where this is prevented by the accent, it is added at the end of the article in square brackets, as thus:—

'Αδάϊος, ὁ, ἡ, (α priv. and δάϊος) not hostile, &c. [⏑–⏑⏑]

Where the derivation, being doubtful or disputed, is too long to be placed conveniently near the beginning of an article, Passow has,

it is used principally by the epic poets, by the dramatic writers, or by the Attic prose authors.

5th. Those primitive forms of verbs, for which we have no positive authority in the remaining works of the elder Greek authors, but which are found perhaps in the lexicons of the grammarians, or of which there remain only some tenses now generally ranked as irregular under a later form, should be mentioned as such in their proper alphabetical places; and the tenses formed from them, though placed under the form in general use, might be always referred back to their original thema.

We are aware that, to form a lexicon on these rules, would be a work of time and labour, requiring most extensive and accurate learning, sound judgment, and unwearied perseverance; but at the same time we are quite convinced that these rules are not more than sufficient—that, with the numerous helps which a scholar has in the present day, they are not of greater difficulty than he may be fairly required to encounter—and that a lexicon, not founded on these or similar rules, must be in some point or other radically defective. We will give an instance or two of each of these rules, partly to exemplify our meaning, but still more to show how necessary they are, and how useful they may be made.

As an instance of the effect of the *first* of these rules we might point to ἄγαλμα, the Homeric sense of which is πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλλεται, *any object of exultation, pride, or delight;* its post-Homeric and general Attic sense, *the statue of any god or deified hero:* nor was it ever applied to statues of men, until, by the flattery of the later Greeks, under the Byzantine emperors. In the same way we cannot obtain a clear knowledge of the different meanings of ἀγαπάω, and its more poetical form ἀγαπάζω, but by tracing it from the Homeric sense, 'to show a person any act of favour, affection, or kindness,' down to its common Attic meaning, 'to be fond of inanimate things,' as πλοῦτον, χρήματα, &c., and thence again to Lucian's frequent use of it for sexual love, ἐράω—in which sense it is not found except in writers of a very late era. Now, in putting this rule into practice, we shall observe that there are three great epochs in the language, through all or some of which the different meanings of a word can be frequently traced with more or less distinctness; viz. its infancy, its prime, and its decline:—its infancy in the heroic age of Homer, with whom we may join Hesiod—its prime, in the pure and classical times of Thucydides, Xenophon, and the great dramatists—and its decline, after the Macedonian conquest, and still later under the rising star of Roman greatness, when such writers as Polybius, Plutarch, and Lucian disfigured the elegant language of Plato and Sophocles by spurious expressions, foreign idioms, and new-fangled

ῥεύματος, Plut. Lucull. 27; or, *that which turns from one thing to another*, a diversion, Plut. vol. vi. 504; Reiske. In Rhet. the figure Apostrophe.*

On the *third* rule we need say but little, as it is obvious that, whether a word vary in meaning or remain the same, in different periods or different authors, yet in its syntax it may undergo great changes. For instance, κοιρανέω has always the same meaning, yet its construction varies greatly. Homer never joins it immediately with a case, but uses it either absolutely, as at Il. β, 207, or more frequently with κατὰ and the accusative, as πόλεμον κάτα, Λυκίην κάτα, &c., the preposition being always after the substantive. On the contrary, Hesiod, in his Theog. 331, joins it with the genitive—Pindar Olymp. 14, 12. with the accusative—Apollon. Rhod. with the dative.

The *fourth* rule is one so plain and well-known, that it might seem superfluous to make any remark on it. And yet it must be observed, that to make it really efficient, it must be acted on regularly and systematically. We shall then reap from it advantages, of which, from its meagre use and rare occurrence in our present lexicons, we can now have no conception. Thus, of ἅγιος and ἁγνὸς, it may be said that ἅγιος is a much later word, and of a narrower meaning than ἁγνὸς; seldom found in the Attic prose writers—never in the tragedians; while ἁγνὸς is the Homeric form, and used by the Attic poets and orators. Again, of δειλὸς and δείλαιος—the former is the Homeric form, and used also in Attic prose; the latter is never found in the epic poets, but constantly used by the tragedians. Again, of δένδρον, that its first appearance in this form is in Pindar—Homer always using δένδρεον; that the Ionians, whom the Attic poets sometimes follow, used δένδρος, τὸ, whence we find in Attic prose the dative plural δένδρεσι, as well as δένδροις: Thucyd. 2, 75. Xen. Œcon. 4, 14. Schaef. Greg. p. 61, 62. 265.—Again, of the present εἶμι, to go, it may be remarked, that in Homer it frequently occurs as a real present, though he does use it also as a future; but that in Ionic prose, and in the Attic writers, it is, *with very few exceptions*, a real future; and that it does not revert back to the regular sense of a present until in such later authors as Pausanias and Plutarch;—which, however, holds good, strictly speaking, only of the indicative, next of the infinitive and participle: the Attics use it more frequently than ἐλεύσομαι and πορεύσομαι, Valcken. Hippol. 1065. Some isolated instances of εἶμι, with the sense of a present, in the best Attic writers, may be found in Herm. de Æsch. Danaid. p. 8.

* Observe, in exemplification of our caution as to the application of our first rule in a preceding note, that the first usage of this word is here taken from Euripides; the second from a much earlier writer—Herodotus.

Such

Such observations as these will show how extensively useful this rule may be made.

The *fifth* rule may require a little illustration to make our meaning clearly understood. Let us take for that purpose ἀνδάνω. We know that this has been the form in regular use from Homer's time, but we find it joined with a fut. ἁδήσω, an aor. 2. ἄδον, ἁδεῖν, and a perf. ἕᾱδα, which cannot be formed from ἀνδάνω, but must be traced back to another form ἁδέω,—as to which, though we have no positive authority for it, we may yet fairly conclude either that it was in actual use at the time these tenses were first formed, or that those who formed them had good reasons for supposing its previous existence. Our rule, therefore, directs that ἁδέω should be admitted into the lexicon, and placed in its proper alphabetical situation, and that whether any authority for it be found among the grammarians or not, as thus,

Ἁδέω, to please: not used in pres. but supplies ἀνδάνω with fut. ἁδήσω; aor. 2. ἄδον [˘˘], ἁδεῖν; perf. ἕᾱδα, Dor. ἔαδα [˘–˘]

Again, ἀνδάνω would run thus:—

Ἀνδάνω, (ἥδω, ἥδομαι) imperf. ἤνδανον, and ἐήνδανον, Hom.—Att. sometimes ἐάνδανον. From the obsolete form ἁδέω come a fut. ἁδήσω, Herodot. and Att. aor. ἕᾱδον; besides which Homer has the aor. εὔᾰδον, which like ἄδον [˘˘] is only poet.—Perf. ἕᾱδα, Dor. ἔᾱδα. To please, &c.

In the same way we should admit Γάω as an obs. theme to form the poet. perf. γέγαα for γέγονα, perf. to γίγνομαι.—Δάω, whence δέδαα—Θάφω, whence τέθηπα, and ἔτᾰφον—and many others, the adoption or rejection of which must be left to the judgment of the lexicographer.

We have observed in Passow's lexicon a very simple and judicious way of marking the difference between the tenses formed

on some such plan, and by some such rules, as we have drawn up. We are confident, that no Greek lexicon, unless conducted on such principles, will be of any extensive use to the classical world, or permanently redound to the credit of its author: whereas, if managed in the manner we have described, with suitable care and talent, it would prove an eternal monument of the learning and industry of its compilers, and soon throw into disuse all the editions of Stephanus, or Scapula, or Schneider, which ever have been or ever will be published.*

ART. VIII.—1. *Hernani.* Par Victor Hugo. 1831.
2. *Marion de Lorme.* Par Victor Hugo. 1831.
3. *Le Roi s'amuse.* Par Victor Hugo. 1832.
4. *Lucrèce Borgia.* Par Victor Hugo. 1833.
5. *Marie Tudor.* Par Victor Hugo. 1833.
6. *Henry III.* Par Alex. Dumas.
7. *Christine.* Drama, par Alex. Dumas.
8. *Theresa.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1832.
9. *Angèle.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1834.
10. *Richard Darlington.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1832.
11. *La Tour de Nesle.* Par M. Guillardet et * * * * (A. Dumas). 1832.
12. *Hernani, and Catherine of Cleves.* Translated from the French by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. 1832.

IT is a *remarkable* circumstance, though it has not been, that we know of, yet remarked, that though literature had the chief hand in preparing the French Revolution, it had little influence on its progress, and little share in its success. The *men of the pen* undermined

* Since writing the above, we have seen the fourth number of the Paris Thesaurus, which, to our surprise, is not an immediate continuation of the former three numbers, but the commencement of the letter B, and not compiled by the same editors. M. Hase, indeed, it seems, still superintends the whole; but while his former associates are continuing their labours in A, two new coadjutors, Messrs. William and Louis Dindorf, have produced the first number of B. We have looked through this number as carefully as the time would permit, and have to congratulate M. Hase on a very considerable improvement. Had the three earlier numbers been managed with equal care and judgment, much of the censure which we have thought it our painful duty to inflict would have been spared. The Messrs. Dindorf have skilfully dovetailed some very excellent emendations and additions into the original matter. A little more concentration and abridgment might have been better; but the improvement is such that we must be satisfied with the present, and look forward to the future with the hope of its further increase. M. Hase, too, comes but seldom on the stage with his ecclesiastical quotations, and Ast's Plato has entirely disappeared; we hope, is not entirely neglected. We would hope, too, that the Messrs. Dindorf will not overlook Passow's lexicon as their predecessors have done. Etymology they seem to have almost forgotten. The purchasers of the Thesaurus, will, therefore, learn with pleasure,

XIV. to that of Louis XVIII., exhibited, amidst the wonderful mutability of that volcanic century, little alteration in its principles, and little novelty in its productions.

The Restoration did not, *at first*, effect any sensible change. Though the press was freer than it had ever been before, it was still subject to the censorship of the government; and the *first* tendency of a return to legitimate monarchy was to give additional authority to the literary doctrines of *l'ancien régime*—the circumstances which recalled to power the descendants of Louis XIV. naturally revived the influence of the admirers of Boileau and Racine.

But a state of freedom, the first France had *ever* known, and a state of tranquillity, the first she had experienced for fifty years, soon began to operate on the minds of the literary youth. The *censure politique* became every day less rigid, and the *censure littéraire* of Geoffroy, Martainville, and other periodical critics of the old school, having wholly vanished, considerable deviations from the beaten tracks were soon observable. These deviations became more frequent and more striking as the authority of Charles X. declined under the pressure of the various engines which were directed against it, and as the students in the different professions, and particularly the young *littérateurs*, began to find that they were a power in the state.

There had been for some years two schools in French literature, which they chose to designate as the *Classical* and the *Romantic*; the *Classicals* adhered to the elegant regularity of Boileau, Racine, and Voltaire; the *Romantics* professed to imitate the livelier independence of the Germans and the English. The *Classicals* were the Roman Catholics of literature—they reverenced a kind of papal infallibility in Aristotle and his successors, and, by too rigorous an adherence to antiquated errors and abuses, brought into contempt a system, which, though originally founded in nature and truth, was disfigured by absurd formalities and incredible fictions. On the other hand, the Romantics, like the Calvinists, pushed their contempt of the ancient authority so far, that, in eradicating the errors, they sacrificed many of the decencies of the old school, and have at length, *since the Revolution of July* 1830, run into all the immoral and mischievous extravagance of freethinking. But as it was in religion—so it is in literature:—there was and is a happy mean—which we flatter ourselves England has had the good taste to discover, and the good sense to adopt—between the antiquated formalities of the old school, and the extravagant licence of the new:—but the French nation is not fitted for a *juste milieu*—its literature divided itself into the *Classical* and the *Romantic*—which might better be denominated the *pedantic* and the *extravagant*—

doses till they reach intoxication, fury, debility, and idiotcy. Hernani and Henry III. (under the title of Catherine of Cleves) have been some time before the English public in the excellent translation of Lord Francis Egerton. With them, therefore, we may suppose our readers are acquainted; at all events they do not fall within our present scope—they belong to the *Restoration;* and it is the reign of Louis Philippe that has engendered the monsters which it is our purpose to exhibit.

Some considerations, however, which bear on the ulterior question, are suggested by these earlier dramas. 'Henry III.' is in prose, while 'Hernani' appears in the old *court-dress* of rhyme. Lord Francis, in his translations, gives the first in blank verse, but in the second, he has adhered to his original even to the rhyme, for which, in his prologue, he offers the following apology:—

> 'Yet the time was when that strange path along
> Great Dryden rolled the chariot wheels of song,
> And forced his coursers, of ethereal race,
> With necks rhymed up to modulate their pace.
> Our Gallic neighbours long to that control
> Have bowed each varied passion of the soul—
> The loftiest, humblest, lightest. Not in vain
> Let me, then, sue for leave to clank the chain
> Racine and Dryden forged in years of yore;
> Which in our later age great Talma wore—
> Wore with such grace, that though 'twere plain to see
> It chafed, we scarce could wish the captive free.'—
>
> pp. 119, 120.

These are good verses, but we can by no means concur in this opinion. Rhyme unnecessarily adds another to the improbabilities inseparable from the stage. It is hard enough, even when the persons speak plain prose, to maintain the scenic illusion—still harder when they talk blank verse; but rhyme—if uttered so as to be perceptible—heightens the improbability; and, when it is not perceptible to the ear, it increases the difficulty, and fetters the powers of the writer for no adequate object. It is but justice to Lord Francis to admit that he has done all that it was possible to do—his rhymed version is at once exact and spirited; and the mere English reader who may wish to see the most perfect approximation to the peculiarities of a French play that our language affords, will read, with great pleasure, this translation of Hernani.

But, even in France, the reign of rhyme is past: its trammels were quite inconsistent with the freedom of the new school; and Hugo, Dumas, and their imitators, have gradually thrown them off, and with them all regularity, all order—we may almost add—

all

all decency. There is, literally, neither rhyme nor reason in the majority of their recent productions.

In the conception of a remarkable class of these modern dramas, there is an obvious imitation of Shakspeare. His historical dramas, which—beside their intrinsic beauties—interest us so much by the introduction of the names and the representation of the events of our national annals, excited long ago the emulation of Voltaire: but his failure in this line was signal;—and the result of his grecising of Adelaide du Guesclin and the Seigneur de Coucy, in the same style in which he *frenchified* Semiramis and Orestes, disgusted his audience and himself with that class of subjects. Chenier, taking advantage of the revolution, produced his historical tragedy of Charles IX. with a temporary success, which was due altogether to the delight of the mob in seeing a king of France exposed in odious colours, and to the connexion which their absurd ferocity traced between that royal monster and Louis XVI. But even if the powers of Chenier had been greater, the pedantic trammels of the old French theatre were quite inconsistent with the representation of real life, and, above all, of national manners. Some other similar attempts failed, from the same reasons; and it was not till the license of these latter days, when Hugo and his associates threw off the critical as well as the political yoke, that anything like an approach to nature and reality was made: vulgar nature it undoubtedly is, and mean reality; and although they are certainly much more exciting than the decent tediousness of the old school, we doubt whether they will maintain a more lasting popularity.

M. Hugo, in several of his prefaces, avows his admiration and imitation of Shakspeare; and in that to his sixth and last piece,

find the point where the grand and the true intersect each other; and to attain that point is the perfection of the dramatic art. Shakspeare realises a problem that looks like a contradiction—to be always within nature, yet sometimes above it. Shakspeare exaggerates the size of objects, but keeps their proportion—with a wonderful omnipotence, he creates what is greater than nature, yet perfectly natural. Hamlet, for instance, is as true to nature as any of us, yet greater—he is colossal, yet real—he is Hamlet, not you or me, but us all—Hamlet is not a man, he is man!'—p. ii.

Hailing, as we do, with satisfaction, the dawn upon the long night of French criticism of the great luminary of the dramatic world, and sensible that such an opinion of Shakspeare is of itself evidence that M. Hugo is a man of genius, we must nevertheless observe, that not only is the expression of this passage too ambitious, (though we have lowered in our translation something of its antithetical pomp,) but that the premises on which the critique proceeds are not quite unquestionable, nor the conclusion altogether logical. In a word, we see in it the seeds of the errors and blemishes which offend us in all M. Hugo's own works. The distinction between *grandeur* and *truth*, or, as our idiom would rather express it, *nature*, is not sound. They are not, we think, two distinct qualities of the poet's mind, intersecting each other at some happy point. Truth or nature seems to us to be rather the cause, and grandeur the effect: for instance, in the celebrated '*Qu'il mourût*' of Corneille, there is little grand in the abstract idea, and still less in the expression; but its *truth*, that is, its appropriateness to the person and to the circumstances, heightened by some degree of surprise, creates in the spectator or reader the feeling of *grandeur*, and *truth* is therefore as direct an ingredient in this sublime exclamation as in any of the gayer touches of Molière. The same may be said of Lady Macbeth's '*Give* ME *the dagger;*' and of Brutus's '*Portia's dead.*' It might appear hypercritical to object to M. Hugo, that some of the finest conceptions of Shakspeare are not *true*, as his spectres and apparitions, and that others are neither *true* nor *grand*, as his witches and fairies: dramatic *truth*, we admit, must not be so strictly limited; it is sufficient if—the existence of the imaginary person being once conceded—its language and actions are consistent with our ideas of what such a being (if real) would have said or done: but how vast a portion of the miraculous merit of Shakspeare has no relation whatever to the *grand!* The whole range of his comic, and even his social scenes—the entire characters of Falstaff, Sir Toby, Dogberry and Verges, Jack Cade and his insurgents, Menenius, Rosalind, Beatrice, and *all* the rest, are, to our minds, more admirable, more wonderful, than even his tragic sublimities. In the very instance M. Hugo selects

—and

[illegible] more think, the most extraordinary [illegible] Hamlet—he seems to be not [illegible] to misunderstand the character. [illegible] Hamlet—of course we speak of the [illegible] the genius that conceived it is indeed co- [illegible] to a man, and so little of extraordinary pro- [illegible] is one of the most peculiar merits of the portrait, [illegible] many striking infirmities; nor is it a just [illegible] that 'he is not *a* man, but *man*' [illegible] the contrary, he is an *individual* in all the [illegible] than is usual even in Shakspeare's [illegible] nature, and acts on principles [illegible] with wink, to borrow an expres- [illegible] idiosyncracy. After all, we are [illegible] and M. Hugo would probably, [illegible] which evidently he does not,) agree [illegible] been induced to make the [illegible] however his better judgment may be, [illegible] confused notion of the [illegible] and some very unfortunate [illegible] He seems to think, [illegible] the grander; and [illegible] when he mixes it up [illegible] and the chat and cir- [illegible] dramatizes the *Causes* [illegible] to the theatre, and ex- [illegible] incest, and mur- [illegible] the exact point where *truth* [illegible] An analysis of some of his [illegible] common to him and

at the time when, amidst the general efforts to debase royal authority, and calumniate royal characters, every branch of literature was enlisted in the revolutionary cause. Its appearance was, he tells us, prohibited, though it seems to us less politically offensive than either Henry III. or Christine; and it remained in the author's portfolio till the Three Great Days, after which, the government had neither the power nor the will to repress libellous allusions to the kings and ministers of the old dynasty.

Marion de Lorme was a celebrated courtezan* who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII. She was the mistress of the unfortunate Cinq-Mars, and, after his death, of all the world. It is at this interesting period that the tragic muse of M. Hugo takes up this interesting personage. Besides her numerous admirers amongst the young men of fashion, there is an humbler personage, one Didier, whom she loves, and who (kept in ignorance of who she is) loves her in return, but honourably. Didier being admitted to an evening rendezvous just after the Marquis de la Savary, the latter is attacked by four assassins in the street, under Marion's window. Didier jumps out and saves him. They both return to Marion's apartments, where Didier is disgusted with the familiarity with which the young courtier treats his *adorable Marie*, and resolves to take future vengeance of him he had just saved. About this time, an edict of the king is published, at the instigation of the Cardinal de Richelieu, denouncing death to all parties to any duel. This proclamation has hardly been promulgated, when Didier meets Savary, insults him, and they fight. Marion, alarmed by the noise, rushes out, and, ignorant of the edict, calls the guard. Didier is seized; Savary escapes by feigning to have been killed—but he, in disguise, attends the empty coffin, inscribed with his own name, to the chateau of his aged uncle, the Comte de Nangis. Didier is conveyed to prison, whence he escapes by the aid of, and in company with, Marion, and they join a party of strolling players, who arrive at the castle almost with the funeral. Savary—gay, generous, and giddy—assists merrily at his own funeral, but has the indiscretion to betray Didier to one of the satellites of the cardinal, and to open Didier's eyes to the real name and occupation of his *chaste Marie*. Didier, indignant, now rejects her with disdain; and Savary, too soon disclosing the secret of his own existence, is, with Didier, seized and condemned to death. The old uncle and Marion supplicate Louis XIII. for their lives, but in vain. His jester, L'Angely, strives to move him by representing them as two excellent

* She was born about the year 1606; her real name *is said* to have been Marie-Anne Grappin; and that name happening to be found in a burial register of 1741, with a note that she had been thrice a widow, and was 134 years old, some writers think that this was *Marion;* but there is no evidence of the identity.

falconers,

[illegible] their pardon; but the
[illegible] master's amnesty. The
[illegible] nephew to escape;
[illegible] good fortune with
[illegible] it shall be his ad-
[illegible] *which we dare but*
[illegible] of-blood the release
[illegible] ession of one whom
[illegible] revolted by this
[illegible] rather than profit
[illegible] to the scaffold;
[illegible] of the disease of
[illegible] implores, with
[illegible] A voice from
[illegible] off to death: the
[illegible] Marion, in en-
[illegible] the litter, and

[illegible] passe!
[illegible] *mie sur le pavé!*
[illegible] grossness—
[illegible] of language,
[illegible] that of Louis
[illegible] on the whole
[illegible] often produces.
[illegible] was already a violent
[illegible] French stage. But if
[illegible] next step was a stride.
[illegible] Louis Philippe had eva-
[illegible] The very title excited

to cut his majesty's throat in a *coupe gorge*, into which he had been inveigled by a common prostitute, and to deliver him the royal body in a sack. Intending to escape, after the catastrophe, out of France, he has disguised his unfortunate daughter in male attire to facilitate their evasion. By a series of accidents, she falls in with the murderers, and is stabbed instead of the king, and the body, yet living, is stuffed into a sack and delivered over to Triboulet, who, when he proceeds to enjoy his vengeance, by looking on the murdered seducer, draws out from the bag the yet living body of his child, who has just breath enough left to tell her story before she dies. The unhappy jester goes, as he well might, distracted, but recovers enough to end the piece *à la Marion de Lorme*—

'*Triboulet.*—J'ai tué mon enfant—J'ai tué mon enfant!
—*Il tombe sur le pavé.*'

These catastrophes may have truth and grandeur, but at least there is no great variety. Shakspeare would hardly have made two immediately successive tragedies end with '*on tombe sur la pavé.*' But now our readers will ask, why was this piece suppressed? Was it for its immorality? No—immorality more flagrant, if it be possible, has been tolerated. Was it for degrading all the great names of France, which are exhibited in the vilest colours? No; such libels were in favour at the new court. Was it for exposing to the hatred of the nation a king who had hitherto been a favourite, and to public contempt the royal office and authority? No; Louis Philippe, if he felt, would not have expressed any interest about any of his predecessors. What then could be the cause of so extreme a measure as the despotic suspension of such a drama by such an author? M. Victor Hugo will not venture to tell us openly—but he says that the cause was in *one line* of the piece, which gave rise to an interpretation of which he had never dreamed, and which, so much does he abhor the imputed allusion, he will not designate. We have twice read the play to discover this mysterious line, and we think we have had the good fortune to find it—it is this: Triboulet, in reproaching a circle of courtiers of illustrious name, some of whom he suspected of carrying off his child, (for he at this period did not know the real offender,) exclaims—

'Non il n'appartient point à ces grandes maisons
D'avoir des cœurs si bas sous d'aussi fiers blasons!
Non, vous n'en êtes pas!—Au milieu des huées,
Vos mères aux laquais se sont prostituées!
Vous êtes tous bâtards!'

M. Hugo never thought of it, but pit, box, and gallery recollected in an instant, that the father of Louis Philippe—*Louis Egalité*—

'*le*

'*le meilleur citoyen de la France*'—had, in the days of the Convention, thought to ingratiate himself with the mob by denying that he was a Bourbon—by claiming for himself the honour of bastardy, and alleging that he was the produce of *the adultery of his mother with a stable-boy!* The allegation itself was 'as false as hell'—but the fact of the degenerate wretch having made it was notorious. The sensation in the theatre was, as it could not fail to be, *tremendous*—'the line,' says Hugo, 'was a *red-hot brand*'—it was clear that such an inflammatory provocative to sedition could not be repeated—and the piece was illegally and arbitrarily, but most properly, prohibited.

And here we must observe on one of those little retributive circumstances which—better even than more important events—must bring home to the bosom of M. Hugo himself—we will not say the inconsistency, nor the ingratitude, nor the illegality of his participation in the Revolution of July—but its absurdity, its folly, its fruitlessness. In his preface to Marion de Lorme, written in August, 1831, he gives way to a Pindaric enthusiasm for the 'liberty of the stage, won, like all other public liberties, by the *admirable* revolution of July;' and, as a signal subject of triumph, remarks, that this play, acted with such success in regenerated France, 'would, under the elder branch of the Bourbons, have been destined to eternal exclusion from the stage.' Well—his very next preface, written in the very next year, exhales an indignant sorrow for the total failure of the 'admirable Revolution.' 'The *Viziers* of the King of the Barricades' have committed an enormity of despotism, *unknown—unheard-of* in the worst of former times; and the repressive police of Charles X. assumes the air of lenient precaution, compared with the Turkish despotism (*dans quel pachalick vivons-nous?*) of Louis Philippe.

were seen at night, on the same horse, making for the banks of the Tiber; one was a corpse, the other the murderer. Who were they?—brothers! What the cause of quarrel?—a mistress! Who that mistress?—their sister!! An infant had been the produce of the incest—it survived—it lives—'tis Gennaro, the hero of the piece:—the mother is Lucrèce Borgia. This Gennaro, in process of time, his *mother* sees by accident—she falls in love with him, and follows him to Venice in disguise. He feels towards her a kind of attraction, but without any suspicion that she is Lucrèce Borgia, whose very name he, from the reputation of her crimes, detests so enthusiastically, that he defaces, in a moment of indignation, the escutcheon of her arms over the gate of the palace of her (fourth) husband, Don Alphonso d'Este! Lucrèce, indignant at the affront, but ignorant of its author, solicits vengeance from Don Alphonso. He grants it. She urges that the offender may be pursued. Alphonso answers,—that he is already taken. She insists on satiating her vengeance by being present at the condemnation; but, before he is introduced, she makes her husband swear that be he who he may, however born, however allied, however near and dear, even to Don Alphonso himself—he shall die. The Don, who had discovered, by his spies, his wife's inclination for the author of the insult, and who already meditated Italian vengeance on him and on her, readily grants her desire, and confirms it by a solemn oath. He had indeed before prepared both sword and poison to rid himself of at least one of them. When, however, Gennaro is introduced, Lucretia discovers, with horror, that she had obtained the condemnation of her *son*. She suddenly endeavours to retract. Then follows a scene, very well written, in which she endeavours to cajole Don Alphonso into mercy. He, seeing in this sudden change only a confirmation of his jealousy, becomes but the more resolved; but affects a playful tenderness and gallantry for her, and excuses his refusal by his devotion to her wishes and his zeal for her character. At last he throws off the mask, upbraids her with the crimes of herself and her family, and only gives her the choice of whether her favourite shall die by poison or the sword. She, still not daring to own the real cause of her interest, chooses the poison. Alphonso consents, on condition that she shall herself administer it. The criminal is then re-introduced. Don Alphonso affects clemency, forgives him the nocturnal indiscretion, and invites him to drink some wine of Syracuse, poured out by the fair hands of the Duchess. She, knowing that a bravo is hidden behind the arras, ready to cut Gennaro's throat on the instant, complies in desperation: the dose is given and taken, and Don Alphonso leaves them—'to spend the *last quarter of an hour* of her gallant's life together.'

But

But the Don was deceived: Lucrèce has an infallible antidote against the effect of the poison. She tells Gennaro of his danger, and offers him the antidote: he refuses to believe her: he thinks the offered draught from the hands of Lucrèce Borgia can be only poison: he loads her with the bitterest reproaches—talks with filial enthusiasm of his unknown mother—then begs pardon of heaven and her for having profaned her name by uttering the word 'mother' before such a monster as Lucrèce. Every word cuts deep into her soul; but at last he is persuaded to drink. She gives him some more of the antidote for a future occasion, indicates to him the way of escape out of the palace, and blesses him; he, in return, curses her, and she falls down in a swoon.

But Gennaro unfortunately delays his journey, and is persuaded to join a party of five young friends at supper, at the Princess Negroni's. The palace Negroni adjoins that of Borgia—Lucrèce is mistress of both; the young guests are all her personal enemies, for whom this supper is a snare. After a scene of Bacchanalian revelling—they find that they had indeed 'supped full of horrors'—Lucrèce appears suddenly, followed by a train of monks chanting the burial service: she reproaches them with all their offences against her, acquaints them that they are poisoned, that they have but a few minutes to live, and that the monks are there to assist them with the offices of religion in their last moments. Then a long gallery hung with black is opened by folding-doors, in which are seen five coffins, to each of which a victim is summoned. There were five coffins, but there were six guests: the supernumerary is Gennaro, who had come uninvited. He is left in the outer apartment alone with Lucrèce. Again she has to announce to him that he is poisoned, and urges him to take what was left of the antidote; he asks whether there is enough to save

that she survived all her family—that she lived *honoured* at the court of Ferrara—that she patronized literature and the arts, and some men of letters, amongst others Bembo, who gave her a character very different from that of the ordinary historians. Be all this as it may, it is clear that the chief crimes of Hugo's Lucrèce are pure—or rather impure—invention; even if they were true, they are not fit subjects for dramatic revival; but it is doubly unjustifiable to offend decency and sully history by such disgusting fables.

Hugo's next and last piece, though not quite so shocking, is grossly offensive to morals, and still more at variance with history—MARY OF ENGLAND. In the present taste of the French for historical horrors, our bloody Mary might not have been a bad theme, if it had been managed with any judgment;—Her political position—her personal character—her cruel, but conscientious bigotry—the dramatic aspect of the characters that surrounded her—the dark ambition of Philip—the tender and innocent Jane Grey—the youthful prudence, masculine spirit, and personal graces of Elizabeth—the fury of the persecutors—the courage of the martyrs—might be grouped, without much deviation from historic truth, into very striking situations. But M. Hugo has made a different choice, and produced an *historic* drama where all is false, ridiculous, and disgusting. Mary—the severe and scrupulous Mary—is represented (after she has been betrothed to Philip, and while she is expecting his arrival) as living in open criminal commerce with an Italian adventurer, one Fabiano Fabiani, whom she has created Earl of Clanbrassil, and Baron of Dinasmonddy (meaning, we presume, Dinasmouddey—there is such a village in North Wales). Fabiano has, under the name of Sir Amyas Powlet, seduced Jane, a poor girl of the lowest class, a foundling, who is betrothed to one Gilbert, a carver. In visiting this girl one night in her humble and retired lodgings, Fabiano is accosted by a Jew, a stranger (a stranger, indeed, to the end), who tells him that he knows all his story and his objects; that he has seduced Jane, not because he loved her, but because he had discovered that she was the only child of a certain Lord Talbot, Earl of Waterford, Wexford, and Shrewsbury, beheaded in the last reign for his adherence to popery, and whose large possessions had been conferred, in default of issue, by the queen on Fabiani. So that, by having the heiress in his power as mistress or wife, he was secure, in case of any reverse of favour, of possessing her great inheritance. The proofs of Jane's birth the stranger has about him—to obtain them, and get rid of so disagreeable and omniscient a spy, Fabiani stabs him, but the stranger in falling, throws away Jane's title-deeds—and Fabiani, finding nothing on him, retires to obtain

[illegible] assistance to throw the body into the Thames; as if it had not been enough that [illegible] to do it without a witness.

In the meanwhile, Gilbert the carver arrives—the stranger has just life enough left to tell him, in two words, Jane's story—the name of his assassin—and to point where the packet of documents is to be found. He then expires—Fabiani returns, and, by threatening Gilbert with the prospect of being himself accused of the murder, he induces him to help to throw the corpse into the river. He offers Gilbert a sum of money, which, after a moment's consideration, he accepts—Fabiani then tells him, with an insolent candour, that Jane is his mistress—and that he has come to pass the night with her. Gilbert, enraged, announces that he himself is Jane's betrothed—that he knows that the supposed Sir Amyas Powlet is really Fabiani, Earl of Clanbrassil—and they part with mutual menaces. In the meanwhile, arrives on the scene one Simond Renard, the minister at the British court of Philip of Spain. He is at the head of a plot to overthrow Fabiani, and thinks that Gilbert will be a useful instrument. He finds Gilbert still boiling with indignation, and vowing that he would give his life to be revenged of Lord Clanbrassil—Renard takes him literally at his word, and they strike a bargain that Gilbert's life is to be at Renard's disposal, and that Renard is to avenge Gilbert's wrongs on Lord Clanbrassil. In pursuance of this object, Renard has Jane seized and conveyed to court, whither Gilbert is also brought. Now, the queen is madly fond, and of course rigorously jealous of Fabiani: her whole desire is to be loved in return—sincerely, intensely—not as a *queen*, but as a *woman*—Renard has only to tell her of her ungrateful favourite's intrigue with Jane to ruin him; and the queen immediately prepares her schemes of vengeance. She knows that she cannot condemn a man to death

Gilbert invokes the sanctity of the oath of the *Queen* and the *Christian;* at last Mary says, 'what if *he* refuses her?' 'In that case,' replies Gilbert, 'we are quits'—and so the bargain is ratified. And now her Majesty announces how she means to employ Gilbert's life, which he has placed at her disposal. Gilbert is to raise a poniard at the royal breast—she is to cry out—the guards are to rush in—she is to accuse him of attempting to assassinate her—Gilbert is to confess the crime, and to accuse Fabiani of having instigated him—and both are to be tried and executed for high treason. This happy and probable scheme is carried into effect:—Fabiani, of course, denies the treason, and accuses Gilbert of perjury; but the latter produces the purse which he had received from Fabiani, and the poniard he holds is the poniard of Fabiani, picked up after the murder of the Jew: this evidence, and Gilbert's oath, leave no doubt; and all parties are about to be committed for trial—when *Mary* desires that another personage should be introduced—our readers might conjecture for ever before they would guess who this personage was:—no other than the *executioner!* He enters, and the Queen thus addresses him:—

'I am glad to see you—you are a good servant—you are old—you have already seen three reigns. It is customary for the sovereigns of this realm to present you, at their accession, with the most magnificent gift in their power.' [*This is new to us.*] 'My father, Henry VIII., gave you a diamond clasp from his own cloak—my brother, Edward VI., gave you a cup of wrought gold—'tis now my turn—I have as yet given you nothing—I must make you a present. You see that head—(*pointing to Fabiani's*)—that young and charming head—that head which was only this morning all that I had most beautiful, most dear, most precious in the world—well—that head—you see it—don't you?—I give it you.'—*Marie Tudor*, p. 124.

If we were to stop to make comments on this extraordinary piece we should never have done—we therefore proceed with the *story*. The culprits are tried and condemned. An ordinary English reader does not well see how Fabiani could be condemned on the evidence of Gilbert, tried at the same time, and convicted of the same offence; but M. Hugo knows better, and Lord Chancellor Gardiner pronounces the law as follows:—

'According to the Norman law, and the statute 25 Henry VIII., (*sic*) in cases of high treason against the person of the sovereign, confession does not save the accomplice; nor has the Queen in such cases the right of pardon—so that you (*addressing Gilbert*) must die on the scaffold as well as he whom you accuse.'—*Marie*, p. 130.

Fabiani and Gilbert are now sent to close custody in the Tower; but there seems to have been, in those troublesome times, little more difficulty about getting in or out of the Tower of London than

than there is now-a-days. *Jane* obtains admission by bribing the gaoler with a bracelet. He introduces her into the ante-chamber, upon which the separate dungeons of the two prisoners open. Before we can discover which she comes to save—the favoured lover or the betrothed husband—the Queen enters the same apartment—Jane retires behind a pillar—Simon Renard accompanies her Majesty. She comes to save Fabiani—Renard to defeat these intentions. He alleges every reason of duty and policy; but love is the strongest. Renard fails—and retires to excite a sedition, and thus work on the Queen's fears. She calls in the Lieutenant of the Tower and one of the gaolers, and orders them to assist Fabiani to escape—they refuse. She exclaims in agony, 'Is there no one then who will obey *me* and save Fabiani?'—upon which Jane steps from behind a pillar, and says, 'Yes, I will.' The Queen, believing that *Jane* still loves Fabiani and can only have come to the Tower to see him, is delighted, and gives her full powers—orders the gaoler (who would not, a moment before, obey herself) to obey *Jane*, and retires. Jane knows (we cannot guess how) all the intricacies of the Tower—she has the master-keys—she determines that the prisoner shall escape by the *Water-gate*—but which prisoner?—To the surprise of the gaoler she opens Gilbert's dungeon—she tells him that *he* is the man she now loves, is come to save, and will marry! *A waterman is then called in*—Gilbert is delivered to his guidance—Jane appointing to meet him by-and-by under the first arch of London bridge; but as they are going, the Lieutenant whispers the Waterman not to be in any violent hurry. At this moment, the effects of Renard's efforts to excite a sedition become visible, or rather audible—a furious mob surround the Tower, calling for Fabiani's head. The queen inquires if he has yet escaped—the lieutenant answers 'Not yet.' After a

queen rejoins her; congratulates Jane and herself on Fabiani's escape—calls her *sister*—sister in love! Jane, astonished to hear of the safety of him she had just seen pass to execution, knows not what to think; the queen goes on to tell her that the veiled man is not Fabiani—'Who then?'—'Gilbert.'—'Oh, no; thank heaven Gilbert escaped.' 'Yes,' replies the queen; 'but he was retaken, and substituted for Fabiani.' This was the truth, but not the *whole* truth. Simon Renard had observed that the veiled man was taller than Fabiani and—before the procession had left the Tower—he contrived, by some unexplained means, to rescue Gilbert and replace Fabiani under the veil. This part of the transaction is involved in such obscurity that it is not till the last two lines of the play that the Queen and Jane, or even the audience, know which of the men has been executed. At last Simon introduces Gilbert alive—announces the death of Fabiani, and exclaims that he has saved the Queen and the kingdom:—and thus finishes a drama—in the preface to which M. Hugo talks of *combining the grand with the true*—and professes to have endeavoured to imitate Shakspeare!

We must now turn to M. Dumas. We know not whether we should not have mentioned him first, for M. Hugo has indulged in some very palpable imitations of him. For instance, M. Hugo puts into the mouths of some of his young men in Marion de Lorme, represented in 1831, a criticism on Corneille, and some other writers of the age of Louis XIII., which Dumas had already done in Christine, played in March, 1830. We find also in Christine all the elements which compose Marie Tudor—a jealous, hard-hearted, and hard-headed queen—in love with an Italian adventurer—who has a secret intrigue with a young person; an enemy to the favourite betrays his duplicity to the queen, and becomes the instrument of his execution—the queen, induced to consent to the death of her paramour by the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and repenting of her hasty vengeance, seeks consolation in the company of the seduced girl. The two plays have, in fact, but one plot. This seems to us a very remarkable coincidence—but it is no affair of ours. We have not heard that M. Dumas complains of plagiarism—and we certainly have no right to do so.

CHRISTINE is, notwithstanding a few forcible passages, tedious, and was on the whole unsuccessful; but M. Dumas, excited and encouraged by the Revolution of July, of which he was an active partisan, determined to take a still newer line, and instead of looking into *history* (*mythology* had died with Voltaire) for subjects, he imagined what we may call a *Melpomène bourgeoise*, and transplanted the horrors of the family of Atreus and Œdipus into the houses of the *propriétaires* and *employés* of modern Paris. His first work of this kind—at least the first with which we are

acquainted—is ANTONY. Antony is—like Didier and Germain, for these gentlemen have no great originality—a bastard and a foundling; but contrives to be received in society, and wins the affections of a certain Miss Adèle; whom, however, he leaves in an unaccountable manner, and she is married to a Colonel d'Hervey. At the expiration of three years, Antony arrives in Paris, and writes a note to request permission, as an old friend, to wait on Madame d'Hervey. She sees the danger of such an interview, and, to avoid it, gets into her sister's carriage, and drives away, leaving *her* to receive the visiter; but unfortunately the horses take fright, and run away with the carriage. Antony, coming to pay his visit, sees the danger—rushes forward—stops the horses at the expense of some cuts and bruises—and of course preserves Madame d'Hervey. The accident happening almost at her own door, they are both brought to her house, where his wounds, intentionally exasperated, confine him for some time, and he has an opportunity of reviving old recollections. Again Adèle sees her danger, and wisely resolves to fly to her husband, who is quartered at Strasburg. Antony follows, and soon passes her on the road. He arrives at night-fall at a small inn, within two stages of Strasburg, whence he sends off all the post-horses, and engages the only rooms. Adèle arrives—cannot get forward—is reluctantly forced to stay, all night, and is lodged in one of the rooms, which the gentleman, at the request of the landlady, cedes to her. The rooms, however, communicate by a balcony. Here we must call on M. Dumas to tell his own tale:—

Antony appears on the balcony—opens the window—enters—bolts the door hastily.)

Adèle. (*coming out of a closet where her bed had been prepared.*) What noise is that?—A man!—Ah!

time is lost—the husband arrives—is at the chamber door—threatens to burst it open—the guilty woman begs for death at the hand of her destroyer—he stabs her—Colonel d'Hervey bursts in, exclaiming—

'Infamy! what do I see? Adèle!——

Antony. Dead!—yes, dead!—(*Throws the dagger at the feet of D'Hervey*)—she resisted and I *killed her!*'

And with this magnanimous device for saving the poor lady's reputation, the play concludes—as if all the previous events and notorious scandal could be patched up by such an atrocious, yet ridiculous pretence.

TERESA soon followed (February, 1832) in the same direction, but with a greater stride. Adèle's case was a simple adultery and a murder. Teresa is a double adultery, a double murder, with a spice of incest. We know not how to repeat such a story; yet we feel it our duty to do so, to exhibit the *moral fruits of revolution*, and to awaken English, and, we hope, Christian feeling to what is passing in that country, which we seem to have taken for our model.

Colonel Delaunay, a French officer, to whom the *Restoration* would not give even the cross of the legion of honour, has married a young wife, Teresa, at Naples, whom he brings home to his house, where he had already an amiable daughter, Amelia, little younger than his wife, whom he destines for Arthur de Savigny, whom he had known at Naples, who had preceded him to Paris, and who is already the acknowledged lover and beloved of Amelia. Unfortunately, Teresa and Arthur had become acquainted at Naples—he had saved her from some serious accident—love had ensued—but he had returned home, and it was forgotten:—they now meet, and it is revived. Arthur, not yet lost to all decency and honour, resolves to break off his marriage, to obtain diplomatic service, and escape from the temptation of dishonouring his friend. Teresa combats that idea—she shows him, that such a sudden rupture will bring on an *éclaircissement*, which must ruin her with her husband—that if he stays and marries Amelia, his passion for Teresa will subside; that they will be platonic friends, &c. &c. He consents—he stays—he marries Amelia, and—and—wrongs her—dishonours his father-in-law! Amelia perceives at last that her husband is unhappy—estranged—she sees him go to a certain bureau, where he carefully locks up some letters—she suspects some intrigue—she happens to have a key that opens the bureau—she is tempted to abstract a packet, which she places, unopened, in the hands of her father—he finds in them the proofs of the double guilt of his wife and his son-in-law. He cannot repress his rage, though he conceals the cause—he,

he, on the first burst of passion, picks a quarrel with Arthur, and provokes him to a duel: but thinks better of it—it would promulgate and increase the scandal—he begs Arthur's pardon; and hastens the departure of him and Amelia for a foreign mission, to which the young man had been just appointed. Teresa, on finding that her husband has discovered the intrigue, and that Arthur has abandoned her—'*le lache*'—calls in a *footman*, who had followed her from Italy, and says—

'Paulo, when we left Italy, you must have thought that, isolated in a foreign land, you might fall into one of those misfortunes which cannot be survived.

Paul. Yes; I thought you might die.

Ter. And against such a misfortune you have no doubt a resource?

Paul. I have two.

Ter. What?

Paul. This poison and this dagger!'

Quid plura?—she takes the poison, and the *footman*, who turns out to have been profoundly but respectfully enamoured of his mistress, stabs himself. The poison is slower than the poniard—Teresa just lives to hear of Paulo's death—she takes no notice of it; but while the assistants are busy about his body, she says to Delaunay,—

'Make haste and forgive me while they don't see you—forgive me, and tell them, if you please, that you have cursed me.

Delaunay. My forgiveness and blessing be upon you, poor woman; and God will not be more severe than I am.

Ter. Perhaps!' [*She dies.*

And with this *peut-être* ends this most moral and profitable entertainment.

But M. Dumas's last production, played in the beginning of

place, where they passed, to save appearances, for brother and sister. The lady's husband emigrates—one would have thought very conveniently—with Charles X., but the calculating D'Alvimar sees that Madame de Rieux can be of no more use to him, and, after a disgusting scene, in which these two personages blazon with mutual impudence—the lady her adultery, and the gentleman the sordid motives of his pretended attachment—the Marquise, indignant at such low-minded treachery, returns to Paris. D'Alvimar had already taken notice of a young person, Angela, and her aunt—the daughter and sister-in-law of one of the old Buonapartist officers—and he calculates, that this family is likely to have some interest under the new dynasty. These ladies lodge in the house of the physician of the place, Dr. Muller; who has a son, Henry—of the same profession—the perfect opposite of Alfred—moral, generous, &c.; but what could such a simpleton do against D'Alvimar? On the departure of Madame de Rieux, Angela and her aunt remove to the Marquise's lodgings—D'Alvimar has a secret key. We see, *on the stage*, poor Angela, in her new apartment, about to retire to rest: she is already half undressed: she passes into the closet where her bed is: D'Alvimar (almost a repetition of *Antony*) admits himself by the secret key—and Angela is undone. Angela's mother, the Countess Gaston, is expected next morning: she is the person who is to have credit at the new court. D'Alvimar, of course, prepares to make himself agreeable to her, and is confident that, *after what has passed*, she cannot refuse him her daughter. He proceeds out of the town, along the road by which she is to arrive, to meet this lady (whom he never saw). As is usual in such cases, an accident supervenes; D'Alvimar saves the life of his intended mother-in-law; and they arrive at their lodgings already old acquaintances. This looks fortunate for poor Angela; but, alas! the mother is only thirty-one—still young and handsome, and, before D'Alvimar can ask for her daughter, almost offers herself. D'Alvimar seizes the favourable opportunity, and sets off for Paris with the countess, persuading poor Angela that he is still soliciting the maternal consent to their union. Eight months elapse. The interest of Madame Gaston procures for D'Alvimar the promise of a mission; (the same device already employed in Teresa;) but the price of this favour is, that she, a woman of character, should receive, at a ball she is about to give, Madame de Varsay, the mistress of the minister. [M. Dumas, one of the men of the Three Days, seems very well acquainted with the practices of the government of the new dynasty.] At this ball, Madame de Varsay appears, and turns out to be D'Alvimar's old friend, Madame de Rieux, who from jealousy or spite, has made it the condition of his

pulled! D'Alvimar accepts this rational proposal:—he has the choice. 'Take care what you choose,' says Muller, 'it is the *judgment of God.*' D'Alvimar chooses his pistol—the parties retire behind the scenes—one explosion only is heard—a moment after Muller enters, marries Angela, adopts the child to save her reputation, and ends the play by announcing to Angela that she has not much to thank him for, as he expects to die within the year of a pulmonary consumption! It is impossible to describe the sensation that this piece created throughout, but particularly the last incident of '*the judgment of God.*' The exhibition itself was bad enough, but we confess, that the worst sign of all seems to be that some critics, who affect to belong to the *Royalist* and *Christian* party, applaud this impious and ridiculous appeal to the *judgment of God* as a '*sentiment religieux.*' They are quite delighted to find that M. Alexandre Dumas, whom they had hitherto looked upon 'as little better than one of the wicked,' has gotten into the *right way*—and they exhort him to persevere in '*thus* serving the cause of morality and religion.' We suspect that these gentlemen are *pseudo*-royalists, and not better Christians than critics. But, in the state into which the July Revolution has thrown France, it is one of the worst symptoms that there is a party of democrats of the worst kind, who call themselves Royalists—and of freethinkers, who endeavour to pass off for Christians.

The next drama we have to mention is the TOUR DE NESLE, the production, as appears on the title-page, of 'Messrs. Gaillardet and * * *:' which asterisks mean, we are informed, M. Dumas. However that may be, it is assuredly of his school; and, even after what we have seen, cannot, we think, fail to astonish our readers. On the south bank of the Seine, near the end of the present Pont des Arts, stood over the river an old castle, called La Tour de Nesle. It was to the south bank what the Louvre was on the north. There was a popular fable, that a certain queen—which means a very uncertain queen—employed this tower as a place of rendezvous with her lovers; and that, effectually to keep her secret, she used to cause the favourite of the night to be thrown, next morning, from the windows of the castle, to find a silent death in the river below: and the tradition added, that of a long series of lovers, one only — called Buridan— had escaped. On this fable the drama is founded; and the lady chosen by the authors, as the ogress of the castle, is Marguerite of Burgundy, first wife of Louis X. But, as Mr. Puff thought that if one morning-gun were good, three must be proportionably better —so they have given Marguerite two associates, in the persons of her sisters Blanche and Jeanne, wives of the brothers of Louis X. A young man, called Philippe Daulnay, having a brother, Gaultier, in

be declared *Prime Minister;* and he provides himself with an order from the queen for the arrest of Marigny, the actual minister, which he hastens to execute. But he is no sooner gone than the queen sends for Gaultier—persuades him that Buridan is the murderer of his brother—wheedles him out of the tablets—and, taking advantage of his fraternal indignation, makes him the bearer of an order for the arrest of Buridan. Buridan, then, has hardly arrested the prime minister, when he is himself arrested by Gaultier, and all are sent to gaol. Buridan, in a dungeon of the châtelet, recognizes in his keeper his old friend, Landry. He bribes him, by a large sum, to abandon the gaoler's trade and the gaol, and to go to Buridan's lodging, where, in a certain secret place, he is to find a little iron casket, which—if within two days he should not hear of Buridan—he is to deliver into the hands of King Louis himself. Marguerite now comes to the dungeon of the châtelet to enjoy her vengeance on Buridan, in whose presence she destroys the casket; and this only evidence of the guilt (which, after all, was no evidence at all) being destroyed, she indulges in the most revengeful menaces against Buridan. But the tables are soon turned. Buridan, chained to the floor, becomes, by a few words, again the master of the queen. He reminds her that, about twenty years ago, Duke Robert of Burgundy had a daughter, beautiful as an angel—wicked as a devil: he had also, in his court, a young and handsome page, Lyonnet de Bournonville. The princess and the page loved one another: the natural consequences ensued: she found herself in a situation in which ladies, in her circumstances, do *not* wish to be: she, dreading her father's wrath and a convent, placed a poniard in the youth's hands, and led him to her father's bed: the duke died under his blows! When this was over, the lady found the page's presence troublesome: she urged him, by a letter, to expatriate himself; and this letter contained an avowal of the crime. He disappeared—but he is not dead; he still lives—and the poniard and the letter are also in existence; and Marguerite is the princess—and Lyonnet de Bournonville is Buridan! King Louis is expected in Paris on the morrow. Buridan tells her that he has taken means over which he has no longer any control, that this letter shall be the first petition offered to the king on his arrival; and there is no longer any means to prevent the disgrace, ruin, death of the queen, than that Buridan should be Constable and Prime Minister, and should stand by the king's side to receive the iron casket and suppress the fatal evidence it contains—and so it was; Marigny is gibbeted — Lyonnet de Bournonville is first minister—and to him Landry presents the casket. Marguerite now plays another game—she affects to make community of interest with

with Buridan, though she hates him more than ever she had loved him, and she feels an increased tenderness for Gualtier, whom Buridan (jealous of his favour with her) insists upon exiling. With mutual duplicity they affect to desire a renewal of their ancient intimacy, and an assignation is made for the same night at the Tour de Nesle, of which Marguerite gives Buridan the key. This assignation is destined by each to be the ruin of the other. Marguerite places her myrmidons, with orders to assassinate the man who shall enter by the postern; Buridan, on his part, devises to get rid at once of Gaultier and the queen, by betraying their amours to the king—he gives Gaultier the key of the postern, and substitutes him to meet Marguerite there at the appointed hour; at the same time he obtains an order, signed by the king himself, to the captain of his guards, to surround the Tour de Nesle and take prisoners, and bring before his majesty, all who may be found there, dead or alive. After all these measures had been taken, Buridan discovers, by his old accomplice Landry, (whom he had hitherto omitted to question on this most important matter,) that the princess had given birth to twins—two boys, *Gaultier* and *Philippe*; Buridan, shocked at the death of one child and at the danger of another, is induced, in order to save the latter, if there be still time, to hasten to the Tour de Nesle, into a window of which he climbs from the water-side. He meets the Queen, tells her the fate of their children, and explains that he is come thither to save Gaultier. It is too late—Gaultier rushes in bloody and dying by the hands of his mother's bravos. While the wretched couple are horror-stricken at the murder of their children, thus accomplished by their own contrivances, the king's guards burst in the doors. In vain do the queen and the minister announce their ranks, and insist that the order of arrest was not meant for them—the cap-

them M. Alexandre Dumas's view of the present state of domestic morals and manners amongst us, as given in his drama of RICHARD DARLINGTON. The play opens * in the house of Dr. Grey, an apothecary and *accoucheur* in the town of Darlington, to which a post-chaise drives up at full speed. Out of this carriage a man in a mask conveys in his arms a young woman, who is *actually in the pains of labour*, and for whom he solicits the medical assistance of the doctor. There is barely time to remove the patient behind the scenes when her cries, and the exclamations of the doctor, acquaint us with the progress of the parturition; and in a few minutes the doctor comes back congratulating the man in the mask on the birth of a fine boy. It is arranged that the child shall remain in the doctor's care, that his Christian name shall be Richard, and his surname—'What is the name of this town?'—'Darlington'—'Then let him be called *Richard Darlington.*' Just at this moment another post-chaise arrives: 'tis the father of the lady—no other than the Marquis de Sylva, a Portuguese nobleman at the Court of London. The young lady, it appears, had been, about a year before, overset in a wherry on the Thames and saved from drowning by a man of the lower class. This produced a secret intercourse, which, in due course, produced the present crisis. The voice of the father reaches the ears of the lady (as her groans had just before reached those of the audience), and she rushes—within five minutes after the birth of her child—'*pale and in disorder*'—into the presence of her father, and entreats not to be separated from her husband;—the father, who is provided with a *legal warrant* for the purpose, persists—the lover advances—the father pulls off his mask, and sees the full extent of his misfortune at a glance, and informs his daughter that her saviour and seducer is the—HANGMAN!

Six and twenty years now elapse. Richard has grown up,

* It is proper to state that in the general revolution which has taken place—though the old division of plays into *acts* and *scenes* is not formally, it is virtually exploded, and these modern pieces are broken by other divisions. Sometimes the opening is made by what they call a *prologue* and the catastrophe is found in an *epilogue*, which differ only in name from the first and last *acts* of an ordinary play. Sometimes the epochs of the drama are called *journées*—days; sometimes they are designated as *tableaux*—pictures. To avoid prolixity and confusion, we have been obliged, in the short analyses we give of the several pieces, to omit the notice of these fantastical subdivisions, which do not affect the current of the story, and are only important as marking that the *spirit* of the new style is not easily reconciled with even the *forms* of the old stage. The first part of Richard Darlington is exhibited as a *prologue*.——We need hardly point out, by the way, to our readers, that this same play of Richard Darlington borrows all that can be called *natural*—and some things that can scarcely be so called—from the opening chapters of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Surgeon's Daughter,'—a tale in which, as in many of the same author's, an improbable outline is more than atoned for by the beauty and truth of the filling up. The *Scotch* scenes of the 'Surgeon's Daughter' are admirable; but only to think of transferring to the stage the naked outline of some of them, grossly caricatured by immorality, and entirely unrelieved by touches of nature!

passing

passing for the son of the doctor [illegible] baptism, and has borne ever since [illegible] — A general election takes place — [illegible] *alterne*, suggests to Richard [illegible] abiwas is the same thing, the [illegible] that he foresees Richard will [illegible] gain is that he shall have his share in [illegible]

[illegible]. Then you would make me [illegible]

[illegible]. No, my patron [illegible]

[illegible]. What are your [illegible]

[illegible]. To Richard, [illegible] the man — [illegible] MP. [illegible] Lord Richard [illegible] building this castle [illegible] *room*, [illegible] — [illegible] the opposite party have *thrown* — [illegible] — that Richard Darlington [illegible] Dr [illegible] Well, he [illegible] — [illegible] daughter [illegible] — she and Richard [illegible] more than a paternal affection [illegible] elected member for the county [illegible] Darlington, after a short [illegible] of the illustrious house [illegible] hundred years, dominates the [illegible] *enough*, are seated in the arts and [illegible] *wood*, and the merits and pomposity [illegible] scenes — amusing [illegible] and [illegible] — of the canvas and [illegible] author exhibits even the

the agent of the ministry to corrupt the young patriot. Tompson calls Richard out of the house, and conceals him in a closet in the *lobby*, where he overhears de Sylva open the terms of the ministers —which are a peerage and a marriage with Miss Wilmor, a great heiress. While this is going on in the lobby, the debate proceeds in the house, and the occasional drawing of the curtain, which divides the lobby from the house, exhibits the opposition triumphant and the ministerialists in confusion; it only wants the reply of *Sir* Richard to complete the success. But he has heard de Sylva's propositions—and, though he sees some difficulties in the way of the proposed arrangement, he still likes it well enough to return into the house and to renounce the right of reply, by which simple act, to the astonishment of all parties, the ministry is saved! —But the difficulties are serious;—the basis of the whole arrangement is the marriage with Miss Wilmor; for the ministry, to make sure of Darlington, insist on having an indissoluble hold over him. Now *Sir* Richard has been three years married to Jenny Grey—*that* is an impediment—but the ingenious Tompson has a scheme to remove it,—a divorce. Richard, who has almost forgotten his Jenny in the whirl of his ambition, readily adopts the project, and makes her a visit, in which he endeavours to persuade her to consent to a divorce; but the wilful woman is unreasonable enough to decline so modest a proposal. This throws all aback. Sir Richard has an appointment with the cabinet to conclude the negotiation: he attends, and meets two secretaries of state, the first lord of the admiralty, the first lord of the treasury, and some other ministers; but, concealing his real difficulty, he affects to talk of honour and consistency, rejects the proposal, and threatens the cabinet to denounce, in the House, their infamous attempts at corruption.—Great confusion! And now comes the *Deus ex machinâ*. The cabinet is held in the KING's antechamber; the ministers retire; Richard is requested to remain a few minutes; the door of the royal closet opens, and *un Inconnu* appears. Then follows this dialogue between the patriot and *the Stranger*:—

'*Stranger.* Sir, you do not know me; but you are, I presume, the secretary of the council. [*Richard makes a negative sign. The Inconnu adds, in a higher tone,*] I desire that you should be secretary of the council, on this occasion.

Richard. I obey, my lord [*with a smile and an emphasis on the word* lord].

Stran. I see you understand me. Be so good as to sit down at the table.

Rich. I await your commands.

Stran. Read me these papers: they require instant dispatch.

Rich. [Reads.] *Title-deeds of the lands of the Earldom of Carlston, in the county of Devon, granted in fee-simple to*——— The name is blank.

Stran.

[redacted]

higher, honour of being raised to the barony of Wilmor, is, with that knowledge of our customs which distinguishes M. Dumas, still called plain *Sir* Richard)—Mr. Richard, we say, is now fully engaged—though the performance of the engagement seems as difficult as ever; but the interested ingenuity of our friend Tompson—who, no doubt, expects to be at least *Vice-President of the Board of Trade* under the new minister—soon discovers a mode of arrangement. He proposes to carry off to France the troublesome wife (who, notwithstanding her marriage with Sir Richard, is still always called Mistress Jenny); and lest she should chance, at some future time, to return from that distant land to claim her rights, he offers to *pass*, on his return, from Paris to London, through Darlington, and to tear from the parish-register the record of the marriage, This plan is interupted, in the course of execution, by an unforeseen accident. There is, throughout the piece, one Mawbray, an old acquaintance of Doctor Grey, who has always taken a great interest in Richard and Jenny; he by accident meets Tompson while he is hurrying Jenny away—he stops the carriage, rescues her, brings her back to Richard's house and presence—and then, after upbraiding him with his falsehood and treachery, announces himself as the father of Richard; and concludes the drama, by acquainting the new-made peer that he is *the son of the* HANGMAN!!!

Although the foregoing is an outline of the events of the play, we can honestly assure our readers that it is but a very faint image of the impudent immoralities on which the plot is founded, and the still more impudent and—beyond their impudence—ridiculous absurdities of the details by which it is carried on. Assuredly, we are not so unreasonable as to expect that a drama should be *vrai*, but we might at least expect that it should be *vraisemblable*. Assuredly, we do not require that a foreigner (even though born and bred in a city nearer to London than Darlington is) should be intimate with all the details of our manners and habits; but we are surprised that any well-educated man should be so immeasurably ignorant of the broader principles of our political and social life; and, above all, we are astonished that any man of the most ordinary taste and talents (and M. Dumas is certainly a clever man) should go out of his way to select a topic and to treat it in a style which inevitably led to the exposure of such astonishing ignorance. Sterne says, that the French have always the good sense to take a doubtful phrase in its most complimentary sense; and we therefore hope that we shall not offend either M. Dumas or his countrymen, by stating our opinion, that there is no man alive but a Frenchman who could have written 'Richard Darlington.'

We do not forget that crime, and the worst cause of crime, has been in all ages the domain of tragedy. We do not forget the families of Atreus and Laius—and the whole tribe of mythological and historical tragedies, in all languages—nor, in our own, the Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, George Barnwell, and many others; but most of these inculcate moral lessons—none of them offend decency—none of them *inflame* criminal passions. In the earlier periods of our drama, there were frequently coarse expressions, and occasionally a gross scene—but the taste of modern audiences has long since prohibited the exhibition of any such indelicacy. But, what excites our wonder and our sorrow, in the present appearance of the French stage, is to see, of a sudden, the rare exception becoming the general rule—to find nothing but turpitude every night, on every stage, of a great and civilized people—in every work of its most able and most popular writers—to witness the enthusiastic repetition of such pieces for forty, fifty, or sixty nights—in fact, until the author, urged by the double stimulus of profit and fame, has had time to sketch out another and higher-seasoned piece of the same, or of a worse character. It seems to us that all this must be the consequence, or must be the cause of a general lapse of morals—an universal dissolution of the principles of society—in the people who are fed nightly on such intoxicating and mortal poison; and when we again remind our readers, that all our examples have been taken, not from the mass of Parisian dramatists, but from the two who are universally admitted to be at the head of French literature, while hundreds and thousands of inferior hands are busy in producing execrable imitations, in which all the faults of their prototypes are extended and exaggerated —when we remind our readers of all this, they will, we are confident, agree with us, that the state of the public mind in France is now a phenomenon—a fearful phenomenon, such as the civilized world never before witnessed. The influence of the stage—while well conducted, may, perhaps, be sometimes salutary, or, at the most, innoxious; and the long period for which it was, both in England and France, conducted with decency and some degree of reserve, has rendered modern statesmen rather incredulous as to its influence, and of course, indifferent as to its effects; but we are much mistaken if we shall not ere long see irresistible proofs that it is an implement of popular excitement which requires the most cautious attention of governments; and in France, we think, it will be very soon discovered, that the Government must control the stage, or the stage will overthrow the Government, and, ultimately, the whole frame of society. Messrs. Hugo and Dumas boast loudly that their genius has taken these high flights on the

 mere

[illegible] control of the government: and it is the [illegible] complain of the authority of the licenser [illegible] authority, neither domestic peace nor [illegible] can be for a moment secured. Against the [illegible] of the stage there can be no other [illegible] there can be no subsequent redress: [illegible] private character or excites a public tu- [illegible] cannot be recalled—*fugit irrevocabile* [illegible] punishment is out of the question, for the offensive [illegible] always be alleged to be inno- [illegible] *application* which a heated [illegible] for instance, the example which [illegible] from *Le Roi s'amuse*. There was a line in [illegible] no sinister meaning—a line suited [illegible] to the circumstances in which, [illegible] was spoken, yet that line, it is confessed, [illegible] the domestic character of a whole [illegible] shown a great city, perhaps a whole [illegible] Can any honest lover of litera- [illegible] any regard for the peace of private [illegible] public order, doubt that places of [illegible] popular amusement, should be [illegible] authority from the risk of producing— [illegible] of the actors, and probably [illegible] consequences? The French [illegible] in the last fervour of their liberal pro- [illegible] obliged to interfere—but their inter- [illegible] suspended or averted the *public* danger, [illegible] the *red-hot brand* from an inno- [illegible] we mean, of the peculiar crime alleged

ART. IX.—*Natural Theology: or Essays on the Existence of Deity, of Providence; on the Immortality of the Soul; and a Future State.* By the Reverend Alexander Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

ON a recent occasion, we expressed our regret, that the parties intrusted with the execution of Lord Bridgewater's testamentary disposition, should have mistaken the purpose which that nobleman had in view, and should have given us a series of detached and expensive treatises, inaccessible to the less wealthy classes of society, instead of one compendious publication 'on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in creation.' The regret then experienced has been in some degree abated by the perusal of the work now before us. In these volumes, Dr. Crombie has presented, as we believe, the most comprehensive view of the whole science of natural theology that has hitherto appeared. He deduces the existence, the power, and the goodness of God from the phenomena of the universe; he examines and overthrows all the principal arguments which have been brought forward in support of Atheism; and he points out those errors in reasoning, and in the philosophy of logic, which have hitherto retarded the progress of natural religion, considered as a science. This is the most original, and perhaps the most valuable, portion of the book. On many momentous questions, error has been mistaken for truth, because truth has appeared in the garb of error. The arguments of the Atheist have been admitted, because those of the Theist have been logically untenable. Religion has thus been endangered by the weapons wielded in her defence, fully as much as by those which have been employed against her. On these grounds, we are of opinion, that Dr. Crombie has rendered invaluable service to the cause of truth—by showing us the inconclusiveness and the inapplicability of certain mere metaphysical reasonings, and *à priori* arguments, which have been frequently and mischievously employed in support of Theism; and by applying to natural theology that inductive logic which has led to so many brilliant results in physical science. It is as necessary, to the full development and rapid reception of religious truth, that we should discard the *à priori* reasonings of Locke and Clarke, as it was necessary, in another field, to reject the fictitious principles and gratuitous assumptions by which Descartes and others endeavoured to guess at nature, and to anticipate the results of experience. A brief examination of the theological arguments of Locke and Clarke will be sufficient to show that they are calculated to confirm rather than to remove the doubts and difficulties of the honest sceptic.

Nothing,

[illegible]

[illegible] reasoning [illegible] abstruse argument [illegible] seems [illegible] theology is, what he [illegible] the subject in the garden [illegible] been metaphysically [illegible] might be metaphysically [illegible]

[illegible] Nothing cannot pro- [illegible] must have existed from [illegible] cannot produce that [illegible] eternity must [illegible] existence [illegible] obvious reply. We [illegible] we cannot conceive [illegible] produce a cognitive; but [illegible] conceive how a cogi- [illegible] That matter should

[illegible]

and effects. Dr. Clarke undertakes to demonstrate that there is a first cause, by showing that an infinite series involves the absurdity of an existence without a cause. His argument is this:—'If we consider endless progression as one series by itself, it is plain—first, that it has no cause of existence, *ab extra,* because the series contains within itself everything that ever was; and, secondly, that it has no cause of existence within itself, because not an individual of the series is self-existent or necessary. And where no part is necessary, the whole cannot be necessary. Therefore it is without a cause of its existence.' Now what does this vaunted demonstration really amount to? Simply to this: the atheistical hypothesis of an infinite series implies an existence without a cause; therefore the hypothesis is false; and there must be a first cause. Here we have a direct contradiction. It is self-evident, that a first cause cannot have had a previous cause. Dr. Clarke's demonstration, therefore, when strictly stated, is neither more nor less than this:—there *can be* no existence without a cause; therefore, there *must have been* an existence without a cause. The fact is, that a finite mind can form no adequate conception of infinite existence; and, so far from being capable of reasoning from it, is unable to comprehend the non-existence of a beginning. That which we call a first cause must be self-existent; for if brought into being by anything else, it could not be an original cause. Hence, our notion of a *first cause* necessarily involves the idea of an existence *without a cause;* and it is impossible to confute the Atheist by arguments derived from *abstract causation;* for, he answers, if the Deity can exist without a cause, the system of the universe may also exist without one.

Where principles, true in themselves, are received upon erroneous evidence, there is always some danger lest the inquiring mind should reject the conclusion upon discovering the falsehood of the premises. While its foundations are unsound, the temple will be insecure. When the intelligent student in moral science finds that Locke and Clarke pretend to demonstrate the existence and attributes of God, by abstract arguments and *à priori* reasonings, he will naturally, and almost necessarily infer, that these eminent Theists were ignorant of the principles of accurate and philosophic logic; or else, that the truths of natural religion are placed beyond the cognisance of the human faculties. But how few are competent to convict Locke and Clarke of errors in the conduct of the human understanding? and how many will be ready to rest upon the authority of those celebrated names, and to conclude, without further inquiry, that the principles which such intellects failed to prove cannot in themselves be true? It was, therefore, of the last importance to the cause of religion, to point out

[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] of God.

Our [illegible]

all the individual cases which come within our experience, and therefore a principle, or law, as universal, wherever human agency extends, as is the law of gravitation experienced on the surface of our globe. If it be admitted that gravitation is the cause of the motions of the heavenly bodies, it cannot be consistently denied that intelligence is the cause of the regularity and order, and concurrence of means to ends, observable in the universe. If we apply to theology the inductive philosophy which Bacon directed to physics, it will be seen that the truths of natural religion rest on the same foundation as the truths of material science. When the philosophy of causes, and the metaphysical reasoning of the schools, shall be completely banished from theology, as they have already been from physical inquiry, the doctrine of theism will be consistently denied by those only who reject the 'Principia' of Newton.

The present work of Dr. Crombie must be regarded as supplying an important desideratum in theological literature, inasmuch as in the popular and greatly celebrated treatise of Paley, the rules of logical investigation are not always strictly and consistently applied. Paley does not go to the bottom of his subject. His leading argument frequently involves a *petitio principii*. When he says, 'there cannot be a design without a designer—contrivance without a contriver,' he takes for granted that which he should prove. The atheist affirms, that in the series of events which we observe in nature there is neither design nor contrivance; and this affirmation cannot be disproved by the contrary affirmation of the theist, that design and contrivance exist. It is self-evident that there cannot be contrivance without a contriver—design without a designer. But the question at issue between the atheist and the theist is this,—Is there contrivance?—is there design?—and no approach can be made towards the solution of this question by assuming that which is denied. Is the regular sequence of events observed in nature, the effect of contrivance, or of some other antecedent? This is the question.—How is it to be solved? Our experience does not extend to the origin of natural phenomena, and therefore we can have no right, as far as our direct and immediate experience is concerned, either to affirm or to deny what the origin of such phenomena may have been. In human affairs, however, we have direct and immediate experience, that intelligence and design are the origin of order, regularity, and the concurrence of means to ends; and from this fact, which we know to be true in itself, we infer, according to the strict principles of inductive logic, that intelligence and design are the origin, antecedent, or cause of the order, regularity, and concurrence of means to ends, which we perceive in nature. In this full developement

ment of the argument Paley failed. He was not a perfect master of the inductive logic, and he left it to other and more skilful hands to do for theology that which Bacon did for physics—compelling the atheist to one or other of these alternatives: either to deny that we have any evidence of human intelligence, or to admit the existence of a divine Intelligence.

Dr. Crombie has devoted many pages of his work to an exposure of the fallacies of Hume, the subtleties of Drummond, and the dogmas of Spinoza.

The hypothesis of the eternity of this globe, and its vegetable and animal beings, is satisfactorily disproved by an appeal to various geological facts; and man is shown to be a comparatively recent creation.* The fanciful cosmologies which Buffon and other speculatists have been pleased to invent, our author assails sometimes with ridicule, and sometimes with argument. His proofs of the divine intelligence are drawn solely from the phenomena of nature:—the planetary system—the physical constitution of our globe—its adaptation to the growth and sustenance of the animal and vegetable creation; and more especially he dwells on the wonderful means by which man and the brute species are supplied with the requisites essential to life and happiness—air, water, food, and clothing. The phenomena seem judiciously chosen, as calculated to amuse and interest the reader, and they are forcibly applied to the subject in question. But, though the arguments drawn from the laws and affections of brute matter are amply sufficient to evince the necessity of an intelligent and designing cause, yet it is when we leave the wonders of the material world, and ascend into a higher grade of existence—where life, instinct, and thought, are combined with physical organization—that we discover the most striking instances of creative wisdom. Here the mechanical and chemical agencies—the vital powers—the attractions and re-

contain its winter stock, and constructing it of that form which is demonstrably the strongest, and the most convenient, it seems the extravagance of absurdity to suppose, that the instinct by which it is directed is the offspring of ignorance. The phenomenon, indeed, is one of the most extraordinary that the animal world presents to our contemplation. It must be evident to every one who has given the least attention to the obvious properties of different figures, that there are only three which will admit the junction of their sides, without any vacant spaces between them—all the figures being equal and similar; namely, the square, the equilateral triangle, and the hexaedron: of these, the last is the strongest and the most convenient. In this form, then, we find that all the cells are constructed. This is a curious and wonderful fact; and, what is equally remarkable, the middle of every cell, on one side, is directly opposite to the point where the three partitions meet on the opposite side. By this position, the cell receives additional strength. This is not all. If human ingenuity were to contrive a cell, which would require the least expenditure of material and labour, it would be a question, not easily solved, at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom ought to meet. The late celebrated mathematician, Maclaurin, by a fluxionary *calculus*, determined precisely the angle required; and he found, by the most exact mensuration the subject would admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of a cell of a honey-comb do actually meet. The same curious fact was ascertained by a German mathematician;—Reaumur, presuming that the angles were adopted for the purpose of saving material, proposed to Koenig, a mathematician of eminence, that he should determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell, with a pyramidal base, to require the least material. By the infinitiomal calculus, he ascertained that the greatest angle should be 109° 26′, and the smaller 70° 34′—the very angles which the insect adopts. What an astonishing coincidence is this! A profound mathematician is required to solve a very difficult problem; and it is found that his conclusion, gained by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and deep thought, was practically exhibited in the operations of the bee. How few are capable of that scientific investigation which this insect illustrates by its practice? It seems the extravagance of folly to believe, that out of the numerous different combinations of which two angles are susceptible, that which *most* saves labour and material should be adopted by random chance or blind necessity.'

A bird's nest presents a phenomenon nearly as wonderful as the cell of the bee. This object is so familiar to us, that it excites little or no curiosity; but let it be shown to a person capable of reflection, who had never seen such a structure; let him examine the materials of which it is composed—their admirable aptitude for the purpose which it answers, the convenience of its form for the shape and the warmth of its inhabitants—the lightness, the firmness—the neatness with which its materials are twisted and interwoven;

[illegible] that this curious [illegible] by a pair of birds, with no [illegible] the bill [illegible] time—and he would insta[illegible] contrivance: and how would this [illegible] he learned that the birds began to [illegible] that it was the f[illegible] and that they had therefore no experience [illegible] completion? If there be [illegible] wisdom and [illegible]

[illegible] proof of intelligence [illegible] and salutary law, accom[illegible] which that devi[illegible]

[illegible] into the world covered w[illegible] Man is an exception, ben[illegible] However, the only exceptio[illegible] itself. The larva or [illegible] the "clothes' moth," [illegible] the world, a coat for itself, of [illegible] skin, lines it with si[illegible] This coat were the insect[illegible] growth; but it [illegible] must be made for its enli[illegible] length only w[illegible] being cylindri[illegible] by adding a ring [illegible] The coat must be widened; a[illegible] only performed; but the litt[illegible] of weaving, accomplishes its [illegible] It begins, as an experienced wo[illegible] one on each side, in order to gi[illegible] the same ma[illegible] it were—or, at least, acts as if it fire[illegible] on each side, from one end to the o[illegible] it proceeds, therefore, with ma[illegible] on each side only half-way down;

without taking it off, or leaving itself naked? If ingenuity and foresight are denied to the insect, its instinct shows that there is wisdom somewhere. Do we look for intelligence in a senseless necessity?

'How absurd soever the hypothesis may be, and how repugnant soever to the known and established operations of nature, that man was formed by chance or by necessity, instantaneously perfect and in a state of full maturity, it is evident that, admitting the possibility of such an origin, he must have perished immediately after his formation. How was his animal frame to have been supported? Did he know that it required aliment for its sustenance? He came into the world susceptible of pain and pleasure, but totally ignorant of his necessities, and equally unacquainted with the means of supplying them. He feels, we shall suppose, the pain of hunger and thirst; but does he know the cause, or is he acquainted with the means of relieving them?—certainly not. He is as ignorant that the fruits of the earth would satisfy his hunger, or the water of the brook quench his thirst, as the new-born babe; and if he knew that they would answer these ends, how does he know the mode of administering them? How does he know that his food is to be received by the mouth, masticated by the teeth, and transmitted to the stomach? And, if he knew all this, who teaches him—or how does he know to put the appropriate muscles in motion, when he is ignorant even that a muscle exists? To refer us to *nature*, is to ascribe intelligence to a name, or to an abstract conception. To tell us that he is taught by instinct, is not to remove, but to shift the difficulty. Instinct implies something implanted. By whom is it implanted?—or, we will dismiss the name, though offered by the atheist, lest we should seem to beg the question, and observe, that an animal acts either *with* knowledge, or *by* knowledge. If *with* knowledge, as implying an acquaintance with means and ends, how can *that* be acquired without experience? Its existence is impossible. If *by* knowledge, which implies an ignorance in itself of means and ends, then that knowledge is not its own, and must be referred to an Intelligent Author, acting in it, either mediately or immediately. In short, if there is knowledge, it must either be acquired or implanted. If the former alternative be impossible, the latter necessarily follows. No truth, then, can be more evident than this,—that if man had been formed fortuitously, he could not have been sustained fortuitously, but must have perished almost as soon as he came into existence. If chance could account for his formation, it cannot possibly account for his preservation.'

This argument is conclusive against one hypothesis. The other, which maintains that the earth, in its primeval state, possessed a generative power,—that it contained the seeds of plants and animals—and that these were expanded from *embryo*, and gradually grew to full maturity—is not less absurd than it is degrading to our nature. Wretchedly debased, indeed, must be the soul of that man who can reconcile himself to assimilate his origin to that of the mite or the maggot. But if such an origin were possible, how

sensation can be relieved only by an extraction of the flu idby which the infant should be nourished. The *stimulus*, therefore, to minister it is almost irresistible; the mother is impelled to relieve herself; this is one, and, indeed, singly, a sufficient provision for securing nutriment to the infant offspring. Again, the pleasure which accompanies the act of suckling is another powerful incentive to the mother to impart her treasure to her hungry child. To be relieved from pain is enjoyment, but there is here a positive and direct gratification, both animal and intellectual, which every mother feels in giving suck to her infant babe, and ministering to its earliest wants. The child is fed, and the mother delighted. Again, in every mother there is implanted an instinctive affection towards her infant offspring. This principle is, in its energy, so powerful, that it subdues every other feeling; self-love is annihilated by its resistless superiority, and the mother cheerfully sacrifices a thousand comforts, nay sometimes life itself to save her child*. To be convinced, indeed, of the mighty influence of maternal love, we have only to consider the infant's incessant calls on a mother's affection during the season she should give to repose, the wakeful hours which she willingly passes in order to consult its ease and administer to its comforts, her anxious solicitude on all occasions to anticipate its wants, and the smiles that light up her countenance when, by the breast, she stills its cries, or lulls it to sleep in a mother's bosom. To a sympathetic heart, no sight can be more delightful, none better calculated to impress us with the conviction of a parental intelligence presiding over all, and providing for our earliest necessities, when we can neither know them nor express them, than the sight of an affectionate mother nursing her infant babe. Nor is this affection confined to the mother, civilized by culture, enlightened by philosophy, or actuated by religious feeling. It is found in the negro and the Indian, nay in the ferocious animal that roams in the desert. The instinct also which directs the infant to the mother's breast—the instinct by which he sucks, an operation which no human ingenuity could teach him—the instinct by which he is taught to breathe through the nostrils, while his lips are closed, present, with the facts already stated, such a concurrence of circumstances, physical and mental, all necessary to the sustenance of the infant, as are wholly inexplicable on the hypothesis of brute necessity. There are various other instincts, indispensable to the safety and sustenance of the animal, which irresistibly lead to the same conclusion.'

Dr. Crombie having, in preceding pages of his work, adduced various parts of the human frame, singly, and their harmony as a whole, with its combined properties and powers, proceeds to exhi-

* How forcibly does the following fact, related in a French journal, evince the strength of maternal affection. A woman in the south of France, while she was busied in her garden, had the misfortune to be attacked by a wolf, who tore a hole in her side. The animal was accidentally frightened, and fled. The poor woman, feeling that the injury was mortal, but, even in the extremity of suffering, intent on the wants of her little infant, whom she had left in the house, applied her hand to the wound to close it, and returning to her child, gave suck to the babe, and then expired.

bit

ience, that animals with a certain formation of teeth, and of the gastronomic canal, live upon animal food, while those possessing another certain formation can derive their nourishment only from vegetable matter. Hence, when these formations are observed, the habitudes with which, in all preceding instances, they were uniformly conjoined, are certainly, and from the nature of our mental constitutions, necessarily and irresistibly inferred. But is it only with respect to the inferior animals, that the inductive philosopher is permitted to predict future destiny from present functions? It is a principle, a fact true without exception, that every animal function has, in the developement and progress of animal life, a corresponding sphere of action. But is this correspondence limited to animal life? Is it only with respect to the intellectual existence of man that there are powers which can be directed to no object, and capacities that never can be called forth? Amongst the vast majority of mankind, from the beginning of the world to the present hour, the mental faculties, and the higher capabilities of moral and religious feeling, have been nearly as dormant and as unemployed as are the lungs and eyes of the fœtus still *in utero*. If from the dormant state of the latter the naturalist deduces the habits and the element of the animal after birth, may not the theist, by a logic as legitimate, an induction as sound, predict, from the present inchoate condition of the intellectual and moral capacities of the human mind, its destiny after death?

When accurate experience and ample induction have established the existence of intelligence, then the existence of intelligence becomes a general fact or principle, from which other facts may be logically inferred. An intelligent cause—a designing mind—does not operate without a purpose; its creations have an object and a use. Divine wisdom does not work in vain. From the valves of the veins and arteries Harvey, arguing to final causes, discovered the circulation of the blood; and from the moral powers and devotional feelings of the human mind, which seem to have no adequate and final object here, we are induced to conceive and impelled to believe, that man was destined by his Maker to live hereafter.

From our innate desires, no less than from our moral powers and religious feelings, immortality may be inferred. It will be immediately obvious that, from the instincts of the inferior animals, their organization, their element and their destination may be certainly deduced.

If a naturalist were assured that a brood of unknown birds, on breaking their shells, showed an instant desire to rush into the water and devour small fish, he would as instantly and as certainly infer

ding that all things acting on the external senses are indestructible, we infer that things not affecting the external senses are indestructible also. That which is solid and extended is ever-during; that which feels and thinks we, by natural induction, conclude to be the same. Uniform and universal experience assures us that the essence of body cannot perish; and it is a legitimate induction from this experience that the essence of mind is immortal.

It cannot be fairly objected to natural theology, considered as an inductive science, that in the infancy of inquiry it has been disfigured by many gross and even mischievous errors; this is the fate of all merely human knowledge, which is necessarily progressive. In physics, inaccurate observation of facts, premature generalization, and the assumption of fictitious principles, for ages retarded the discovery of truth, and in a manner closed the book of nature to mankind; it cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder that in natural religion similar sources of error should have prevailed. If the human mind made innumerable mistakes respecting the properties of matter, how could it escape from error with respect to the attributes of God? A rude and ignorant people, deriving their religious belief from the light of *nature only*, will be polytheists and idolaters. This has been clearly shown by Hume in his Essay on the Natural History of Religion. A knowledge of the existence of one God, the only Governor of the Universe, as it is one of the most difficult, so it is one of the latest triumphs of inductive philosophy. This view of the necessarily tardy progress of natural theology, *considered as a branch of human science*, sheds new and additional light upon the evidence for revealed religion. If the first narrow and imperfect induction of an ignorant people give birth to the errors of polytheism—and if to establish the doctrine of pure theism by reason alone was the latest and most difficult achievement of human intellect—how came it to pass that, in a period of semi-barbarism, the Jews acquired their knowledge of the true God? At the time that they acquired this knowledge the progress of the human mind, even amongst nations far more advanced than they, had not been sufficient to overthrow the most irrational forms of idolatry. The prevalence of this idolatry demonstrates that the belief in one Almighty Governor of all things is not an instinctive and universal principle of our nature. Whence, then, was the pure theism of the Jews derived? If not innate, and if not acquired in the progress of science, it could have been obtained only by a communication from above. The knowledge of the true God, which the Jews possessed in the earliest and rudest times, is in itself an irresistible proof that a revelation was made to man.

ıged; or 2dly, that a fixed duty should be substituted for that e; or, 3dly, that all restrictions on importation should be ɔgated, and that free trade in corn proclaimed which the 'Anti-ad-Tax Societies' demand, and which, unless it be speedily graciously conceded by the obedient legislature, is to be forced n it, *vi et armis;*—for this is declared to be the alternative by se leaders of public opinion, who in these days have it but too ch in their power to bring about the fulfilment of their own pre-tions.

It is something,' says the *Times*,* 'to set the question astir; for e we are, that if amendments, as well in the Poor Laws as the rn Laws, be not made in the form of legislative enactment, dis-eetly, soberly, but diligently, and without any avoidable procrastina-ɔn, by the recognized authorities of the state, changes in them will made in a far different and, indeed, a frightful form,—from neces-ty, from passion, furiously, improvidently, in spite of authority, and the subversion of all constituted power, by those who will plead o other justification but that their wants and their sufferings cannot ny longer be endured; and that to them no change is imaginable vhich must not alleviate some acute distress, and lead to some yet unknown enjoyment.'

It was upon occasion of the Poor Laws that these remarks were made—laws, the amendment or alteration of which, it is quite certain, will never be attempted by popular violence; but it is upon the Corn question that they are meant to bear. The same journal holds up to indignity what is calls the 'blind and chimerical warfare of the landholders against the wants of the great body of the nation.' 'What,' it asks, 'is the exclusion of foreign bread from the British market, but a restraint upon the export of British manufactures, with the collateral merit of throwing hundreds of thousands of native workmen out of employment, and pinching the meals of all the others?'

> 'Tis not so great a cunning as men think
> To raise the devil; for here's one up already:
> The greatest cunning were to lay him down!'

In favour of the first opinion, that the present system of a fluctuating duty should be continued, there is this fact, that under this system

'the price of wheat for the last five years has been more steady than for any other period of five years since 1797, beyond which time no official return of accuracy can be produced.''†

That the necessaries of life should be maintained (as far as possible) at an equable price, is an object most worth the attention

* Thursday, 5th Dec.—Monday, 25th Nov. 1833.
† Report of the Committee on Agriculture, xii.

of

produce; and that *foreigners will afford us as sure a market for our manufactures as they would find here for their corn.* Let us see what the state of our own agriculture is at this time,—and what it would immediately become, if the protecting duties were withdrawn.

During the war with Buonaparte, agriculture and trade flourished in these kingdoms, far beyond all former example, each flourishing and supporting the other; and during those years it was proved by the Property-Tax Returns, that the agricultural classes contributed to the state more than three times as much as the manufacturing and commercial classes of every description united.—So ill-founded is the assertion, that 'it was the steam-engine which fought the battles of Europe!' Peace, which, by all but a few far-sighted men, was expected to bring with it its proverbial blessings of plenty and prosperity, immediately brought down the price of corn nearly one-half, by the unrestrained admission of foreign grain, and thus struck off at once fifty millions from the gross revenue of the agricultural classes (comprising in that term all who are immediately connected with agriculture); the result was 'a fall in wages and in the price of all other commodities, and a consequent diminution of profit and income to every class of the community.'* This evil may be deemed to have been inevitable, unless greater foresight had existed in the cabinet than has, ever since the days of Elizabeth, been found there; and unless there had co-existed with such foresight more intelligence and more reasonableness in the people than ought to be expected in any country.

But there was no want of activity, as far as their own short-sighted interests was concerned, in our mercantile speculators, when even forewarning failed to awaken it in the government. No sooner was the Baltic open to our merchants, than corn was bought up there for importation into England; at the same time the continent was glutted with English goods, which, because the supply greatly exceeded the demand, were sold at less than their prime cost, and upon which the foreign governments soon laid new duties—not more in aid of their own finances, than, as in duty bound, to prevent the ruin of their own manufactures. This might have been a salutary lesson, if nations were ever rendered wise by experience; it might have taught us that, however willing one part of this nation might be to see the other ruined by the free admission of foreign grain, foreign governments would never consent to have their fabrics destroyed by the unrestricted introduction of British goods. It is a sound maxim in politics, whatever it may be in morals, that charity begins at home.

* Spence's Tracts, xvi.

Before

Before the commencement of the war, agriculture had been a favourite pursuit; a Board had been instituted for its improvement; reports upon its state, in every county throughout England and Scotland, were drawn up by the most experienced persons; and the House of Commons passed a resolution, that no greater national benefit could be conferred than by bringing waste lands into cultivation. Our good King George III. used to say, "the ground, like man, was never intended to lie idle; if it does not produce something useful, it will be overrun with weeds." That king encouraged it by his example, and is now known to have contributed to the humble but useful pages of an agricultural journal. Science, enthusiasm, and capital were already applied to it, before the circumstances of the war gave to speculation and capacity the same direction; and the result cannot be better stated than in Lord Brougham's words:—

"It may safely be said," he asserted, "that—without at all comprehending the waste lands which have been wholly added to the productive tenantry of the island—not, perhaps, that two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before, but certainly that five grow where four used to be; and that this kingdom, which foreigners used to taunt as a mere manufacturing and trading country, inhabited by a shopkeeping nation, had in reality become, for its size, by far the greatest agricultural state in the world."

Agricultural industry had effected this for the nation. Yet, when the agricultural interest received, by the return of peace, severer and more lasting as well as far more extensive injury than any branch of trade ever suffered upon the breaking out of a war, the farmers were reproached, as if their distress, in great measure, had been brought upon them by their own extravagance.

"Formerly," it was said by the advocates of the free-trade theory—

eat capitalist from whom it came was reminded in reply, by Ir. Huskisson, of the luxury of our merchants,

who had exchanged their snug dwellings in the city, for magnificent ansions in the squares at the west end of the town, and who, instead f dining at one o'clock, along with their clerks, as their forefathers id, were now to be seen sitting down to a table, profuse in its variety f dishes, at six or seven o'clock.'

Mr. Huskisson added, 'he did not complain that it was so; he onoured the industry, and gloried in the success which occasioned it.' A cry, however, had gone forth, both against the farmers and the landholders; and when government, after having, by its indecision during twelve months, allowed the ruin to take its course, brought forward the first corn-bill with the intention of carrying it, the easily deluded populace were excited against it by some who were as ignorant as themselves, and by others who were systematically engaged in revolutionary projects. Four lives were lost in the riots which ensued, whereby opportunity was afforded for some diatribes of modern patriotism in the House of Commons, and for a coroner's inquest to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against a servant and three soldiers, who, in defending Mr. Robinson's, the present Earl of Ripon's house, fired upon the mob. This preposterous verdict was given, because the persons who unhappily fell were spectators of the riot, not actually engaged in it. But mob-law not being as yet the law of the land, nor strong enough to supersede it, the old principle, that an Englishman's house is his castle, was acknowledged upon the subsequent trial; and the natural and constitutional right of an Englishman, to defend himself and his family against a lawless rabble, was recognised by the judge and the jury.

Buonaparte's escape from Elba, just after the corn-bill was passed, put an end at once to the agitation which that question had raised. The measure was too late to save most of the existing race of farmers from ruin; foreign corn had meantime been introduced in such quantities as to glut the market; under these circumstances an abundant harvest proved no blessing to the farmers, and the evil, which impolicy had occasioned, was imputed to over-production. That fault, if fault it was, was not again committed by the impoverished farmers, nor favoured by the seasons; and the manufacturers were very soon made to experience, what they have not yet learned to understand,—that their welfare depends upon that of the land,—that high prices, when not occasioned by dearth, are both the cause and effect of general prosperity, and that when agriculture is depressed, the depression necessarily extends to trade in all its branches.

The difficulties of both classes, but especially the agriculturists, were increased, when, because of the growing distress and conse

quent

engagements, and injured, ultimately, the interests of large of the community.' The Committee acknowledge that the produced has already been an extensive change of proprie- ughout the kingdom.

the counties,' they say, 'where yeomen heretofore abounded, ing their own estates, which estates in many cases had been ted from father to son,'—(it might have been added, from a beyond the memory of man,)—'a great change of property has tly taken place. The high prices of the war led to speculation purchase, improvement, and inclosure of land; money was bor- on the paternal estates for speculations of this nature, which time were not considered improvident. Prices have fallen; debt still remains; or the estate has changed owners, and the in- between the fall of prices, and the adjustment of charge and expenditure to the altered value of money, has been most pernicious this body of men. In rural districts, from the absence of compe- , the small tradesmen have been enabled to keep up their prices, ough, perhaps, bad debts and diminished custom have not added their profits; but the means of the yeoman have diminished more pidly than the fixed demands on his means; and on him have fallen the evils of an income progressively decreasing, without a cor- ponding reduction of charge.'

This melancholy statement is fully supported by the evidence: —and here it is proper to observe, in the words of the Committee, that the witnesses examined were,

'with very few exceptions, immediately connected with the cultivation of the soil; most of them either rent-payers, or surveyors of land; some of them landowners; few of them not practically experienced in the detail of the matters to which they have deposed; and it is impossible not to remark *a rare concurrence both of statement and of opinion, on the part of witnesses brought together from the most distant quarters.* It is due to them to state that they have generally given the fullest information in the most open manner; and the frankness of the exposition of their views is no less remarkable than the ability with which they have made and supported their statements.'

Let it be remembered, as most worthy of notice, that there is no conflicting evidence upon this question; *there can be none;* the facts have all one bearing, and there is nothing but political economy opposed to them.

The evidence shows that agriculture, which the wise legislators of antiquity sought always to invest with respect and honour, and availed themselves of the aid of religion to sanctify, has sunk as a calling in public estimation. No men of education and of gentle birth, nor of capital, either hereditary or acquired, engage in it now, as they did in the last generation. When land is to be let, there are plenty of applicants with insufficient means, but

liged to meet their engagements; prudent men, as the present country bankers are, dare not accommodate them as they were wont to do.'

What are the consequences of all this to the soil itself, and to the persons employed upon it? The land is ill-cultivated and therefore deteriorated. Tenants would gladly keep more men at work if they had the means of paying them, but, impoverished as they are, they cannot bestow upon it half the labour they used to do.' 'I wish particularly,' says one witness, 'to impress upon this honourable committee, that the corn produce of the very best, as well as the very worst of arable land is entirely dependent on management; and that, therefore, by whatever cause the good management of the land is curtailed, the destruction and loss to the country, not only of the produce, but of the soil itself, is proportionately effected.' . . . . With better prices (he continues) the farmers could employ not only the labourers who are now thrown wholly, or in part, upon the poor-rates, but the superfluous people of the towns.'—Greatly as rents have been reduced, the tenant, when his resources are exhausted, scourges the land that he may be enabled to pay his landlord; the respite that he thus obtains from ruin is but short; two or three years of over-cropping 'generally settle the concern; and men are unwilling to enter upon lands that have thus been forced, for, if they had them during as many years rent free, they could not realize a profit.' But this is not all the evil: 'It must be obvious to every landowner in England,' says another witness, 'that the farmers generally are not as practically informed themselves as they used to be; the reason I attribute to this, that from the superabundance of labourers in many parishes, the farmers' sons do not apply themselves to those industrious and practical habits which they used to be reared in, and from the want of that, the performance of the work of agriculture is retrograding very much, and the labourers, generally speaking, are not near so good workmen as they used to be, owing to this want of practical information in the occupier himself.' Now, farming has hitherto been, 'more than any other, an hereditary employment.'

'The moment a farmer gets into distress he endeavours to reduce his expenses, and he throws every labourer he can spare out of employment.' Before the fall of prices, it was customary to hire agricultural labourers for the whole year; they are now mostly unemployed from November to March, though, if the farmer had money, it would be his interest to employ them. The poor land, being that which costs most in cultivating, is the first that is thrown out of cultivation, but it is this land which affords most employment. 'Cheap bread' is not the cry of the agricultural labourers; 'both their words and their countenances show that they are as anxious to hear of a rise of prices as the farmer himself.'

[illegible] is, that they [illegible] corn at nine or ten [illegible] of ignorant [illegible] says the [illegible] labouring class [illegible] and high corresp[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] better off now [illegible] innkeeper wh[illegible] a bushel, I had [illegible] enough; now I [illegible] I had more work [illegible] very high-priced [illegible] enough to buy it." [illegible] I was sure of [illegible] but now I may [illegible] anything."

[illegible] 1821," says the Co[illegible] "The average price of [illegible] of the charges co[illegible] reduced since 18[illegible] and county-rate, have [illegible] augmented.

The committee of 1821 arrived at the conclusion, "that the [illegible] considerably below the [illegible] adduced before your committee of [illegible] with the change of price in the interval, would warrant at this moment a different conclusion. The committee of 1821 expressed a hope, "that the great body of the occupiers of the soil, either from the savings of more prosperous times, or from the credit which punctuality commands, in this country [illegible]

oncerned; where doubts so reasonable exist; and where errors so tal may be committed.' They remember that 'the agriculture of the ingdom is the first of all its concerns, the foundation of all its prosperity in every other matter, by which that prosperity is produced; and hey cannot forget what Mr. Burke has so truly stated, "That it is a erilous thing to try experiments on the farmer; on the farmer, whose apital is far more feeble than commonly is imagined; whose trade is a very poor one, for it is subject to great risks and losses; the capital, uch as it is, is turned but once in the year; in some branches it equires even three years before the money is repaid; and although t is in the power of the legislature to do much evil, yet it can do little positive good by frequent interference with agricultural industry." *If these be general principles, which are true in ordinary times, the peculiar circumstances of the present moment require also peculiar caution.*'

Qualified as this opinion is, and trimmed as it evidently has been with the view of rendering it less unpalatable to certain members of the committee, some hope, that the legislature will not exert its power of doing evil in *this* direction, might be drawn from it, were it not one of the 'peculiar circumstances' of these portentous times, that there is no confidence either in the wisdom or in the principles of the King's advisers—and another that the ministers themselves are divided upon this question.

If anywhere, however, here it is, upon this question of the corn laws, that *Earl Grey* may be expected to stop—if *he* can. No such ominous indications of *his* intended course have been held out upon this as upon other great and fundamental changes. What *the Movement party* have to contend with here, is likely to be better defended than those institutions and constitutional laws which were formerly held *sacred*. They, like the government, are divided among themselves upon this question. Some of them do not pretend to conceal their clear perception, that a removal of the corn laws would ruin the whole existing race of farmers, clergymen, and landholders. Nevertheless, they say, these laws ought, upon the soundest principles of political economy, to be repealed, and repealed accordingly they must and will be. These men of the Movement belong of course to the tribe of the Lacklands; but the Lackwits who have hitherto gone with them, and who happen to have a stake in the country, may perhaps be induced to halt in their fatuitous career, when they see whither it is that these guides are leading them.

Earl Fitzwilliam,—(Marquess-*iturus* Rockingham, if peerage-makers, like Almanack-makers of old, have the gift of prophecy,) —a little while before he succeeded to his *present* title, is said to have asserted, that 'the projected alteration in the corn laws is a matter of no concern to the tenant, but only to the landlord; and that

turned, he was to do no other harm than by undermining the foundation of his own prosperity to bring down an old house upon his own head! But the evils which may be brought upon a nation by the obstinate errors or incurable incapacity of an hereditary legislator afford an argument against one of those estates which, when the day comes for urging it, will not be overlooked by those who are now loudest in praise of this radical peer. The declaration that Lord Milton would pay no taxes *till the Reform Bill should have been carried* is recorded in our parliamentary history; and not among those silly or mischievous effusions of extemporaneous absurdity or malice prepense which remain there in the dead letter. The ministers who heard, and allowed it to pass unreproved, standing mute because it served their immediate purpose, have felt its effect in that systematic resistance to one tax which has already required the strength of the civil power, in aid of the law, to put it down. No one doubts that the assessed taxes are to be repealed in obedience to the will and pleasure of King People; King People we say, for at the Metropolitan meeting for the repeal of those taxes, Mr. Buckingham, according to the newspapers, said,

'The time had now arrived when the toast so often proposed in that room by the Honourable Baronet in the chair, Sir Francis Burdett, should no longer be a mere by-word; *it was necessary that* THE SCEPTRE SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THAT SOVEREIGNTY.'

Earl Fitzwilliam has as many followers in his agricultural as in his financial politics, and they are of the same description—march-of-intellect men,—all of the Movement. There is an Anti-Corn-Law Association in London, to which, it is said, several members of parliament belong, their object being 'to procure as unanimous an expression of feeling against the corn-laws as they possibly can.' If they succeed in their object, (and whatever may be the opinions and secret conviction of the majority of the cabinet, no one can calculate upon their *ultimate* resistance,) a very different expression of feeling will burst forth when the inevitable and irremediable consequences are felt; and Lord Fitzwilliam may then find that, great as his stake in the country is—that stake to which, not to any gifts of nature, he is indebted for all his influence in this kingdom—it will carry with it less weight than a bludgeon in the hand of one of his disciples!

What the farmer and the land-owner have to expect from the progress of 'liberal opinions' may be seen from the declarations of a great corn-factor before the Committee on Agriculture, a gentleman who has been engaged in that trade, on a very large scale, for some thirty years. After admitting that, 'though there may be slight defects in any system of corn-laws, it is very important, considering the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural in-

We must proceed a little further with this edifying examination:

'*Q.* You have stated the great mischief that you saw produced by the change, partly in the monetary system, partly in the corn-laws, as affecting commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. On reviewing the past, are you of opinion that a steady adherence to the existing law upon that subject is preferable to change as affecting all those three great interests?'—'*A.* I conceive that the subject of the corn-law must again be mooted; it will be mooted again before long; and I think that the land-owners ought, and might very safely make a concession in the scale of duty, without very serious prejudice to themselves.'—'*Q.* Would that give satisfaction?'—'*A.* Yes, *I think it ought.* When wheat is 63*s.* a quarter, it is then subject to a duty of 23*s.* 8*d.* a quarter. I think that is a duty higher than will be maintained under any future discussion of the subject; and I think if the duty were reduced 8*s.* or 10*s.* a quarter, it would perhaps settle the public mind upon the subject, and very little interfere with the protection the farmer now has. If I had what I wished, with regard to the existing corn-law, (for I think it is one with which the public will not be satisfied,) I would make concessions.'—'*Q.* In making the change, you would yield rather to clamour than to reason?'—'*A. Yes; but I think it ought to be made.*'—'*Q.* Do you think that would be final?'—'*A. No; possibly not.*'*

To this, then, we are come! There are well-informed men whose opinion it is that concession ought to be made to popular clamour, though they do not themselves suppose that by any such concession the clamourers will be satisfied! 'Ask, and ye shall have—knock, and it shall be opened,' has indeed been the text of all practical political discourses since the first fatal concession by which the great bulwark of the great constitution was thrown down. Ask,—but let your petition be couched in the menacing terms of a demand, and accompanied with a display of physical force! Knock,—but have sledge hammers and brickbats in readiness to force an entrance through doors and windows! Popular clamour has often been mistaken for public opinion; and the one, indeed, is not more easily raised at any time, than the other is, in this age of delusion, easily deluded.

The difference of temper and of feeling with which this question is treated, by persons agreeing upon it in their views, is strikingly exhibited in the evidence before the Committee on Manufactures, Commerce, and Shipping. The great capitalist delivers a calm opinion that 'the effect of the corn-laws is to restrict our export trade, from the want of any re urns being made in articles that we can consume, the great article of consumption, namely, food, being debarred from importation. Our manufactures,' he says, 'are exported in larger quantities than what can be returned readily,-and the want of returns is a great obstruction to the ex-

* pp. 222, 3, 4.

was quoted by Mr. Poulett Thomson, 'that the tendency of free trade was still further to impoverish those who were already poor; still further to enrich those who were already wealthy, and to produce a complete separation and alteration between both those classes.' On this text we shall presently enlarge.

Mr. Milne, who is engaged in cotton-spinning and manufacturing by power, and employs about seven hundred and seventy hands in four mills, 'considers the corn-law as most unjust and impolitic; and as one of the greatest sources of the evils under which the labouring classes, and in fact all classes, are suffering.' He says, 'I most decidedly should recommend the total abolition of the duty on malt and hops, and the assessed taxes; and to substitute in place of them a tax on property and income. I should, however, *suggest at the same time, that the total amount of taxation should be reduced at least one-half, if the present state of the currency was to continue.* I think *those measures*, if carried into effect, would relieve the country, and I think *nothing else will.*' He thinks that if the small notes were re-issued, it might have the same effect in relieving the people as a reduction of taxes; though, of the two ways for restoring our prosperity, 'by cutting down the burdens to a level with the monetary means, or by lifting up the monetary means to a level with the burdens,' he should prefer the former, 'because, by an extensive issue of paper-money, we are liable to a recurrence of such panics as that which occurred in 1825 and 1826.' The fundholder, when he received 50*l.* instead of 100*l.*, would not, in his opinion, sustain 'near so much hardship as the manufacturer and the farmer have already sustained.' When he is asked, whether he does not think that the cutting down the burdens of the country would be attended, for a time, with very great additional distress? he replies,

'"I think that, in any alterations of that kind, if they are very partial, some one party is suffering during the alteration; and I think it is necessary that all the alteration should go on at once, as I think that would immediately lessen the suffering that now prevails."'

And as for any danger to the social fabric by reducing the national debt one-half, and the taxes one-half, he is

'"Rather disposed to think that if the legislature was seriously to set about remedying the evils under which the country suffers, so far from its causing any fear or panic, the public would have much more confidence in the legislature than they now have."' *

James Fleming and James Orr, two Paisley weavers, express the pretty general opinion of their fellow operatives in that place, that 'we might have a better foreign trade, were we allowed to

* pp. 654-6-7

exchange

Let us now examine the question, as it appears to those who, having no connexion with either of the contending interests to bias their judgment, no party to serve, and no theory to mystify or mislead them, look only for truth, and desire nothing but the general good. The political economists, the greater part of the great manufacturers, and that portion of their workmen who are deluded by revolutionary journals and itinerant sowers of sedition, call for low prices. The workmen do not consider that low prices would bring to them the sure consequences of low wages; the great masters look only to the increase of their own enormous gains; and the political economists regard nothing but their theory. 'What is the life of a man to an experiment?' was the favourite expression of a once celebrated experimentalist, in the wane of his faculties; and what, in the view of an experimental politician, is the ruin of numerous classes, and of one whole order in the state, to a principle of political economy? The farmers, they tell us, are already ruined: '*their capital has slipped out of their fingers, and they must submit.*' The land-owners must share the same fate. The forest is to be consumed that the ashes may be spread over the land,—and that, some fifty or sixty years hence, larch plantations may flourish in the place of old English oaks. This mode of culture is more intelligible, indeed, than Mr. Poulett Thomson's system of pocket fructification; but England is not a new country to which it might be applicable; nor shall we be so barbarous as to apply it to the garden of civilized society, unless, indeed, the ruin of this nation, beyond redemption, is ordained as the proper consequence and just punishment of its manifold sins, and therefore our rulers are still further to be demented and their hearts still to be hardened more and more.

The advantages proposed, as resulting from the free admission of foreign corn to the further depression of our own agriculture, are, an increased demand for British goods in the foreign markets, and the consequent increase of manufactures at home. Is the first a sure consequence? Is the second a desirable one? We will dispose of both these questions before we inquire into the effects of low prices.

And here the first consideration that presents itself is this: Will foreign nations be as well disposed to purchase our goods, as we shall be eager to dispose of them? Mr. Kirkman Finlay informs the committee, that when he first knew the cotton manufacture in this country, which was in the year 1787, and when he first entered into business extensively in 1792, 'there was no manufacture of cotton of any importance in any part out of Great Britain.'

'There were, perhaps,' he says, 'some domestic cotton manufactures carried

do in England. With respect to the new machinery, I can state remarkable fact; that a new machine lately came from America, known by the name of Darnforth's Throstle, which, when I left England, was only just beginning to be known, and I do not suppose twenty of them had been put up in England; and when I saw the mill Baron Bouton, almost forty miles from Vienna, there was that machine actually going there, and I brought home some of the yarn made, which was nearly equal to our own; and he made it, not from having seen the machine, but from having heard of the principle. *This shows that they are not much to be despised in the race of competition.*'—p. 678.

The condition of the people employed in these continental mills this gentleman considers to be 'fully as comfortable as that of the operatives in this country,' and he looks upon that of 'the persons employed in cotton manufactures in England as superior to other classes in this country.' This is the same gentleman who discovered a model for Hygeia or Hebe, in a girl who had been working fifteen hours a day at the loom! The manufacture of cotton, he says, is extending on the continent 'very rapidly in many places—in France, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, in Austria, in Saxony, and in Prussia.' From the year 1812 to 1826 the ratio of increase in France was 310 per cent., and in England only 270: France, therefore, has increased 40 per cent. more rapidly than England during these fourteen years. The concern is 'very profitable in that country:' a French spinner lately told him that 'they were quite overwhelmed with orders at the very highest prices, and that they had a most splendid trade before them.'—p. 679.

The continental spinners are gradually superseding the supplies which they used to get from this country, and supplying themselves; and they are 'raising in number the yarn which they are spinning.' 'Formerly,' says Mr. W. Graham, 'we used to supply them with all yarn above twenties; latterly they have got up to forties; and now I believe they are spinning seventies in Switzerland.' (p. 321.) The Americans already purchase some cotton goods in Germany, which come in competition with the English, cotton hosiery being one leading article. (p. 119.) Our cotton yarn has been met at Bombay by yarn spun in Egypt at some mills erected by the Pasha, and it was thought that the Egyptian speculation would succeed.—p. 653.

It appears that all the improvements of great importance, which have been recently made in the manufacture of cotton, are of

machinery with advantage in that manner, and he explained it thus: 'In that particular instance the individual was an excellent manager; and then the wages are so extremely low there, that it is often more profitable to have an additional hand to a particular machine, than to replace it by a new one which requires less manual labour.'—p. 678.

American

ess than they cost? 'To effect a certain object,' he replied, 'I think they would, if they were to have a certain surplus of goods: if they make a sacrifice, they would prefer to do it where it would do the most mischief to their competitors.' The honourable member who proposed the question, and who seems little to have understood the internecine spirit of manufacturing ambition, asked farther, if this would be 'a combined operation on the part of the English manufacturers?' He was answered, that it would be in part combined, and in part the effect of an ordinary cause,—that is, to get rid of a surplus stock.

'Would they ship the surplus stock to the United States with the prospect of a certain loss?—I believe they would. I am sure that frequently goods are brought to us, upon which money is required to be advanced, going to America, where the parties expect to sustain a loss: for example, all those goods the fashion of which will go by this year. They have got a certain quantity on hand, and must sell them.'—p. 52.

This gentleman (Mr. Bates) doubted whether manufactures in the United States would increase much for a long time to come; because he thought a popular form of government is not 'favourable to any business or manufacture that requires legislative protection against foreign competition.' (p. 54.) A protective system 'affords a subject for popular declamation; the people are made to think it is injurious to them, and of course it is changed.' (p. 58.) We are told, however, by an American witness, that it is the object of Congress to continue a sufficient degree of protecting duty, and that public opinion is strongly in favour of it.* 'There is a new power created, and a new feeling throughout the country.' † 'We find the competition of the Americans,' says Mr. Graham, 'increasing upon us everywhere. They have exported to Mexico for the last five or six years largely; to Brazil considerably; Buenos Ayres and Cape Horn (?) also considerably; and at Valparaiso, I think, their imports of the stouter manufacture are larger than ours; and in Manilla and in Singapore, they have also made their appearance. Also, from St. Domingo, where we have done considerable business, we have lately had letters expressing great surprise that the Americans should be competing with us.' ‡ 'We have done little in the Mediterranean for some years; at one time we had complaints from Malta that the American manufacturers had interfered with our sales.' § 'They find a demand at Smyrna and Constantinople.' ||

The Americans, Mr. Bates says, 'got an advantage for a time, in making what they term domestic cottons; they employed the best material, and it was found that their goods were very durable.

* p. 172. † p. 54. ‡ p. 325. § p. 326. || p. 120.

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ve rejected it, and in others they continue to receive those goods gularly. It cannot be called a deception, because they are perfectly are of the filling being in the goods when they buy them.

'Was it so in the first instance?'—(The reply to this question leaves unanswered.) The witness merely says,—'In Scotland we did not egin it till 1820, and it was not much practised till 1825.'

'What is the object of the people doing it?—To please the foreign ustomers.

'Does it please the foreign customers when the practice has been iscovered?—They have *always known* that there is this filling: *there as discovery been made*: it is not concealed.

'Do the Americans make use of this clay matter?—*I think not!*

'Are the goods preferred on that account?—No, because we make he same goods; and in the goods that the Americans make, we do *not* put this filling—*at least we finish a great quantity of those goods without any filling.* In the description of goods that approximate to the American, we are not in the habit of putting clay *generally!*'—pp. 326-7.

Another witness, to the question whether foreigners are not 'much more particular now than they used to be, especially with regard to woollens, as to the length and breadth and weight?' answers—'*I should suppose they might be!*' (p. 46.)

The woollen manufacture, it appears, has increased greatly in Catalonia within the last few years (p. 81). In the Netherlands 'it is in a very prosperous state. They are progressing there.' They compete with the British woollen manufacturers in the foreign markets, particularly in the Grecian Archipelago: 'the whole of that trade is at present getting into the hands of the Netherlands manufacturers.'

'I have reviewed,' says a witness, 'the manufactures of that country with greater dread than any other on the continent of Europe, with regard to our own, because they have labour cheaper, and they have wonderful means of manufacture. Latterly they have got almost all our machinery; through the great facility of getting into our manufactories in England, they are sure to get and carry off our improvements.....They have considerably competed with our kerseymere manufacture of late years. Twenty years ago they did not know how to make a kerseymere at Verviers, or in any part of France: they could not twill it; and then the trade of the continent was supplied entirely from England. But since the peace, they have learned the art of making good kerseymere as well as we do.'—pp. 66, 69.

Such are the facts which have been stated before the late Committee on Manufactures, Commerce, and Shipping; and there appears in the report no contrariant evidence to contradict them. Now, that our manufacturers will use every exertion to meet the competition in the foreign markets, is certain: it is for the sake of being

being better able to meet it than they require the repeal of the corn-laws: and there can be no doubt that all that can be effected by ingenuity and enterprise, and enormous capital, directed by commensurate cupidity, will be done. It is not long since some lead-mines were opened by an American company in the United States: lead was immediately exported thither from this country, and sold at a loss, for the purpose of ruining the undertaking. To frustrate this device, the government at Washington laid a duty on imported lead: the parties in England discovered that, owing to an oversight in the act, bullets might be imported duty free: they bought up all the lead within reach of their operations, and children were employed night and day over the fire in casting it into bullets, at wages as miserable as the employment was—to use the mildest epithet—severe.

Manœuvres of this kind will always be practised against the fiscal regulations of other countries, and of our own, until the moral principle becomes stronger among the majority of mankind than the love of lucre: that is, it may be feared, till the Greek kalends: and it is to the efforts which have been made in this spirit, for the injury and sometimes for the ruin of foreign establishments, that the dislike with which England is regarded by other nations may, in great part, be ascribed: a dislike not arising from mere envy, but from a resentful sense of injury inflicted by what may be called commercial invasion.—by a spirit which, whether it displays itself in avarice or in ambition, in the love of conquest or the lust of gain, in a cotton-king or a military emperor, is a manifestation of the same principle.

The more perseveringly it may be attempted to force our manufactures upon foreigners, to the ruin of their own, and the more decidedly such a design may be favoured by the English go-

ral or habitual wants, in that degree they are essential to the welfare of the state. Even when producing articles of expense and luxury,—mere superfluities of civilized and refined society,—they contribute to its health and wealth;—provided always, that neither in the production nor consumption of such articles, evil, whether physical or moral, be unavoidably produced. Trade thrives when agriculture is thriving, and agriculture suffers when trade is depressed. There is no continental government that is not well convinced of this plain truth, and that does not, as far as its means have hitherto permitted, encourage those manufactures which can be carried on by its subjects with any probable advantage. It has already been shown with what success this obvious policy has been attended; that the woollen manufactures of the Netherlands, their mother-country, are successfully competing with ours; and that the cotton manufacture,—that boast of the present generation, which to the misfortune, not to say the curse, of this and of the coming generation, has become *the staple trade* of Great Britain,—if any *trade* may be so called,—that manufacture is thriving in France, in Germany, and even in the United States.

If the British government were either so far misled or intimidated, that it should consent to sacrifice the real interests of the agriculturists to the unstable interests of the manufacturers, other governments most certainly will not allow their manufacturers to be ruined. They are not so stultified that we should expect this from their policy; are we so stultified that we should expect it from their friendship? Among all foreign nations, where has England at this time a friend? From their policy, indeed, it might be expected, if they were bent upon effecting the ruin of this country; for what Buonaparte vainly attempted in the plenitude of his power, by closing the continent against British goods, they might accomplish by opening it without restriction—and falling in with our liberal system of free trade, till that system, in its working, had rendered us dependent upon the foreign customer for trade, and upon the foreign farmer for bread. Then, upon the first dispute—for which the party that felt its own power would never want a pretext—an interdict on their part would be more formidable in reality than the papal interdict ever was in imagination. But the continental governments have no such inveterate enmity against us, that they should make a temporary sacrifice of their own manufactures for the sake of accomplishing the degradation and irremediable ruin of England. The French are the only people who would desire it;—because they alone have an hereditary feeling of rooted hostility, embittered by so many signal defeats;—and because they alone could expect to rise upon our overthrow, and succeed to that dominion of the seas, which, in our hands, has

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as all the world could not easily supply at any price.' These are Mr. Jacob's words, whose opinion upon the subject ought to carry with it more weight than that of any other person. 'Generally speaking,' he adds,—and this, too, is matter of the gravest consideration,—'when there is a failing crop here, there is also a failure in the rest of Europe.'

But were the immediate prospect as hopeful as it is alarming, and could we calculate upon a succession of benignant seasons, even then the consequences of throwing inferior land out of cultivation would be most calamitous.

'If,' says Mr. Jacob, 'a great part of our necessary supply should be wanting from foreign countries, there is no probability that it could be furnished, without such an advance of prices as would be enormously heavy. We must look to our own supplies, if not quite exclusively, at least chiefly. It is on the assiduity, and skill, and economy in cultivation of our own agricultural fellow-subjects, that we must depend, for all other dependence would fail us, in the day of necessity,—whenever that day shall arrive. It can only be by due and real protection that the British farmer can be enabled to supply the wants of the community; and if, for want of such protection, he should fail considerably in his annual produce, the void cannot be filled up, except at a cost very far beyond what such protection, expended on the domestic cultivators, would amount to.'—*Tracts on Corn*, p. 112.

Mr. Jacob says, lower down:

'The preference to articles of the first necessity of domestic growth is natural and almost universal. The chief articles of subsistence in each country are almost wholly of home produce; and in a country with a great density of population may be only procured in sufficient quantity to supply the demand of the inhabitants at a considerable cost. In such a case, a foreign interference, which would lower the home price, so as to check interior production, might, in a few years, cause that domestic industry and application of capital, which are the chief sources of supply, so far to decline, as to afford a less quantity, and thus elevate the price to the consumers higher than it would be raised by trusting to, and by duly fostering and protecting its home growth.

'*It is on this ground, and this alone, that the protection, as it is called, to agriculture, will admit of defence. It is to protect the consumer against a price too high, which would take place if a portion, by no means a large portion, of our supply depended on foreign growers of wheat, that any restriction on the trade in grain can be justified. If it cannot be grown with profit at home, the home supply will diminish to an extent that no foreign supply can replace, without a sacrifice of more money than would have ensured a sufficiency from our own soil.* It becomes, in this view, simply a question whether it be better to yield some benefit to the home grower, at the expense of the consumer at first, rather than leave the latter to rely for such a

portion of his supply from foreign countries as must reach him at, ultimately, higher prices, whenever a slight diminution in the fruitfulness of a season may compel him to require a demand a little beyond what he usually wants. If the producers are to be protected, it should be chiefly with a view to the protection of the consumers. They form by far larger part of the community in this country, and theirs is the paramount interest in society. It has been estimated, that if our own growth of wheat were so reduced as to compel us to depend on foreign countries for a constant supply of one-eighth part of our consumption, such a quantity would be furnished, if it could be furnished at all, (which is very doubtful,) at a greater expense than any sum which it would have cost in protecting our own growers so as to encourage them to raise enough to make it unnecessary.

'A season of scarcity may be looked for at some, perhaps no very distant period. It may extend, as it usually has done, to the countries which commonly export corn hither. In the occurrence of such seasons formerly, there was always a reserve stock in store, distributed amongst dealers, mealmen, bakers, and in small quantities among a variety of other traders. It is not too much to reckon that the store in the hands of the three great trades, taken one with the other, amounted to one month of each of their sales. To say nothing of the growers,—who, from their more prosperous circumstances, formerly held a larger portion of their growth than they have lately done,—there must have been constantly food for three months' consumption in reserve against unpropitious harvests. At present, when the speculative trade in corn is nearly extinct—when the millers and bakers have on hand not more than half their former quantity—a harvest slightly deficient, coming on us with so short a reserve, would be felt with great severity. The difference of the whole, or nearly the whole, of the usual stock of the speculators, and half that of the mealmen and bakers, is a quantity far beyond what we could ever draw from all the world by the attraction of the highest prices that were ever offered,

to a sentence of death against many thousands of the poor. To such disasters we should be continually exposed, if the trade were thrown open. Without supposing any hostile design towards ourselves on the part of foreign governments, the duty of providing first for the wants of their own population, would compel them to lay restrictions on the export of corn, in the event of a general failure of the harvest; and even if those governments should feel indisposed themselves to resort to such a measure, they would probably be compelled to adopt it by a fear of popular tumult. Nor is there any reason to doubt that they would gladly avail themselves of our necessities to enrich their own exchequers, even in times when the scarcity might not be so great as to compel them to prohibit exportation altogether. *During the extreme scarcity which prevailed in this country in the years* 1800 *and* 1801, *a duty, amounting to about* 10*s. per quarter, was laid on the export of corn from the Prussian dominions; and it was expressly declared that the continuance or removal of this tax would depend altogether upon the continuance or cessation of the wants of this kingdom.*'*

A case, which is precisely in point, occurred in 1831, when it was in contemplation to reduce the duty upon Baltic timber: 'the foreign producers were so ready to raise their prices, that contracts were either made, or proposed to be made, at such a price if the law remained as it was, and at so much higher if that act had passed the British Parliament.' This was stated by Mr. Powles,† whose clear and forcible evidence before the Committee might well make the framers of the reciprocity act pause in their insane career. That gentleman instanced another case, still more directly applicable:

'I remember,' said he, 'urgent application to the government to repeal the duty on foreign rape-seed, which amounted to about 200,000*l.* per annum; and the government did repeal the duty. They were told beforehand, "If you do, in the course of a few years the whole of that duty will find its way into the hands of the foreign grower." In the course of six or seven years, the English grower of rape-seed was driven wholly out of the market, and the price of the article itself got up to what it was before the duty was taken off; and the whole of that 200,000*l.* went to the foreign growers of that article.'

Being, upon this, asked if he was of opinion that abstract principles of improvement do not always work, in operation, in the manner contemplated by the projectors, he replied: 'I really see so little harmony between abstract principles and the practical business of life, that I have the greatest possible distrust of them as a man of business.'‡ There is further proof of this, in another point, inferior in importance only to the corn-laws.

'The effect of the reciprocity act,' says Mr. Powles, 'in throwing

* Inquiry into the Restrictions on the Importation of Foreign Corn, p. 36-38.
† Report on Manufactures, p. 385. ‡ Ib. p. 389.

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possible advantage bears no proportion to the risk, were it risk alone that would be incurred, and not the certainty of dearth, the probability of famine, and the imminent danger of a servile war. 'Beware,' says Ben Jonson, 'of dealing with the Belly; the Belly will not be talked to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon *Venter*.' Still less is there any venturing upon him when he is empty! There is cause enough, God knows, for anxiety in our dependence upon the seasons,—cause enough, God knows, for ominous apprehensions and for fearful prayer, when we consider the ways of Providence, and call to mind our national sins. Under the merciful dispensations of that Providence, the progress of society had rendered this country as secure against famine as good husbandry, national industry, and a settled order of things can render any nation in the ordinary course of nature. Let us beware how we incur a needless, a voluntary, a wilful danger, for the delusive hope of rendering bread cheap, and of extending our manufacturing system,—doubly delusive, because neither object could be attained, and each, if attained, would be an evil.

The assertion that low prices are, in this country, an evil, will not be deemed paradoxical by those who peruse Mr. Barton's pamphlet. That gentleman introduces a most curious and important inquiry into the effects of prices upon the rate of mortality, with these remarks:—

'It is generally assumed by the advocates for unrestricted importation, that every decline in the price of corn contributes directly to the welfare of the labouring classes, by enabling them to obtain a larger supply of the comforts and conveniences of life. This would indeed be the case, if we could consider the amount of a labourer's earnings as a fixed quantity, uninfluenced by the state of demand for labour. But, in fact, the rate of wages is affected in a very sensible degree by the price of corn, and the collective income of the whole of the labouring classes in a still greater degree. Persons residing in agricultural districts, and having daily opportunities of observing the condition of the poor about them, can testify, that in times when the price of corn has been lowest, not only have the occupiers of land been reduced to difficulties, but the labourers in their employ severely distressed by the difficulty of obtaining work. It would not, indeed, be easy for the most careful and impartial inquirer to discover by direct observation the amount of distress inflicted by any given fall in the price of corn on the body of agricultural labourers; still less to determine how far the same reduction of price may occasion a corresponding improvement in the condition of the manufacturing labourer, such as to compensate, at least in degree, the sufferings of the agriculturists. Fortunately, however, we have a criterion of the comparative pressure of poverty at different times,—a criterion of great accuracy as well as sensibility,

[illegible] number of years from whic[illegible]
[illegible] perturbing causes is [illegible]
[illegible] of some of the simple[illegible]
[illegible] we can even determine wi[illegible]
[illegible] causes is excluded [illegible]
[illegible] to examine whether any [illegible]
[illegible] the price of corn and the [illegible]
[illegible] pp. 1-3.

[illegible] of cautious calculations, th[illegible]
[illegible] the price of wheat, durin[illegible]
[illegible] Mr. Barton comes—by the [illegible]
[illegible] the following conclusi[illegible]

[illegible] high and low price are both uni[illegible]
[illegible] of the labouring classes. That of [illegible]
[illegible] which approaches to th[illegible]
[illegible] price is chiefly fatal in [illegible]
[illegible] districts, the ext[illegible]
[illegible] life, though to a much [illegible]
[illegible] That the number of marriag[illegible]
[illegible] as the price of corn declines [illegible]
[illegible] of low price, when it again slightly [illegible]
[illegible] of the whole of the preceding [illegible]
[illegible] price is the great desideratum. A vast diffe[illegible]
[illegible] mortality of a given series of years, w[illegible]
[illegible] within narrow limits above and below the [illegible]
[illegible] occasionally on the lower; thou[illegible]
[illegible] of the whole period may be the same in both [illegible]
[illegible] price is most contributive to the welfare of the poor [illegible]
[illegible] to the higher limit.'—pp. 22, 3.

[illegible] that nearly seventy thousand lives are dest[illegible]
[illegible] within the limits of this island, in one [illegible]

'At the extreme of low prices, the mortality of the agricultural districts is greater by 17 per cent. than that of the manufacturing. At a middle price, they become nearly equal. At the extreme of high price, the mortality of the manufacturing districts is greater than that of the agricultural by 16 per cent.' (p.11.) All these proportions rise and fall with almost exact regularity through all the gradations of price upon which the results have been calculated. But low prices produce also in manufacturing districts an increase of mortality, increased drunkenness being then the apparent cause, during those years when the manufacturers were in good employ, and provisions cheap.

These consequences are shown by experience to have resulted from the low price of agricultural produce, without taking into the account the effect produced upon the poor-rates, and the commensurate growth of discontent, insubordination, and incendiarism. The consequence of the further reduction expected from those measures which the political economists and the 'anti-bread-tax societies' are endeavouring to force upon the government, would be to throw much of our inferior land out of cultivation. Observe the consequences! A Wiltshire steward and land-surveyor was asked by the Committee—

'Could you raise sheep for any useful purpose, or for any profit, if you had not at the same time a remunerating profit for your corn?—*A.* Certainly not.—*Q.* So that—if by any circumstance the corn land was thrown out of cultivation, in consequence of any supply being received from abroad, or by any other means—could the farmers possibly produce meat for the markets of the towns, unless they had encouragement which enabled them to cultivate the corn lands?—*A.* Certainly not. Wiltshire is a breeding county; the great object of keeping sheep is for manure; and there is more corn grown in Wiltshire than in any other county, according to the extent of the county, in consequence of the immense quantity of sheep that is kept; and they are bred to be grazed in other counties. The graziers in many other counties come into Wiltshire and Hampshire, for sheep to be grazed for the London markets; and if corn gets to a ruinously low price, not only must that land go out of cultivation, but the sheep stock will be very

several distinguished persons, that there was a general complaint of the imperfection of the elementary population documents of this country, and that their imperfection led strangers who wrote on England into great mistakes. It is, indeed, a subject of wonder to every intelligent stranger, that, in a country so intelligent as England, with so many illustrious persons occupied in statistical inquiries, and where the state of the population is the constant subject of public interest, the very basis on which all good legislation must be grounded has been never prepared. Foreigners can hardly believe that such a state of things could exist in a country so wealthy, wise, and great.' —p. 121. M. Adolphe Quetelèt was 'examined through the interpretation of Dr. Bowring,' and as his knowledge of the English language may, therefore, be little or none, was probably entirely ignorant of what had been done in this branch of statistics, when he delivered this modest opinion.

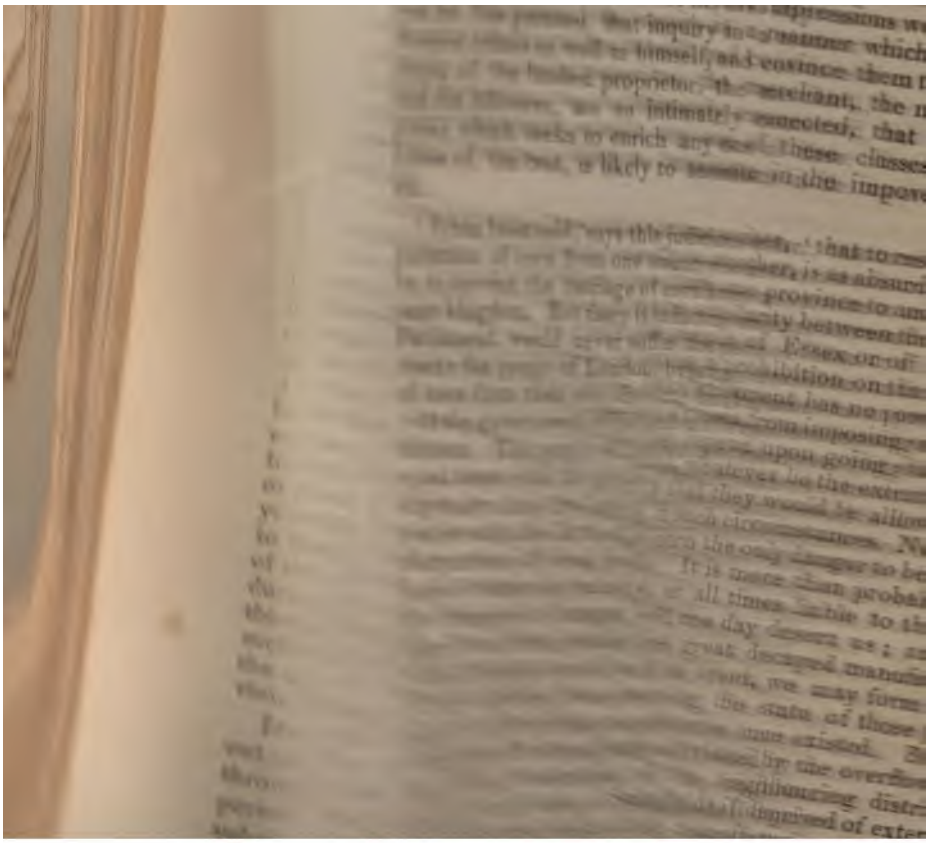
much

'That is, I reply, supposing the same hands now employed in raising corn can be employed in producing manufactured goods. For if we are obliged to maintain the three hands formerly engaged in tilling the poor land, and two manufacturers into the bargain, it seems to me that we have made an unprofitable change. Is it supposed, then, that the ploughmen no longer wanted in Sussex might travel to Manchester, and there find employment as cotton-spinners? Surely such a proposition is too absurd to require serious refutation. The slightest attention to facts might show that a district overburdened with population is scarcely ever relieved, unless by the cruel process of extermination. Not one in a thousand of the inhabitants of the agricultural districts would migrate to the manufacturing counties—nor probably one in a hundred of their grand-children, or great grand-children. "Of all commodities," observes Adam Smith, "the most difficult of transport is man." And, I may add, that of all men, the most difficult of transport is an agricultural labourer. Nor would the increased pressure of poverty tend, in a sensible degree, to check the growth of population in the ruined parishes. On the contrary, a state of hopeless wretchedness renders men almost as careless of making provision for their future offspring as the beasts themselves.

'The practical result, then, of the adoption of a system of free trade would be, that, instead of saving the maintenance of one labourer in three, we should have to maintain two additional hands without any addition to our annual produce.'—*Inquiry*, p. 28-30.

Of all the evils which press upon this kingdom, the increase of pauperism is, at this time, the most urgent; and that whatever tends to depress the price of agricultural produce must have the effect of throwing more land out of cultivation, and more hands out of employ, must be plain to every man's understanding. The labourers who are deprived of employment must be supported as paupers; and heavy as the burden of supporting that class at present is, how or by whom is it to be borne, if hundreds of thousands be added, as they thus inevitably would be, to its already formidable numbers?

'In the event of the removal of the existing restrictions on the importation of corn,' says Mr. Barton, 'it is evident, then, that the support of the agricultural labourers thrown out of employment by the change must fall on the community; but it may be doubted what part of the community would be compelled to bear the burden. If any property capable of taxation remained in the parish in which these labourers happened to be settled, that property, as far as it goes, would of course be rated for this purpose; but when it is considered that, in many of the poorer parishes, the rates already exceed 20*s*. on the pound, it is evident that such a resource would prove quite inadequate. The unfortunate people of these parishes, reduced to despair, and with the prospect of dying of hunger before them, would, in such circumstances, probably join together in bands to pillage the neighbouring country.



national wealth, that repeal would entail upon us a loss in various ways. First, We should pay to foreigners a higher price than at present for our supplies in ordinary years. Secondly, We should pay still more exorbitantly for our supplies in years of scarcity; if, indeed, we were not deprived of those supplies altogether. Thirdly, We should have to maintain the whole of the agricultural poor thrown out of employment by the change, without deriving in return any benefit from their labour.

'Even, then, as respects pecuniary profit and loss, the adoption of a system of free trade would be contrary to sound policy. But how much stronger does this conclusion become, when we contemplate the question with reference, not to national *wealth*, but to national *happiness!* Unrestricted importation would, no doubt, lower the price of bread to the consumer in ordinary years; but this advantage would be greatly over-balanced, so far as relates to the agricultural population, by the increased difficulty of procuring employment. Thousands of farm labourers would be reduced to the last extremity of distress; while the corn which should have gone to satisfy their children's hunger would be distilled into gin, to gratify the vicious appetites of the manufacturers. The people of the south would die of hunger, in order that the people of the north might die of the diseases induced by habitual intemperance. But the triumph of the north would not be of long continuance—for upon the first general failure of the harvest, the sufferings which they had inflicted on their agricultural fellow-subjects would recoil on themselves with terrible retribution. They would find, when too late, that for the sake of a little momentary gain, they had subjected themselves to the last extremity of want. A famine such as no man in this favoured country has ever seen, or can perhaps easily imagine, would mow down our population by hundreds of thousands, when the foreign supplies on which we had depended were suddenly cut off.'—*Inquiry*, pp. 42-45.

And for what contingent advantage is it that these certain consequences are to be encountered, and this imminent risk of interminable evil and irretrievable ruin to be incurred? It is that our manufactures may be increased and multiplied. Are these, then, in so healthy a state that this should be desired, either for the sake of the persons employed in them, or of the nation?

'To what circumstance,' Mr. Kirkman Finlay was asked, 'do you attribute the low state of profit in the cotton trade?—Certainly not to any want of demand, if we compare the demand now, with the demand at any former period; but to an extremely extensive production with reference to the demand, arising out of a great competition, doubtless caused by the high rate of profit in former times, which, by attracting a large amount of capital to the business, has necessarily led to the low rate of profit we now see. If there is anything unhealthy, it arises from a practice which has greatly prevailed of late years, of the manufacturer making large consignments to foreign countries, and receiving

of production?—Because the production of their article has been beyond the demand for it.—What has caused that over-production?—The natural increase of the manufacturing population, with the improvements of machinery acting together.—Has not the increased quantity produced caused the markets to be glutted, and the prices to fall?—No doubt of it.—Then how do you reconcile that with your opinion of the advantage derived from this increase?—Because capital, though not returning large profits, has always been, I believe, profitably employed upon the whole.—Though the capital has done better by this increase, how has it affected the persons engaged in making the articles?—I believe the natural consequence of mercantile or manufacturing prosperity is to concentrate the wealth into a few hands.—Is that beneficial to the community?—That is a question of political economy.—Is that consistent with your former opinion, that the working classes are not worse off than they were before?—The working classes have not the same chance of rising now from their situation that they had some years ago; but I spoke of their comforts.—Do you call that a better or a worse state of society?—It is the course of nature, and legislation would rather add to the evil than improve it.—Do not you think that an advance of wages, so as to enable the working men in this country to procure more of the articles they produce, would operate more beneficially to society as a whole, than to reduce their wages in order to enable us to compete with foreigners?—Nobody would wish to reduce their wages; but it is better that there should be a small reduction of their wages, than that they should get no employment at all.—Why should their employment cease in consequence of their having higher wages?—Because we have a foreign competition; we make a great deal more goods than we can consume, and, therefore, we must have a foreign market.—If those who have produced those goods received higher wages, would not they be able to consume more, and would not that lessen the necessity for their export?—They cannot consume the surplus quantity of our manufactures; they could not give us a return for them.—Why could they not consume, provided they possessed the means?—I should be glad to answer these questions; but it appears to me so utterly impossible that the people of this country can consume all the manufactures of the country, and that we should raise their wages that they may have money to do it, that *I cannot understand the argument.*'—*Report*, p. 333.

There is, however, one argument which *every one can understand;* if the agricultural labourers are in great numbers thrown out of employ, and the rest badly paid,—if the farmers are ruined, and the landholders reduced to distress,—the home market for our manufactured goods must be injured to a greater extent than any increase of demand in the foreign market could compensate. The agricultural classes constitute nearly a third part of our whole population; the number of trades and occupations mainly dependent upon them is very considerable; and no commonwealth can flourish

[illegible], but in others of far greater extent; the profit is not upon [illegible]try, but upon capital. Overgrown wealth and neediness [illegible]ce the same effect in grinding down the wages of the work-[illegible]. The great capitalist may be satisfied with small profits, [illegible]use he draws a large income from the large capital that he [illegible]loys; the needy manufacturer must be satisfied with any profit [illegible] he can get. The Bolton delegates were asked what, in their [illegible]ion, was the cause of the continued fall, for the last thirty [illegible]rs, in the wages of the hand-loom weavers? One of them [illegible]lied,—

'[illegible]here are a deal of pretended causes. One person will say that it [illegible] the war; and another the peace and the orders in council; and [illegible]y will tell you that it was Buonaparte's decrees; and there are [illegible]ople that will say it is the tithe that has caused the wages to come [illegible]wn; and another will say it is the national debt; and another will [illegible]y it is taxation;—my own opinion is, that it is internal competition [illegible]d rivalship; one man underselling another through poverty. The [illegible]mall manufacturers go to merchants three times a-week, to sell their [illegible]oods; and if they cannot sell them in the morning, they will sell [illegible]hem in the evening at any price; and then they reduce wages.'—(*Report*, p. 705.) . . . . . 'We have long,' said a witness of the [illegible]ame class from Glasgow, 'considered that part of our grievance was [illegible]caused by the steam-looms, and by the competition of foreign manu-[illegible]facturers; but we consider that a very trifling matter in comparison [illegible]with the home competition that exists among our masters, and till [illegible]there is some remedy for that we shall never be better. Some people [illegible]will say that, if our provisions were cheaper, we should be better off; [illegible]but our masters would take advantage of that cheapness, and reduce [illegible]a penny an ell off a weaver that will work twenty-five or thirty ells, [illegible]which would amount to 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.*; and the cheapness of his two [illegible]pecks of oatmeal would be, perhaps, 6*d.* or 8*d.*'

This, then, is the sum. Government is called upon to withdraw, either at once or by rapid gradations, all legislative protection from our own agriculture, in order that, by purchasing corn from foreigners, we may enable and induce those foreigners to purchase in return an additional quantity of our manufactured goods. They can supply us with so much corn, that tens of thousands of acres would immediately be thrown out of tillage, and hundreds of thousands of labourers out of employ. The landholders must then pay to these labourers in poor-rates what they now pay in wages; and not the landholders only, but all who are assessed to the poor-tax, will speedily find that they pay a dear price for cheap bread. But will bread continue cheap? It is not one of those commodities for which we can wait till the price falls, or which we can refuse to buy if the price be fixed (and who can doubt that it would be?) with relation, not to the cost of pro-

 duction,

.e of his duties. But it is the excellent author of the ian Life' who says, that 'the great design of our society help and assist one another, every man has a right to be nd assisted by every one with whom he hath any dealing :course; to have some share of the benefit of all the ex- traffic, and commerce, that passes between him and and, therefore, for any man, in his dealings with others, to rantage, from their necessity or ignorance, to oppress or :h them, or to deal so hardly by them as either not to allow y share of the profit which accrues from their dealings, or ıfficient share for them to subsist or live by, is an inju- vasion of that natural right which the very end and design ty gives them.' It is to our manufacturers we must now we would see in its full effect

'The monstrous faith of many made for one!'

question of machinery,' says one of the pamphlets before us, ; to be stated for it to be admitted at once as an auxiliary to , not to injure him, though, like poor-rates or any similar t is capable of being perverted. The very propounding of tion must suggest that one of two things *ought* to have re- :om its use—that men should have *laboured less*, or that they have *had more comforts*. Unfortunately neither of those as happened. Men's comforts have been lessened since the tion of machinery; they have had to work double time, and ur of children has been called in to aid them, and even to : their own daily bread. Without strength to endure such rtionate toil—without instruction to guide their future life— re been thrown into a situation morally and physically pol- The Jewish historian has remarked upon the overthrow of m by Titus, that it was no wonder it should have been de- with such a signal destruction, when *one* mother sacrificed ıring to satisfy the cravings of absolute hunger; and may not the retributive arm of an avenging Providence!'*—*Public* ı *Concentrated*, p. 66.

ıuthor of 'The Judgment of the Flood,' in the eleventh book of that poem, ines:—

'Meanwhile the child was tasked from earliest morn
To latest eye, watching the processes
Of wheels and chains ingenious, so to earn
A pittance for its parents, urged to toil
Excessive by the force of blows, and dying
Even hour by hour, as standing at its work—
A constant martyrdom, but soon to end;
Since, age mature of man or womanhood
Seldom attained, the grave quick closed on grief,
And shut the murthered infant safely up
From the oppressor in the house of hope.'

erformance too late to allow of our noticing it at length his Journal. The author, with many prodigious defects, nd learning, which entitle his elaborate work to our deli-

Now, what was it which brought our manufactures to that point which rendered them unprofitable? The answer has been given already—it was the circumstance of the demand not being equal to the supply. To improve the matter, wages were pulled down, (what a logical resolve!) the quantity was necessarily increased, and, of course, the evil which required correcting was thence rendered infinitely greater. It is true, the more business an individual can *safely* do, the more his profits are multiplied; *but how can a whole nation pursue this system?* And yet this is precisely what has been attempted by our manufacturers. In fact, they will tell you, one and all, that *profits being next to nothing, more goods must be made.* If these increased quantities of goods are to be given away, or *lent* by our capitalists abroad, we may understand the measure; but if they are to be *sold* at home, and the makers reimbursed, *the thing is utterly impossible, i. e.*, looking at the subject as we have done all along, in a national point of view.'

This vigorous writer adds—

'In the good old times, when "live and let live" was the general motto, every man was contented with one avocation. In the cotton trade there were weavers, cotton-spinners, bleachers, dyers, and several other independent branches, all living upon the profits of their respective trades, and all, as might be expected, contented and happy. By-and-by, however, when the downward course of trade had proceeded to some extent, first one branch was adopted by the capitalist, and then another, till, in time, the whole of these people were ousted and thrown upon the market of labour, to find out a livelihood in the best manner they could! Thus, although no charter secures to these men the right to be cotton-spinners, manufacturers, printers, finishers, &c., yet the course of events has invested them with a monopoly of all, and as many more branches may be added as their cupidity or their love of power may lead them to undertake. They have become jacks-of-all-trades, and, as far as the country is concerned in the business, it is to be feared, they are masters of none, from their having acted upon wrong principles—principles that will be found inoperative, as regards their own eventual welfare, however they may seem for a while to forward the views of the capitalist, or of the reputed capitalist.'—*Public Economy Concentrated*, pp. 54-6.

Wide as the subject is to which these considerations would lead us, we must draw to a conclusion. We have shown that foreigners *could* not supply that deficiency of food which a free trade in corn must inevitably cause, and that they *would* not purchase from us an increased quantity of those manufactured goods, which are already produced in such excess as to be exported to them at a loss. And yet government is called upon to speed the spinning jenny instead of the plough! It is called upon for a measure which would throw out of cultivation a great proportion of our fields, and a greater proportion of our peasantry out of employ!

too feeble for effecting such a reform in the manufacturing system as that it can be carried on consistently with the well-being of the persons employed in it,—with health and good morals,—with wholesome intervals for rest and recreation, as well as for schooling, —with the rights of human nature, the most indubitable and sacred of all rights;—if such a reform be not effected in the manufacturing system, the system itself will be destroyed by its own inbred evils. It carries in itself the sure cause of its own terrible destruction. That physical force which it has brought together as an instrument of lucration—a part of its machinery—will one day explode under high pressure; and the words of the poet will then have a new and appalling interpretation—

'*Labor omnia vincit*
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.'

It is only by bettering the condition of the labouring classes, physically and morally, that such a catastrophe can be averted. But as regards agriculture at this time, to abstain from doing evil will be doing good; and this we may hope for, even from this ministry.

Since the foregoing observations were drawn up, the question of the corn-laws has been brought distinctly before the House of Commons, on the 6th of March, by a motion of Mr. Joseph Hume. On the morning of that day, the public mind was very much excited by a declaration of ministers, that it was to be considered as an *open question*—that is, one on which his Majesty's government, *as such*, took no part, but left the several members of the administration to follow their own individual opinions. Such a declaration produced great surprise and considerable alarm—surprise that a government professing the principles on which the present ministry is founded, should venture to call any question an *open* or a *close* one—alarm that this momentous topic should have been selected for so unconstitutional an experiment. In defence of the ministers, on the first point, we were reminded that a 'Tory cabinet had consented to leave catholic emancipation an open question—why not, then, the corn-laws?' But the cases are by no means parallel. The distinctions and differences are numerous and essential. We shall, however, notice only two—but two which are quite as powerful as two thousand. First, the (so-called) 'Tory cabinet,' was *formed on that avowed principle.* We doubted then, and we now more than doubt, whether such an arrangement was constitutional in principle, or safe in practice; but it was done openly and avowedly, before any man had accepted office

inconsistency—that is too poor a term—but of effrontery and profligacy, unparalleled in our political annals. No wonder, then, that it excited surprise. But it also created a painful alarm. It was reasonably supposed that the Reform Ministry would not so early and so audaciously throw away its mask without some great and urgent motive; and it was apprehended, that what is for convenience called the agricultural interest, but which is, as we have shown, in the largest and truest sense of the term, the interest of the whole nation—the interest not of the land alone, but of trade, of commerce, of arts, of manufactures—of good order—of the constitution—nay, of the very animal existence of the people,—it was apprehended, we say, that this universal interest was about to be abandoned to the ignorant and the insane—to the demagogue and the theorist—to the proselytes of that ridiculous but perilous paradox, that it is possible at the same time to raise the price of labour and lower the price of food. Every rational man, who looked at the *practical* state of the country, foresaw that what is called a free trade in corn, would, by shaking the great basis of national wealth, disturb the surest supply of public sustenance, and risk the great principles of public order. Those who looked further into *moral* consequences trembled at the effect of a general disappointment of the lower classes, and at the risk which might ensue to the very vitals of society, when it should turn out that the change had produced, as assuredly it would, lower wages and less food,—pauperism and famine.

Such were the apprehensions excited by the idea that the Government meant to abandon the present system of corn-laws; but fortunately the debate and the division proved them to be, *for the moment*, unfounded. These Ministers are never *bonâ fide:* whether they flatter or menace, whether they consent or decline, whether they seem conservative or destructive,—all is 'false and hollow'—all trick and juggle—all vacillating, inconsistent, fictitious, and deceptious. 'Twas a false alarm. The unanimous cabinet—the great body of the office-holders—the dense mass of their adherents—were steady in their resistance to Mr. Hume; and, on the division, it appeared that this *farce* of an *open question* had been announced for the *joint benefit* of Mr. Edward Ellice and Mr. Poulett Thomson, who were thereby accommodated with an opportunity of giving a popular vote, to conciliate their anti-corn-law friends at Coventry and Manchester, and to facilitate their re-election, if it should happen that, by a change of their present offices for something higher, these great Statesmen should have to undergo the unpleasant ordeal of the hustings!

And was it for this shabby and contemptible object that the ministry was so rash as to alarm the country on so vital an interest—

 and

we know how hard it is to persuade mankind to look to consequences—to postpone a seeming present advantage to a more solid but remote benefit; but we still hope that the unanswerable arguments which have been adduced against any hasty and inconsiderate alteration of the present system of corn-laws, and the utter discomfiture of Mr. Poulett Thomson in the late debate, may create in all sober minds, even of the lower classes, a salutary suspicion that what is called *cheap bread* may only be the first step to *no bread* at all. We have already expressed our fear that the fable of Menenius would have now little effect with a popular assembly: perhaps it might be more struck with the shorter and livelier instance given by Montesquieu of the *savages*, who, to get more easily at the *bread-fruit*, cut down the tree on which it grows!

NOTE

On the Article in No. C. *on the 'Journal of a West India Proprietor.'*

We are extremely sorry for having inserted in this Article, without due inquiry, an extract from a manuscript diary, conveying an unpleasant, and, as must now be evident, a wholly unjust reflection on the character of Mr. Lewis (father to the author of 'The Monk'). We have since received a letter from that gentleman's son-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, in which he says—'I do not believe there ever existed a more honourable or generous man than the one who has been accused of reducing his son's income one moiety, because that son had not forgotten his duty to his mother. I am fully convinced that Mr. Lewis did not reduce his son's income from any such motive; nor is it likely, that the man of whom Mr. G. Lewis speaks (in a passage quoted by the "Quarterly Review" itself), "as one of the most generous persons that ever existed," could have been influenced by such sentiments. The fact is, Mr. Lewis reduced his son's allowance because his own means were so diminished as to compel him to alter every part of his establishment, even to letting his house, and laying down his carriage: and I can, moreover, state from my personal knowledge, that the allowance Mr. Lewis continued to his son, was actually more than one-half of his own English income.' We feel sincerely obliged to Sir H. Lushington for giving us the means of thus correcting the effect of our rash citation.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse.* London, 1834. 12mo. pp. 268.

THE author of these pages tells us that they 'were written during a few short intervals of leisure, which he has employed rather in deriving instruction and amusement from the works of others, than in attempting to afford either by his own.' He adds, that 'some of his *letters* had already been published without his knowledge; and that others of them might probably appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them.' There needed no apology for publishing any part of this volume. With the greater number of the pieces *in verse* which it includes we have for years been familiar; but the form in which these were originally printed must have prevented their circulation from equalling their merits. The new poems are not unworthy of the author's taste; and his prose, to us entirely new, is certainly honourable to him in every respect. We have seldom seen so much wisdom, wit, knowledge of the world, and sound criticism, comprised in so small a space, or expressed in a more nervous and graceful style. The moral tone is throughout delightful: we have constantly before us a pure and generous nature—the warm sympathies, and the calm happiness, of a heart and mind that have come unwithered and unshrunk through the passions of youth and the cares of manhood. As the writer has dated several of his pieces from *Fredley Farm*, he cannot mean to conceal his name; and in mentioning that of Mr. Richard Sharp, we do enough to excite the curiosity of all who have known anything of the most distinguished society of this metropolis during the last half century. Old enough to have been the friend of Burke and Johnson, may he long continue to be the instructor and ornament of this our third generation,—for we cannot but think of the great bard's introduction of Nestor—

> Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.
> Τῷ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μεροπῶν ἀνθρώπων
> Ἐφθίαθ' οἵ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἠδ' ἐγένοντο
> Ἐν Πύλῳ ἠγαθέῃ—ΜΕΤΑ ΔΕ ΤΡΙΤΑ ΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΝΑΣΣΕΝ.

It is impossible to close this volume without regretting—though not perhaps on account of its author himself—that, with so strong a passion

will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public, and its love of novelty. I think I have heard you remark (what I myself have observed in the History of the Stage) that periodical changes have taken place in the taste of the audience, or at least in the manner of the great performers. Sometimes the natural and spirited mode has prevailed, and then the dignified and declamatory. Betterton, eminent both in comedy and tragedy, appears to have been an instance of the first. Then came Booth and Quin, who were admired for the last. Garrick followed, restoring or re-inventing the best manner, which you have also adopted so fortunately and successfully. Mr. Kemble will be compelled, by the hoarse monotony of his voice, to rely upon the conventional stateliness that distinguished Garrick's predecessors, which is now carried to inimitable perfection by his accomplished sister.'—pp. 16-18.

We have only to observe, that Mrs. Siddons outgrew, though John Kemble never did, this 'conventional stateliness,' and was, as we recollect her, the most natural and passionate, as well as the most majestic of performers. Kean's ambition, of course, was, in adherence to the law of change mentioned by our author, to play Garrick to Kemble's Quin; and, probably, our next great tragedian will affect the Roman grandeur again. The *interregnum* has now lasted so long, that many people have given up all hope—but we cannot even yet part with the pleasing dream of seeing Macbeth and Hamlet again before we die. But enough of the stage—let us come to the real business of life.

From a very interesting and affectionate series of letters 'to a young friend,' dated in 1806-1809, we must take several specimens. The first is part of a letter to the young man when at Cambridge: we doubt if many *young men* will listen to the doctrine it sets out with; but we are quite sure no old man will refuse his *hear!*—

'Luckily you have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox, yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man, going to the bar, is sufficiently provided for. "Vitam facit beatiorem
Res non parta, sed relicta,"
says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "*Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.*" In your case I have no doubts but such as arise from my having observed that,

the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "*There will be time enough for repose in the grave*," said Nicole to Pascal.

'As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defeats. *An Italian sonnet justly, as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea.* The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year.

'*The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course.* They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. *I trust that my young friend will never attempt to reconcile them.*'—pp. 28-30.

We are afraid a great many of Mr. Sharp's 'young friends' have, to his sorrow, and the curse of their country, made the attempt he here denounces. Posterity will note with admiration the audacious and successful ambition of our shallow and voluptuous states-boys and states-dandies. What insects have been allowed to eat away the heart of oak!

To a 'law-student,' smitten with a premature ambition for a seat in parliament, Mr. Sharp writes as follows, in 1817:—

'The House of Commons is so different a body in its construction and in its purposes from any, either ancient or modern, that its idioms, both of thought and of language, must be caught before a man can talk in such a manner as to be liked, or even understood. It is a place of serious business; and all ostentation, *if perceptible*, is ridiculous. Perhaps one or two individuals may be tolerated, and allowed to amuse, merely by ornament or by wit and humour; but an attempt to succeed in this way is ruinous to a new member. It is unfortunately necessary to have something to say, and facts or striking arguments the House will always listen to, though delivered in any

a short story exemplifying that decay of the ancient respect for rank, and that growth of a regard for wealth, so observable of late in most parts of the world. Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catherine, used to say, " I see there is no regard for anything but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country, and there live like an honest man." More than once the empress offered him a title: " No, madam, I thank you," said Odart; " money, money, if you please." He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman.'

We really cannot see much reason to wonder at a Piedmontese adventurer's preferring Russian gold to such a nothing as a Russian title; but Mr. Sharp evidently means to strike *home*, and giving him all credit for sincerity, we must humbly observe, that as far as we have seen, the persons in this country who talk the most contemptuously of rank are often those who would be the most apt to leap over the table for the least rag of it for themselves. He will perhaps answer, that this is the case simply because rank hitherto has commanded among us ' money or money's worth '—that the fire-new coronet has had its price on Cornhill, &c. &c. This is a controversy into which we shall not at present enter. As to the high respect of our time for *wealth* itself, there can be no doubt. Wherever it appears, it has Flattery kissing the dust before it, and—(though Mr. Sharp may fancy that the revolutionary spirit of the age aims only at *rank*)—Envy whetting the knife behind. He proceeds in this tone—which we fancy will amuse posterity in a volume published in the year 1834.

' Since this over-estimate of wealth is almost universal, it can be no wonder that the rich are so vain and the poor so envious. I know that it is only repeating the tritest of commonplaces to observe that both exaggerate its advantages.

" Je lis au front de ceux qu'un vain faste environne,
Que la Fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne."

' It must, however, be owned, that the greatest are willing enough to consider the humblest as their fellow-creatures, when they stand in need of their help. A prince in danger of being drowned would not wonder at being saved by the *humanity* of a common sailor; and a general, before a battle, addresses his " brave *fellow-soldiers*." Indeed many persons do the poor the honour of expecting them to be spotless. *Too often is it deemed a good excuse for refusing them alms, that they have failings like our own.*

' There are many advantages in this variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, " all the holidays of the church are properly kept; since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts." To be more serious—it is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar

of feeling hitherto characteristic of the medical profession in this kingdom, the poorest have easy access to the best medical advice as well as surgical assistance—*gratis*. No man of eminence in any walk of the profession, but admits, for a certain part of every day, patients from whom no remuneration can be expected: no operation but what is daily performed with consummate skill on our paupers. This is, perhaps, the only advantage that the poor of towns have over those of the country—but it is a great one.* The

* We cannot resist the temptation to quote a short passage from an excellent pamphlet lately published on 'The Medical Profession in England.' We recommend it to the candid attention of *Lord Durham* and *Mr. Warburton*:—

'Let it be supposed, according to the cry of the present day, or, to express it more justly, according to the leading feeling in the minds of many, that there should be free trade in everything; free trade in the sale of the products of mind as well as of bodily labour. Now if this doctrine be applied to the profession of physic, the argument may be familiarly illustrated in the following manner. The first difficulty that presents itself is, that the purchasers of the article are no judges of it; they must buy upon confidence therefore; and confidence is an ingredient that always enhances the price of a commodity,—as is observed in trade, where a dealer in good articles must have a remuneration for their worth, proportionate to the character he bears for supplying no bad materials. Experience has taught mankind, that it is safer and cheaper to deal with such persons in all articles of which purchasers are not perfect judges, than to go to those who profess to sell cheap. The common reason of the world teaches, that, where honesty in tradesmen is equal, cheap articles must be inferior; the proverb that *cheap fish stinks* is universally applicable. Now, suppose that the practice of physic be reduced to a mere trade for lucre, and it is not difficult to conceive this; nay, it is the inevitable consequence of bringing all the present denominations of practitioners under one head, and giving them all equal rank. If the man who has studied several years in an university, and qualified himself with every accomplishment which the best education this country affords, is to be upon the level of a five-years apprenticed apothecary, who has lived behind a shop-board, mixed up and dispensed medicines according to the order of his master, attended as many lectures as may enable him to pass an examination, and to be licensed as soon as he has attained the limited age; why, then, in a few years there will be none but the lower order of practitioners. No man will either pass through the labour, or be at the expense, of a better education, if he is neither to have superior station nor superior emolument. Conceive, then, the condition of *gentlemen* in the profession to be at an end, and the business of physic to have become a mere trade, in which there is a competition of tradesmen to supply the article of advice (and, let it be remembered, in the most anxious and dangerous conditions of life) at the cheapest rate. Bear in mind also, that the article sold to you is one of which you are no judge: what happens? The informed and educated man, if such remain in existence, having become a mere trader, at once makes the best market of his article that he can, and having no longer any feeling of professional character, deals with his patients as he would do upon a bargain of TIMBER or of COALS. Fears, anxieties, distressed feelings of relations, the miseries of sickness to the sufferer, are ample opportunities for making great bargains with individuals. A person of reputation for the cure of diseases under this free-trade system would not only have no scruples, but would think he did not do himself justice if he forbore to take advantage of such opportunities; *as he who dealt in* TIMBER *or in* COALS *would avail himself of the rise in the market, to sell his goods.* This is but a short hint at the evils of such a change—add to them another. *The charitable assistance which is afforded by all branches of the profession to the poor, or to persons in indifferent circumstances, would at once be stopped. For that high character for benevolence which has been cultivated in the profession of physic from the commencement of the institution of* THE COLLEGE, and has, *by the example afforded,* been *diffused to all branches of medical practitioners, and raised the whole of the profession to a higher state and*

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who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract—a living, or a stall—a ship, or a regiment—a seat on the bench, or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes, the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt, to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election.'—pp. 90-93.

Are we to understand, by 'a really representative government,' the government of this country as likely to be carried on under the operation of the Durham and Russell Reform Bill? The cutting insinuations of a preceding extract about the 'mischief' done by 'hurry and self-conceit,' and 'fools that rush in where angels fear to tread,' make us slow to think so; but, if such is the meaning, we must say, Mr. Sharp had not looked far about him, when he hailed in the new system a diminution in the muster of political adventurers. On the contrary, we think it must already be obvious to every impartial observer, that the existing government, having done away with a system which had for one of its instruments the influence of ministerial patronage, are busily employed in the endeavour to replace it, by one in which there shall be no other element of influence whatever except that of patronage. We should be only too happy to anticipate their success in this plan, if we thought that by so succeeding they might secure the eventual quiet of the country which they have disorganized; but we fear their *new courts*, and *central boards*, and endless *commissions*, will be seen through, just as those of the Long Parliament were—and that, unless they also make theirs a *long parliament*, we shall presently hear of other things, even from Whig chroniclers, than the obstinacy of their '*integrity!*'

As a considerable part of this volume is occupied with 'Letters and Essays in *Verse*,' we must give at least one specimen of our author's rhymes. It will be seen that his lines flow, in general, easily and gracefully—and that every now and then there comes a couplet of true terseness and energy; but that in verse, on the whole, Mr. Sharp cannot claim the title of a master. He has not always condensed and polished to the extent demanded in the style and measure he attempts. His second hemistichs and second lines are sometimes merely expletive. Nevertheless, he is of a good old school; and we prefer him, with all his deficiencies,

'But youth is on the wing, and will not stay;
Fair morn too oft of a foul wint'ry day!
A warm but watery gleam, extinguish'd soon
In storm or vapour, gathering o'er its noon:
And should the unwearied Sun shine on, till night
Quench his hot ray and cloud his cheerful light,
How fast the shadow o'er the dial flies!
While to himself fond man a debtor dies,
Trusting to-morrow still, or misemploy'd,
He leaves the world unknown, and unenjoy'd.

'*Haste, then, as nature dictates dare to live;*
Ask of thy youth the pleasures youth should give:
So shall thy manhood and thy age confess
That of the past the present learns to bless;
And thou shalt boast, with mingling joy and pride,
The wife, the mother, dearer than the bride,
And own, as on thy knees thy children grow,
That home becomes an early heaven below.

'*There still an angel hovers o'er the fence,*
To drive with flaming sword all evil thence:
There, in a little grove of kindred, rise
Those tender plants, the human charities,
Which, in the world's cold soil and boisterous air,
Withhold their blossoms and refuse to bear,
Or all unshelter'd from the blaze of day,
Their golden fruit falls premature away.

'Hail, holy marriage! hail, indulgent law!
Whose kind restraints in closer union draw
Consenting hearts and minds:—By thee confined,
Instinct 's ennobled, and desire refined.
Man is a savage else, condemned to roam
Without companion, and without a home:
And helpless woman, as alone she strays,
With sighs and tears her new-born babe surveys;
But choosing, chosen, never more to part,
New joys, new duties blending in her heart—
Endow'd alike to charm him and to mend—
Man gains at once a mistress and a friend:
In one fair form obtaining from above
An angel's virtues and a woman's love:
Then guarded, cherish'd, and confest her worth,
She scorns the pangs that give his offspring birth,
Lifts for the father's kiss the laughing boy,
And sees and shares his triumph and his joy.'—pp. 184-9.

We have reserved to the last what may be called the critical department of this volume. The letter which we are about to quote was addressed in 1784 to Mr. John Fell, then engaged with his English Grammar, and who, like Mr. Sharp, regarded

 with

ing period, as yet unoccupied by any author of extensive or lasting popularity. It is, however, of a work like the present—(of which the historical narrative fills four large volumes, and the very valuable collections on the laws, customs, manners, and arts of the period, on the constitutions of the German empire and the Italian cities, two more)—that journalists of our own class find it most difficult to give a fair and satisfactory account. The merit of the work does not lie in detached passages of brilliant eloquence or high-wrought description; but in the general effect of the whole, which impresses the character of the age with remarkable force and clearness upon the mind. Though, as we shall hereafter observe, some subsidiary parts occupy a disproportioned space, it is, in general, remarkable how boldly and yet how harmoniously the main figures stand out from the historic canvass. Few modern histories are so full and copious in their details—yet the interest rarely languishes; the distinctness of the general impression, and the marked features of the more prominent characters, are not lost and shaded away in the minuteness of the narrative. The tone of sentiment which prevails throughout the work is that of a calm and unimpassioned observer, though of one far from deficient in quick and lively sensibility. The author's imagination is by no means dead to the romantic and picturesque effect of which his subject is capable, yet, in his moral judgments, he does not forget that sober philosophy which ought to be expected from a writer in the present day. He at once remembers that he is writing *of* the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but *in* the nineteenth. Nor is he less impartial in his discrimination between the influence of their age upon the leading personages whom he depicts, and that which more strictly belongs to their personal character. He does equal justice to popes and emperors, but permits neither the tiara nor the crown to obscure the individuality of lineament which belongs to each; they are men as well as feudal sovereigns and imperious churchmen. This is high praise; and if we add true *German* diligence in the collection of materials, and a style, if we may presume to judge, more easy and agreeable than that of most German historians, we shall have assigned a distinguished rank to this work among the historical compositions of the day. But in proportion to the merit of the work, is our difficulty in justifying our opinion by the rapid outline of its plan and contents, for which alone we can afford space.

The history of the imperial house of Swabia, the race of the Hohenstaufen, comprehends the termination of the great, and, for a time, decisive contest, between the spiritual and the temporal, the papal and the imperial dominion. As yet, the splendid vision of a vast moral supremacy, to be established by the successors of St. Peter over the principalities and thrones of the world—that vision

which

grounds, the fond illusion, that they were establishing the salutary despotism of intellectual superiority over brute force; that in advancing their own supremacy they were advancing that of peace and religion, and even of civil liberty. For it must be remembered, that at this time the mass of mankind were crouching in miserable servitude, or groaning in helpless oppression, under the tyranny either of a stern monarchy, or more often of an armed and irresponsible aristocracy. The popes were for a considerable time the allies and protectors of Italian freedom. To them, as to the more noble-minded Italians of all ages, appeared, as the distant but legitimate scope of their earthly ambition, the exclusion of Transalpine influence from the peninsula. We must not, however, allow ourselves to be tempted into the great question, how far, at this period, the Christian church, by assuming the strength and consistency of a monarchical government, might, at least incidentally, greatly contribute to the establishment and preservation of social order, and the best interests of mankind—how far it may have operated as a corrective to the fierce barbarism of the manners, the laws, and the governments of feudal Europe. With the impartiality of our author, we must be neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. We would only impress on our readers this important consideration, that both the policy of the papal government, and still more the characters of the popes themselves, must be carefully distinguished in the various periods of history. The successors of Gregory VII. were men of a very different order from those mere *bishops of Rome* who were raised to the chair of St. Peter by the suffrages of a fierce and turbulent populace, and by their lawless and profligate leaders, the Theodoras and Marozias; and not less so from the worldly and demoralized prince-pontiffs, whose vices as well as spiritual tyranny accelerated the Reformation, when, in the person of Alexander VI., the supreme head of the Christian world appeared as the perfect model of unchristian vice. The prelates who, between these extreme periods of papal weakness and papal wickedness, carried the pretensions and the authority of the Vatican to their height, and waged a successful contest with the Empire, were men, in general, of austere, if not ascetic morals, of high endowments, and of commanding minds.

The chief founder of the spiritual autocracy, Hildebrand, lies beyond the sphere of the present history; we await with eager interest the long-promised life of him by M. Villemain. But among the opponents of the Swabian emperors, rank, perhaps, the ablest as well as the most ambitious of his descendants, Innocent III.; and that extraordinary pontiff, Gregory IX., who, ascending the papal throne when past the age of eighty, for nearly twenty years waged an obstinate and almost incessant strife with the most active,

quenching all its glories in the blood of its last blameless and youthful descendant.——M. von Raumer says:—

'Eastward from Stutgard and Esslingen, the Rems and the Fils form two of the most fertile and charming valleys of Swabia. Along their sides stretches a continuation of the ridge of the rugged Alps, with an interchange of hill and dale; above all these heights appears, rising sheer, in the form of a cone, from the almost level plain, the lofty Hohenstaufen. Only towards the north-east, the beautiful hills called the Rechberge draw towards it, as it were, with brotherly closeness; on every other side there is an almost boundless view over the rich country, with its fields, meadows, and woods. In the more remote distance rises the Staufell, and the graceful pinnacle of the Staufenech which springs from it; beyond may be clearly discerned the parent stem of all these branch mountains, the rugged Alps; and a dark line marks on the other side the Black Forest. A practised eye can discover more than sixty towns or villages in the great circle from this mountain, as far as Elwangen. North-west from the foot of the Hohenstaufen, lies a village called Büren, or Beuern, belonging to a family of the same name, of which the early origin is unknown; until about the middle of the eleventh century, Frederick of Büren migrated from the narrow valley to the Hohenstaufen. The view down from this pinnacle appeared to summon and incite to the assumption and extension of dominion; thenceforth the race of the Hohenstaufen raised itself not only over other families of the same rank, but above all the princely families, and houses of Germany; until, after its dazzling meridian splendour and unparalleled elevation, it became the victim of an awful and unexampled tragic destiny; sunk at once into the darkest night, so as to leave behind it no vestige; and only the faithful allegiance of the historian can attempt to reawaken it to life.'

During the prosperity of the Hohenstaufen, a flattering but ungrounded genealogy closely connected them with the Franconian emperors, and even traced them up to the Carlovingian and Merovingian races; but, according to M. von Raumer, even their less splendid connexion with the Counts of Calw and the Palatines of Tubingen is rather doubtful; nor is it certain that their ancestors had any right to the rank of counts,—only to that of nobles. Nothing is positively known but that Frederick, the founder of the Hohenstaufen, was the son of Frederick of Büren, and of Hildegard, of a Franconian and Alsatian family. He had one sister, Adelaide, and four brothers, of whom Otho became Bishop of Strasburg; Louis, Count Palatine. By his prudence, courage, and activity, Frederick—of whatever rank were his ancestors—rose to be the equal of the noblest counts of Swabia, and was a steady and important partisan of the Emperor Henry IV. in all his difficulties. Henry, who knew by bitter experience the fickleness and the self-interested

k, had raised a formidable competitor at the approaching tion—for Lothaire died without heirs; and the North and South ermany—the Houses of Swabia and of Guelph—stood opposed ach other for the great prize, the imperial crown. The posi- of the parties was now changed; the greater power and hence was on the side of Henry the Proud; but the House of hohenstaufen boldly adopted the same irregular and violent urse by which they had been excluded on the former occasion. hey did not await the Diet, the great assembly of the whole feudal ristocracy of the empire; for the nomination to the imperial throne ad not as yet been appropriated by the electoral princes. The neeting had been summoned at the Feast of Pentecost, in the city of Mentz; but before that day, Frederick and his brother Conrad, with the Archbishops of Treves and Cologne, the Pope's Legate, and a few other magnates, met in Coblentz, and chose Conrad for king, who was crowned in Aix-la-Chapelle by the Pope's Legate, the see of Mentz being then vacant. The civil war which threatened to involve the whole of Germany in desolation was arrested for a time by the prudence of the Archbishop of Treves, and was finally averted by the opportune death of Henry the Proud. His brother, Guelph VI., attempted to maintain possession of the dukedom of Bavaria, against Leopold, Duke of Austria, the half-brother of the Hohenstaufen, (after the death of the Duke of Swabia, his widow, Agnes, the daughter of Henry IV., had married the Margrave of Austria,) and it was in the battle of Weinsberg, for the possession of this territory, that the cry of Welf and Waiblingen (Guelph and Ghibelline), the signal for centuries of deadly faction and remorseless animosity in the empire and in the cities of Italy, was first heard. The Guelph requires no explanation: Waiblingen seems to have been a castle of the Hohenstaufen, upon the banks of the Rems.

The great fault which we should find with the work of M. von Raumer, is the disproportionate space which he has assigned to the history of the Crusades. In many points, however, this most important event in the history of the dark ages is closely connected with his subject; and as we can fully enter into the strength of the temptation offered to a writer far from insensible to the splendid and poetic effect of that which may be considered the romantic period of history, we would be extremely lenient to an error of this nature. The crusades must have contributed in an important degree to the power and authority of the popes. The pontiff had appeared as the acknowledged head of the western world in more than one general assembly of all the temporal as well as ecclesiastical powers of Europe, who were present either in person or by their representatives. The whole assembly had taken arms at his bid-

ding,

to desert his [illegible] the rights of the church, tracted to [illegible] of the law. Yet he himself, admitted by [illegible] information concerning his how he would [illegible] reer to his worthy relative, the liction of the [illegible] in language far superior to the the voice of [illegible] almost in a melancholy tone,— pire to leave [illegible] by those most distinguished men of Asia Minor [illegible] ows than deeds—(magis dici pos- his troops, the [illegible] king—and [illegible] a Ghibelline tinge in this high- the estimate [illegible] on, the historian of the Italian re- Barbarossa, [illegible] ity inclined to the great oppressor waging at [illegible] his side, ample justice to the lofty he considers [illegible] in this splendid design of recon- mote rivals [illegible] magne, the German emperor forgot least in the [illegible] which centuries had been slowly work- [illegible] Charlemagne possessed the power, and [illegible] power with the title, of Emperor of the [illegible] blend together the sacred reminiscences [illegible] aric energy and chivalrous enterprise of [illegible] the Cæsars of the twelfth century re- [illegible] definite pretensions, the shadow, but not [illegible] ial dignity. In Germany—the elective [illegible] feudal aristocracy—the Emperor's rights [illegible] ous, and his authority still more precarious, [illegible] of Italy;—while, instead of lying a prostrate [illegible] of the master of the West, and imploring his suc- [illegible] domestic enemies, the Pope stood the resist- [illegible] ble head of the hostile league, wielding an equal, [illegible] which schism could not weaken, nor discom- [illegible] In fact, not all the wealth and independence, the [illegible] endurance, of the Italian cities, could have offered [illegible] successful resistance—distracted as they were by [illegible] ties, and opposed to each other with hatred stronger [illegible] the love of liberty—unless the authority of the church [illegible] allied with the rising freedom of northern Italy. The [illegible] Barbarossa with the young republics of Lombardy— [illegible], the siege, the ruin, the resurrection of Milan from her [illegible] to still more haughty independence, are so well known to [illegible] readers from the eloquent pages of Sismondi, that we shall [illegible] observe, that the narrative of Von Raumer, from its spirit, [illegible] and perspicuity, still rivets the attention, even with [illegible] the French historian fresh upon the memory.

[illegible] shall confine ourselves to a few illustrations of the manner [illegible] the papal power mingled itself in all these transactions, and

final triumph of one. Frederick appealed to the ecclesiastical as well as to the temporal princes of the empire. Von Raumer does not give the emphatic clause in his letters by which he repelled this last arrogant claim of the Pontiff—'As by the election of the princes we hold the kingdom, and the empire of God alone; as St. Peter commands all persons to "fear God and honour the king," whoever shall say that we have received the imperial crown of the pope, *pro beneficio*, as a fief or gift, impugns the divine institution, contradicts St. Peter, and is a liar.'

Another of his charges against the pope complained that he had refused to destroy a picture, in which the Emperor Lothaire was represented as kneeling and soliciting the crown from Pope Innocent II. As our author has tried his hand on the monkish doggrel of its inscription, we must follow his example:—

'Rex venit ante fores, jurans primum urbis honores,
Post homo fit papæ, sumit quo dante coronam.'

'The king appeared before the door—
To observe the city's rights he swore—
As liegeman of the pope knelt down,
And as his gift received the crown.'

The elevation of Cardinal Roland, the imprudent legate who had asserted the pope's superiority in the full diet, to the pontificate, was not likely to mitigate the hostility of the contending parties. His election, however, was contested; an anti-pope, of course supported by the imperial faction, for several years divided the kingdoms of the West. But no greater proof can be given of the solid foundations on which the papal dominion rested, than that at this period the frequent schisms seemed not in the least to shake its authority. Alexander III. at length triumphed over his competitor—the Italian cities wrested their freedom from the reluctant emperor—and, at the famous meeting at Venice, the pope and the emperor met in the Place of St. Mark—the pope gave him the kiss of peace—the emperor received the sacrament from the hand of the pope, and held the stirrup as he mounted his palfrey; and mutual respect as well as cheerful intercourse between the spiritual and temporal sovereigns of the West gave the fairest hopes of long and undisturbed peace. It is to this occasion that later annalists have assigned that memorable incident which long passed as an historical fact, and was repeated on one side by the boastful partizans of the papal supremacy, on the other by the indignant denunciations of its adversaries against papal pride. It is said, that when the emperor prostrated himself before the pope, the haughty ecclesiastic set his foot upon his neck, with the words of the 91st Psalm,—'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample

 under

probably never existed—thus is Frederick described in the black pages of papal hostility:—The bold and daring reasoner, who too soon caught glimpses of pure and genuine Christianity through the thick darkness of his own age; so has he been imagined by the more charitable sentence of some modern historians. The stirring vicissitudes of this eventful life, and the lights and shades of this various character, are developed with singular skill, freedom, and vigour in the history before us. The flowing narrative is still interrupted by somewhat disproportionate digressions on the affairs of the East, and at times there are passages which we would wish to compress into more rapid and pregnant brevity; yet, on the whole, the fulness with which every transaction is related, and the extracts from the documents of the period, which are interwoven with skill and judgment into the general narrative, give remarkable completeness and reality to the picture of the times.

Henry VI., by his marriage with Constance, the heiress of the Norman line, left to his infant son Frederick the inheritance of the Sicilian crown. At his father's death Frederick was but three years old. The next year his mother, Constance, followed her husband to the grave; and she bequeathed the guardianship of the young king to the pope, Innocent III. It was during the minority of Frederick, that Innocent—since Hildebrand, the greatest of the popes, both in the boldness of his pretensions and the ability with which he asserted them—built on more solid foundations the edifice of the papal greatness. In the affairs of all the great kingdoms of Europe Innocent interposed, and never without success; and his interposition in general assumed the tone of high moral dignity. He was the common father of Christendom standing forth as the assertor of the violated laws of God, as the protector of the oppressed; he was the Roman censor, armed with unlimited authority, in defence of public virtue—rather than the dictator, the sole object of whose despotic rule was to further the ambitious designs, and advance the growing power, of the sovereign of the world. However unmeasured his pretensions, they were hallowed and dignified by an apparently high religious purpose. In his contest with Philip Augustus of France, Innocent enlisted on his side the moral sentiment and chivalrous gallantry of the nation; he was the advocate of a blameless and injured wife against an unjust and ungenerous husband. In England he favoured the independent spirit of a bold people against a pusillanimous tyrant. He crushed the refractory violence of the Roman populace, and established the rights of the papacy over 'the patrimony of St. Peter.' In Germany a contested succession weakened the empire, and left the pope with the balance of power in his hands.

Innocent administered his guardianship of the Sicilian king with

 fidelity:

at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the presence of almost all the princes and powerful ecclesiastics of the empire.

In gratitude to heaven for this unexampled success, the young emperor, on the day of his coronation, took the cross, with many of the German princes and prelates, and bound himself with that fatal vow which clung around him during the whole of his life, fettered the freedom and the vigour of all his measures, and gave his great antagonist an advantage which he could never retrieve even by the late fulfilment of his oath. Innocent III. died the year after the coronation of Frederick, and for the eleven years during which the mild and pacific Honorius III. filled the papal see, there was no open breach between the antagonist powers; Frederick made liberal concessions of the territories bequeathed by the Countess Matilda, and other advantages, to the papacy; and though Honorius murmured at the delay which year after year prevented Frederick from embarking on the crusade, these low sounds of growing hostility were but the prelude to the gathering tempest. Though Honorius acted as mediator between the Lombard cities and the emperor, who had unhappily determined to assert his ill-defined and precarious sovereignty over these proud republics; yet, even his peaceful government would hardly have avoided involving itself in a contest which, if Frederick had succeeded, would have left the emperor and the Ghibelline interest undisputed masters of the whole of Italy. Such was the state of affairs when, more than eighty years old, Gregory IX. was elected (A.D. 1227) to the papal throne. The old man at once threw down the gauntlet: he had in secret murmured against the gentler and more yielding policy of his predecessor; he determined at once to replace the papal authority on its commanding eminence. Gregory retained the vigour, the ambition of youth, united with the unbending obstinacy of old age; he had been employed under Innocent and Honorius in the most important negotiations of the papal see. Frederick himself hailed the appointment, and did justice to the character of Gregory.—'He is a man of spotless reputation, of blameless morals, distinguished for piety, erudition, and eloquence—he shines among the rest like a brilliant star.' The emperor's political astrology had not calculated the fatal influence of this disastrous planet upon his fame and fortunes.

From the hand of Gregory IX. then the Cardinal Hugolino, the young emperor had received the cross. While the first act of the new pope was to call upon Europe for renewed exertions in favour of the sinking cause of Christendom in the East, his summons to the emperor to fulfil his yet unaccomplished vow was more direct, earnest, and vehement. The next address of the pope was of a still more personal character. The severe old man was offended, not

doubt the influence of that delicious climate and lovely land, fully appreciated by the gay and chivalrous sovereign, was without its effect on the state and appearance of his court, to other circumstances contributed to give a peculiar and antic character. Probably it more resembled that of Granada any other in Europe, though more rich and picturesque the variety of manners, usages, and even dresses, which pre- within it. It was open to the mingled population which at time filled the southern cities. If anything of Grecian ele- or luxury survived in the West, it was in the cities of Naples Sicily. The Norman chivalry, without having altogether lost bold and enterprising bearing, had in some degree yielded to melting genius of the country: they had become brave and ac- plished *Southrons*. The Jews were numerous, enlightened, wealthy; the Mahometan inhabitants of Sicily were probably the least polished, nor, as his enemies asserted, the least come at the court of Frederick. It was one of the grave arges made against him at a later period, that Saracen women were seen at his court, who, by their licentiousness, corrupted the orals of his Christian subjects. The answer of Frederick ad- itted the fact, but asserted the correctness and chastity of his Mahometan dames; nevertheless, to avoid all future scandal, he consented to dismiss them. In those days, it would have been impious in a churchman to suppose that a Mahometan man could possess any virtue, unless, perhaps, that of valour; or a Mahometan female any virtue at all. The manner in which this inclination for the society of 'miscreant' ladies was moulded up with imputations of Mahometan habits, may be seen in the Guelphic character of Frederick in Villani. The Florentine does ample justice to his noble and kingly qualities, to the universality of his genius and knowledge; but adds—'he was dissolute, and abandoned to every kind of luxury. After the manner of the Saracens, he had many concubines, and was attended by Mamelukes; he gave himself up to sensual enjoyments, and led an epicurean life, taking no thought of the world to come; and this was the principal reason of his enmity to the holy church and the clergy, as well as his avarice in usurping the possessions and infringing on the jurisdiction of holy church.'

Frederick himself was a promising pupil of the *gaja scienza;* the emperor and his chancellor, Peter de Vinea—

> 'to the harp
> Framed many an amorous ditty lovely well.'

Among the treasures of the earliest Italian poetry, are several compositions of the monarch and of his poetic rival. One sonnet, indeed, of Peter de Vinea, is perhaps equal to anything of the kind

arrayed the superstition of the age, the all-dreaded interdict, which sealed up from the believer the font of baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the very graves of his fathers in the consecrated cemetery; the great body of the priesthood, whether secular or regular, from the lordly archbishop or primate who bearded his sovereign in his own court, to the hardly less influential itinerant Franciscan, who ruled at will the religious passions of the populace. Such was the conflict which was now hastening onward to one of the most decisive issues in the history of Christian Europe.

Frederick had bound himself by the treaty of St. Germano to furnish certain forces, and himself to embark, after a certain interval, on the crusade. This treaty was entered into with Honorius III. If he did not provide the stated number of knights, pay the stipulated sum of money, and embark at the appointed time, he fell at once under the ban of the church; the pope had the acknowledged right to issue the awful interdict. Almost immediately upon his accession, Gregory demanded the fulfilment of the contract, and reminded the emperor of the fearful penalty. At the appointed time Frederick set sail from the coast of Naples: but in three days the royal bark was seen steering back for the shore; the emperor, on account of feigned or real indisposition, retired to the baths of Pozzuoli. The whole expedition, as soon as they heard of Frederick's return, dispersed on all sides. The papal party loudly charge Frederick with a mean evasion of the terms of the compact. The imperialists as strenuously assert that the indisposition of the emperor was real. M. von Raumer's opinion is, that from the first Frederick was in earnest in his design to undertake a crusade, and that he had fully made up his mind, at this period, to fulfil his vow. But Frederick would not undertake a crusade, unless with the power, the resources, the magnificence, which became the emperor, nor without reasonable hopes of a splendid and successful issue. He was disappointed in the number of those who assembled in the havens of Brundusium, and the other ports of his kingdom—still more so in their unwarlike appearance. He had furnished and armed his own quota; but the rest were but a lawless and ill-appointed rabble. Sickness broke out among them, and Frederick, perhaps himself afflicted by some slight malady, took the opportunity of withdrawing from the head of an expedition against which the memory of his ancestors might solemnly warn him, since one had lost his fame, another his life, in the conduct of one of these wild and ill-regulated hosts. Gregory heard at Anagni of the embarkation and return of Frederick. He proceeded at once to utter the edict of excommunication;—

'Three

'Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est;
Quæ venit indigno pœna, dolenda venit.'

Another vindication was issued in the name of the archbishops of Messina and Palermo, and other eminent ecclesiastics. These were comparatively calm and argumentative state papers. But the war of manifestoes became speedily more fierce and personal. The emperor and the pope appealed against each other to the kings of the Christian world, and to all Christendom. In these singular documents, not the least curious or characteristic part is the frequency, and, to our ears, profane misapplication of scriptural language. In his address to all Christian kings, Frederick boldly declares Gregory unworthy of his high office, and appeals to a general council:—

'But ye, O kings and princes of the earth, lament not only for us, but for the church; for her head is sick, her prince like a roaring lion; in the midst of her sits a man of falsehood, a corrupt priest, a frantic prophet.'

To the whole of Christendom he uses these strangely perverted phrases:—

'The Pharisees and Scribes have gathered themselves together, and held a council concerning their lord, the Roman emperor. "What shall we do," say they, "for this man triumphs over all his enemies? If we let him alone, he will subdue all Lombardy; and, after the manner of the emperors, not hesitate, as far as he is able, to drive us from our places and root out our race. He will entrust the vineyard of the Lord to other labourers, and condemn and destroy us without trial. . . . . We must attack this Cæsar, not only with words but with all our no longer to be concealed arrows. We will shoot out these till they strike him, strike him—till they wound, till they wound him—till they overthrow, till they overthrow him." . . . . Thus speak the Pharisees, who in our days sit in the seat of Moses. . . . And this father of all fathers, who calls himself the servant of the servants of God, changes himself into a deaf adder; setting aside judgment and justice, refuses to hear the vindication of the Cæsar; hath cast out, despising all counsel, his malediction into the world, like a stone from a sling; and sternly, and heedless of all consequences, cries aloud,—'What I have written, I have written.'"

Frederick appealed, in better keeping, to the words addressed by our Lord to his apostles after his resurrection: he said not,—'Take arms and shield, bow and sword;' but 'Peace be with you.' He taunts the avarice, the luxury of the pope, and even turns his name against him,—

'Gregorius, gregis disgregator potius.'

The pope, in his reply, was not less prodigal of personal invective and scriptural metaphor:—

'Out

the character of the times) is the religious dialect in which the whole is couched. Those who have attempted to trace the scriptural expressions and imagery of Dante, have been scarcely aware that such had long been the language of the Christian world. These manifestos, indeed, were sent forth in Latin, but the Ghibelline party, as they were addressed to all orders, would take care that at least their substance should be made known in their popular dialects. The same imagery, and not a little of the heretical tone concerning the pride, the luxury, the pomp of the papal see, were disseminated by the Franciscans, the Methodists of Roman Catholicism. At first, indeed, these popular preachers were so entirely in the papal interest, that Frederick took the bold and decisive measure of expelling them from the kingdom of Naples; but—both as disseminating that which may be called the poetic Christian language, in the vulgar tongue, and as inveighing against the abuses of the papal power, some of the Franciscan preachers may be considered the link between Frederick II. and the Florentine poet. We do not distinctly recollect whether Signor Rosetti, in his ingenious though too refined and systematic attempts to elucidate the mysteries of that great poem, has included these manifestoes of the emperor and the pope, as showing the tendency of the age to adapt the mystic allegories of the Revelations to the events and characters of the day. The rude hymns, the satires, the mysticism of Fra Jacopone di Todi, who was imprisoned by Boniface VIII. for disrespect to the successor of St. Peter, are something in the same strain. There can be no doubt that both of these might contribute a curious chapter to a work not yet adequately executed, the 'Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem;' though, after all, perhaps they might chiefly command public attention now-a-days as throwing some light, however feeble, on the composition of the 'Divina Commedia.' How wonderful the privilege of true genius, —that state papers, which almost arrayed Europe in hostile conflict, which spoke the contending sentiments of factions, that divided every county, every city, every household,—are chiefly interesting as illustrative of a single poem!

The religion of Frederick is, and will ever be, a more inscrutable problem. How far was he beyond his age? how far had he ventured from the thick darkness of his time into the daylight of reason? Had he advanced still farther into the dim thickets of doubt, or plunged into the bottomless abyss of unbelief? His real sentiments can neither be ascertained from the careless speeches which he may have hazarded in his light hours of social revelry, nor from the public confession of faith which was extorted from him by the dangerous accusations of the pope—though in this, at the time, he may have been, or at least thought himself to

forced to take refuge with all his followers during the heat of summer, was the real cause of his death. But a few weeks before his decease Gregory wrote these words :—

'Do not permit yourselves, ye faithful, to be cast down by the unfavourable appearances of the present moment; be neither depressed by misfortune, nor elated by prosperity; put your trust in God, and endure his trials with patience: the bark of Peter is for a time tossed by tempests and dashed against breakers; but soon it emerges unexpectedly from the foaming billows, and sails uninjured over the glassy surface.'

The new pope, Celestine IV., elected under the terror of Frederick's successful arms, died sixteen days after his election: the cardinals, who had suffered every kind of privation, and dreaded the poisonous air of Rome, had taken the opportunity of flight, and nearly two years elapsed before the chair of St. Peter was filled again. Frederick himself was at length obliged to urge on the election. He was still under the ban of excommunication; none but a pope could cancel the anathema of a pope. Whatever advantages he may have derived from the want of a head to the opposite faction—whether, as M. von Raumer debates the question, he may have entertained some design of changing the constitution of the church from a papal monarchy into an aristocracy of the cardinals—the general voice of Christendom demanded, in language which could not be misunderstood and might not be opposed, the election of a new spiritual sovereign. The choice fell on a cardinal, once closely connected with the interests, and supposed to be attached to the person, of Frederick—Sinibald Fiesco, of the Genoese house of Lavagna. He assumed the name of Innocent IV.—a fatal omen that he intended to tread in the steps of Innocent III. Frederick was congratulated on the accession of his declared partisan; he coldly and prophetically answered, 'I fear that in the cardinal I have lost a good friend, and in the pope shall find my worst enemy. *No pope can be a Ghibelline.*'

Negotiations commenced, but in vain. The pope demanded the liberation of the ecclesiastics of the opposite faction, whom Frederick had captured in an encounter by sea; and on all other points his tone was as high and as uncompromising as at the height of the papal power. Frederick, who was now at the summit of his glory—his fame untarnished by discomfiture—Italy prostrate at his feet—his hereditary dominions attached to him by love, the empire by respect and awe (for his rebellious son was by this time dead)—on his part demanded in the first place the repeal of the interdict. But the star of the Hohenstaufen had reached its height; it began to decline, to darken—and

still more deeply wounded by a solemn vow of the Bolognese never to release the prisoner—a vow which they sternly maintained, notwithstanding the menaces and the most prodigal offers of ransom made by the disconsolate father. According to Sismondi, the loss of liberty was afterwards mitigated as far as possible by the attention and respect shown to their captive by the Bolognese nobility; according to M. von Raumer, it was aggravated by many petty vexations. We regret that we have not room for his romantic account of the attempt of Enzius to escape, after twenty years of captivity, when he contrived to conceal himself in a cask, but was betrayed by a lock of hair, too beautiful to belong to any one else but the royal prisoner.

Only six years had elapsed since the flight of Innocent—and the gay and splendid monarch, who at the age of twenty-one had won the imperial crown, and worn it with greater dignity than any former sovereign; the crusader who had recovered the kingdom of Jerusalem by an honourable treaty; the master, but now, of the whole of Italy, whose fortunes had for so long defied even the papal anathema—Frederick II.—lay expiring in the castle of Fiorentino, near Luceria, leaving to his son no more than the crown of Naples, and that endangered by the hostility of the pope. Sorrows even heavier than approaching death loaded the mind of the failing monarch. His favourite son lay pining in hopeless imprisonment. Of his most faithful followers, one, the bold Thaddeus of Suessa, who had maintained his cause with such intrepidity before the council of Lyons, had been cut off by a barbarous death. He had been taken prisoner by the insurgents of Parma. When captured, he was almost expiring from loss of blood; the Parmesans, considering him the adviser of the severe measures which had been put in force against their city, literally hewed him in pieces. The other, Peter of Vinea, his brother poet, who had shared his festive enjoyments in Palermo and Naples—to whose judicial integrity and consummate statesmanship he had intrusted his most secret affairs—his confidential counsellor in all his exigencies—in the touching language of Scripture, 'his dear familiar friend'—had, it seems, taken counsel against him. Much obscurity still hangs over the fate of Peter de Vinea. M. von Raumer does not entirely disbelieve that circumstantial narrative of Matthew Paris, which has been rejected by many writers. According to this account, while Frederick lay ill, the confidential physician of Peter had prescribed for him, and prepared his medicine. The Emperor, who had received a private warning, said,—

'y friend, I put my full trustin you. But take care, I entreat
t poison is not administered to me instead of physic." Peter
l, "Sire, how often has my physician prepared for you whole-
some

As Mr. Cary's version of the passage appears particularly happy, we subjoin it.

> 'I it was who held
> Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards,
> Opening and shutting with a skill so sweet,
> That besides me into his inmost breast
> Scarce any other could admittance find.
> The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
> It cost me the life-blood that fill'd my veins.
> The harlot who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
> From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
> Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all,
> And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
> That my glad honours changed to bitter woes;
> My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
> Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
> Just as I was, unjust towards myself.
> By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear
> That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
> Who merited such honour.'

Frederick did not long survive. On the 7th of December, 1250, the great antagonist of the papacy died, at the age of fifty-six. He confessed his sins, and received absolution from the archbishop of Palermo. His remains were buried in that city which he had embellished so long with his court; and on the opening of the royal cemetery in 1783, his body was found in perfect preservation, and in imperial attire. Thus, after above five centuries, were two of the calumnies relating to his death refuted, that his body had rotted while he was alive, and that he had, 'dying, put on the weeds' of the Cistercian order. We share in M. von Raumur's indignation, that the remains of this extraordinary man were not treated with respect—two other bodies were thrown into his coffin. Those who would wish to obtain a just opinion of Frederick, in those parts of his distinguished character which we have been unable to notice, particularly as a legislator, a patron of learning, and founder of universities, will do well to consult the volumes of M. von Raumer.

We hasten to the last scene of our tragic drama. At the age of twenty-five died Conrad, the son of Frederick, leaving only the ill-fated Conradin, with no aid, save in the valour and ability of Manfred, the natural son of the emperor, to protect the throne of Naples against the inexorable hostility of the pope. The usurpation of the throne by this very Manfred—the crusade excited against him by the pope—the avarice of Charles VIII.—the fatal battle near Benevento, in which Manfred lost his kingdom and

and his life, rapidly crowd the scene; and Conradin is at length left alone to raise once more the battle-cry of the house of Swabia. In the field of Tagliacozzo that cry was heard, never to be heard again; and we shall adopt the language of M. von Raumer to describe the closing scene, in which the destiny of that house drew her pall over the last remains of the Hohenstaufen, on the scaffold of Conradin.

'Conradin was playing at chess when he received the intelligence of his condemnation; he did not lose his self-command, but, with the companions of his misfortunes, employed the short time that was left him in making his will, and in reconciling himself with God by confession and prayer.

'In the meantime the scaffold was raised, in the utmost silence, right before the city, near what was afterwards called the New Market, and the Church of the Carmelites. It appeared as if this place were chosen in malice, to show to Conradin, yet once more before his death, the splendour and beauty of his kingdom. The waves of the sea, which are here as lovely as they are peaceful, flow in as far as this spot, and before the eyes of the spectator spreads the magic circle of Portici, Castella-Mare, Sorrento, and Massa, which surrounds this noblest of bays, standing out more distinct in the dazzling light of the clear southern atmosphere. On the left the dark and lofty summit of Vesuvius suggests to the thought the awful might of nature; on the right the horizon is bounded by the rugged and broken rocks of the Island of Capua, where Tiberius, a worthy rival of Charles of Anjou, held his orgies.

'On the 29th of October, 1268, two months after the battle of Skurkola, the condemned prisoners were led to the place of judgment, where the executioner, with naked feet and bare arms, already awaited them. After King Charles had taken what was considered a place of honour in the window of a neighbouring castle, Robert of Bari, their iniquitous judge, spoke thus, according to his command:—"Ye assembled people! This Conradin, the son of Conrad, came from

alone, the king's son-in-law, a man no less comely than noble-minded, sprang forward, and said to Robert of Bari, "How darest thou, audacious and iniquitous villain, condemn to death so valiant and so princely a knight?" and at the same time struck him with his sword with such violence that he was carried away for dead. The king suppressed his wrath, for he saw that the whole French knighthood applauded the action of the count: yet the sentence remained unrepealed.

'Hereupon Conradin requested permission to address the people, and spoke with perfect composure:—"As a sinner before God, I have deserved death, but here I am unjustly condemned. I appeal to all loyal subjects, to whom my ancestors have shown their fatherly care; I appeal to all the sovereigns and princes of the earth, whether he is guilty of a capital crime who protects his own right and that of his people. And even were I guilty, how dare they thus barbarously punish my guiltless followers, who, owing allegiance to no one else, have adhered to me with praiseworthy fidelity!" These words produced emotions of pity in all, but no one would act; and he alone, whose emotions could have had any effect, remained hard as stone, not only against the arguments of justice, but even against those impressions which the rank, the youth, the beauty of the sufferers, made on every one else. Conradin then cast his glove down from the scaffold, to be conveyed to Peter, King of Aragon, as a testimony that he made over to him all his rights upon Apulia and Sicily; the Knight Henry Truchsess, of Waldburg, took up the glove, and fulfilled the last wish of his prince.

'Conradin, bereft of all hope of a change in his unjust doom, embraced his fellow victims, particularly Frederick of Austria, then took off his upper garment, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, said, "Jesus Christ, Lord of all created beings, King of Glory! since this cup may not pass from me, I commend my spirit to thy hands." Immediately he knelt down, and raising himself once again, he said, "Oh, my mother! what anguish am I causing thee!"'—vol. iv. p. 618.

After these words the death-blow fell. The blood thus mingled with the earth was the last of the house of Swabia, which had given so many emperors to the West. The Sicilian Vespers exacted a dreadful retribution for this most execrable judicial murder that ever disgraced the annals of mankind. Had its chief author been involved in the ruin which was brought upon his subjects, it would be difficult to point out an example in which we might more visibly trace the justice of Divine Providence. But the bloody deeds which reddened the soil of Naples could not revive that noble stem, under the shadow of whose branches the kingdom had so long reposed in glory and peace. Charles VIII. warred even upon the dead. After the horrible butchery of Conradin's

of Wootton, near Canterbury, in 1762; the second son of a country gentleman of honourable (if not of illustrious) descent, and the possessor, apparently, of an estate amply sufficient to maintain him in the rank of his ancestors. Our author's mother was a lady of the great family of Egerton; whence his baptismal name, and subsequently a large addition of property to this branch of the house of Brydges. He received, of course, the best education, as far as he was willing to avail himself of the opportunities placed liberally within his reach; spent several years at Cambridge; was called to the bar in 1787; and mingled from early youth in the best society, whether in Kent or in London. Not attaining rapid success at the bar, where few, if any, ever do so, he soon wearied of his profession, retired into a country house in Hampshire, and there devoted himself to belles-lettres and English antiquities, until, by the death of his elder brother, he came into possession of the family estates, when he removed into Kent. His love of the scenery of his native county appears to have been one of the strongest feelings in his breast; and here he continued all through the prime of his life, eternally writing and printing; a catalogue of the productions of his private press at Lee Priory would indeed fill one of our pages. A short period, during which he acted as captain of a troop of fencibles—and another, hardly longer, during which he sat in the House of Commons, but without making any figure there—hardly deserve to be noticed as breaking his course of rural retirement in what ought to be, perhaps, the very happiest of all earthly stations. Habits of careless, lavish expenditure, however, gradually crumbled down the very handsome fortune which he had inherited; and being no longer able to maintain the style of living to which he had been accustomed, and moreover thoroughly disgusted with this country for two specific reasons to be hereafter touched upon, Sir Egerton at length quitted Kent and England; and has, with rare intervals, resided on the continent for the last sixteen years. His innumerable publications of this period bear dates almost as numberless—Florence, Rome, Naples, Paris—and latterly, for the most part, that of Geneva. He is now in the seventy-third year of his age: as indefatigable in composition as ever, with all his faculties entire, and with abundance of *leisure*, at all events, to review calmly a long course of experience.

The result may be thus shortly stated. If we were to judge from isolated passages, no one ever reviewed the life of another with more calmness and fairness than Sir Egerton would seem to have carried over the retrospect of his own. There is not a word, perhaps, which any human being would think it right to say of him, in his literary capacity at least, which he has not said of himself

clude a respectable, wealthy, and ancient country-gentleman the honours of an English barony to which he was really en-d? The crown officers were bound to fulfil a certain course of ; so were the judges of the high tribunal before which the case tried. And Sir Egerton ought, at least, to have the matter d over again, before he dares to hazard one whisper of the inju-s tenour thus shortly alluded to by us—once for all, and not, must own, without some mixture of indignation in our pity. now, we see, announces himself on his title-pages, and, we told, signs his letters, as '*per legem terræ* Lord Chandos of deley.' Can this childish vaunt afford even a momentary satis-tion to a high mind?

The other great grievance is Sir Egerton's literary one. With spect to it, we cannot do better than re-quote an emphatic ntence from Mr. Sharp's 'Letters:' namely, 'A want of har-ony between the talents and the temperament is, wherever it is und, the fruitful source of faults and of sufferings. Perhaps w are less happy than those who are ambitious without industry —who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.' Sir Egerton as all his days been busy without industry—perpetually panting for the prize, but never sufficiently persevering to make out one real *heat.*

In vain would he console himself with such fond flattery as the following—

'Genuine poetry lies in the thought and sentiment, not in the dress; and these spring from the native powers of the head and heart, which no study or artifice can give. Memory, artifice, and industry may assist an author in making imitations, but they will want raciness and life. *Lord Byron* has made a great outcry against pretensions to sensibility; but no one had more intense sensibility than he had; and this outcry was itself an affectation. It is fear to go alone, and frankly to lay open one's own internal movements, which diverts genius from its course, and makes it produce spurious fruit. But I cannot think that any one can so deceive himself as to believe, when he is writing from the memory, that he is writing from the heart. My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures, &c. &c.'—vol. i. p. 5.

Does Sir Egerton seriously believe that Lord Byron ever dreamt of disparaging *sensibility?* He attacks the *professors* of ultra-sensibility, because he had observed mankind sharply, and seen that these were often in fact cold-hearted scoundrels; but the glorious gift of Heaven itself he partook as largely and reverenced as profoundly as any of his contemporaries. He, no doubt, despised those who set up for poets with no stock in trade but *sensibility;* but this was simply because he himself happened to

from all the paths of human contest or rivalry, and to pass one's days in retirement, despising show, and vanity, and notice, and seeking to while away the time by any innocent and self-dependent amusement. We seek distinction by an inherent propensity; but it is of no worth if obtained. I regret that I ever had any ambition.' —pp. 102-4.

The true subject of regret ought to be that he did not either bring up his mental habits to the pitch of his ambition, or lower his ambition to some point of easier attainment. He says elsewhere, however,—nay, it is but at the distance of a couple of pages,—

'In the sphere of higher society—among those whose intellect must guide human affairs,—there is a demand for the genius and talents which see far and wide,—into which individual interests, and the petty management which give selfish advantages at the expense of others, do not enter. *There* great mental gifts are properly appreciated, and make their way. Thus no man of genius, or superiority of mind, should ever place himself in a narrow neighbourhood.'—p. 94.

And this comes from the same pen which can still pour out such eternal diatribes as the following:—

'I now sit at the window of my humble campagne at Geneva, catching a glimpse of the noble lake, and defy or forget a world which once troubled me, and whose spite and other evil passions I once was not strong enough to overcome. Now they pass by me unheeded; they rattle along the road, but do not disturb my calm; and I live in the company of departed poets, and sublime and tender moralists. Many of my feelings have been anticipated by Cowley in his admirable prose-essays, which are models of thought, sentiment, and language. Everything is at the mercy of mind: if we think rightly we are capable of enjoyment under almost any adversity or deprivation. Calumny and detraction may rage; but in retirement we hear it not. There is a noble stanza in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," beginning—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny!"'—pp. 105.

We believe we have now quoted enough to let our readers into the secret of Sir Egerton's unfortunate state of mind. His burden is very like that of our old friend Timon of Athens—

'The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; *all is oblique.*'

We proceed to extract a few specimens of this strange narrative, not with any view of further criticising the author's mistakes about himself, but simply as illustrative of the unhappy consequences which attend an exquisite temperament unaccompanied by strength of mind and firmness of purpose. The mingled tone of self-satisfaction and self-reproach which runs through the whole book is painfully but most interestingly characteristic; but in

'The form is like Bayle's, but not the spirit. Scarce any article rises above mere compilation. It seems ungrateful to speak thus; for from this work I began at eight or nine years old to contract my passion for biography. I had the work constantly in my hands during the holidays, which I almost invariably spent at home. The volumes always lay in one of the windows of the common parlour at Wootton; and how often have I rejoiced when the rain and snow came, to keep me by the winter fireside, instead of mounting my pony, to follow all the morning my uncle's harriers! and when I was out, how I counted the hours till I could return to my beloved books! The moment dinner was over I drew my chair round to the fire, and one of these large volumes was opened upon my knees. I grew peevish if any one interrupted me; and was so totally absorbed in myself, that I was lost to all that was passing around me. At that time I was much more delighted with this work than with all the books of poetry that offered themselves to me.'—pp. 98, 99.

In another of these rambling chapters, he says,—

'At an early age, Buchanan's Latin poetry was a great and intimate favourite with me, and I got Milton's juvenile poems almost by heart. I generally carried these little volumes (the Elzevir of Buchanan) in my pocket. I read them on stiles, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter fire, when the weather kept me in-doors. Collins also was one of the earliest objects of my enthusiastic admiration. From fourteen or fifteen I dreamed of authorship, and never afterwards gave up the ambition.' —p. 114.

Again, after some of his philosophical old man's preachments against worldly ambition, far down in the book, we read:—

'But I used to hear from my earliest infancy of the rise and grandeur of my ancestor, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and of my royal blood.* Then, again, I heard of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who was my father's relation, and of whose education I have heard that my grandfather had the care. The portrait of Chancellor Egerton, in his official robes, hung by the bedside in which I was born, and seemed with his grave countenance to look solemnly upon me. The engraved portrait of the other chancellor always hung over the fireside of my uncle's justice-room. The Gibbon arms were there quartered with the Yorke *saltier*, and reminded me of the relationship, for I was always observant of heraldic symbols. I have no doubt that these things *made an impression on my mind, which operated strongly on my future fate.*'

No doubt of it: hence the excellent edition of Collins's Peerage —not forgetting the parenthetical section which it devotes to the

* Whether our author be or be not a legitimate descendant of the house whose titles he has assumed, there can be no question as to his truly illustrious maternal pedigree. The blood of almost every royal family in Europe mingled in the veins of the Bridgewater Egertons, of whom there is now no male survivor.

other university, than the great living poet here alluded to by our autobiographer. *He* well knows that poets must educate themselves—that they can do so either *inter sylvas academi,* or whistling behind a plough upon the mountain side,' with equal success, so that they have the aim clear in their view, and take the true path to reach it; but that these unrivalled establishments were meant to supply, for the duties of *active life* in England, a succession of persons imbued with attachment to the civil and *religious* institutions of their country, and with the feelings of *gentlemen;—he* knows that nobly have they hitherto served the purpose for which they were endowed;—and *he*, before he sneered at the paucity of immortal reputations in science, literature, or politics, achieved among three thousand persons distinguished by academical honours at Cambridge, between 1784 and 1823, would have thought it his duty to ascertain how many of these persons had in after years done solid service to their generation as clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and magistrates.

How overweening is the vanity of many literary men as to the relative importance of their own pursuit! Grant that England has produced within the last fifty years as many really great names in letters as any country ever did within a similar period; and grant, if you will, that any one of these has done higher honour and more lasting good to the world than can come of a score of mere able labourers in any liberal profession, properly so called: but do not forget—mankind at large will never doubt—that any one such able and honest labourer in any of those walks of practical usefulness on which crowds of literati think themselves entitled to look down, is worth a whole regiment of authorlings; is by the universal sense of society more estimable living, and has, moreover, fully a better chance of being honourably remembered when dead. Sir Egerton proceeds to say:—

'We had scarce any poets at that time at Cambridge, unless Dr. Glyn of King's:* poetry was never in fashion there even in Gray's time; nothing was valued but mathematics. Gray was neglected, and often even affronted at this University, and it is strange that he continued to live on there; but it had many conveniences for a single man of small income, and there was the attraction of rich libraries—and, above all, habit. Probably more stir in society would have brought out more fruits from a copious mind, which suffered its riches to expire within it. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Dryden,—all led active lives. Byron was always in action. Indolence infallibly produces ennui and feebleness. What mind ever did so much as Burke's? and all his days he was engaged in the bustle of public life!'

* Dr. Glynn Glynn was a great wit and wag; and he once, for a bet we believe, wrote for and gained the Seatonian prize; but we fancy he would have laughed at the notion of his being considered a poet.

in all the writings of a score of modern 'originals;' and if Egerton fancies that it is possible to understand Greek as son did, without being something more than a 'mere lin-t,' we humbly suggest that Greek books contain something e than Greek vocables. The eccentricities and vulgar indul-ces of Porson were against, not for him; neither can be de-ded: but had Porson been a sentimental sonnetteer, the gen-man who never lets fall a word to the discredit of Chatterton or rns would have spared this invective—probably found in the me facts materials for a lofty eulogy of the man, and such an-her fierce fling at the world as the following:—

The immortal Chatterton drank up the bowl of worldly forgetful-ess, that his fiery disappointment might find rest in the grave. What a light among us was there extinguished and lost! It was a uilty impatience! . . . . The mass of mankind have not the capa-ity of deep and extended observation: they either take things as hey are taught them, or their own opinions are narrow and super-icial; they are busied about little matters of their own individual interests, and the rest either lies light upon them, or is entirely ne-glected. "Really," they cry, "I have not thought much about these things, they are not my concern." "Well, but A. says so and so." "Oh, yes; but *he is a wild man*, whose opinions I little regard: *he has no solid sense; look how he manages his own affairs!*"—p. 93.

Sir Egerton thus records his own first appearance as an author:

'I had, in studying Milton's noble sonnets—noble in defiance of Johnson—convinced myself of *the force and majesty of plain language;* and I resolved never to be seduced into a departure from it. *The consequence* was—(the consequence!)—that my first poems were coldly received, though praised in "Maty's Review" of May, 1785. I would not change my system; but this coldness chilled and blighted me for some years, and from 1785 to 1791 I wrote no more poetry. Then I poured out my unpremeditated strains rather copiously in my little novel of "Mary de Clifford," published anonymously in January, 1792, at the age of twenty-nine, which immediately obtained some popularity, and is not yet, after forty-one years, entirely forgotten. It was written with a fervid rapidity, which no one seems to believe; —begun in October, 1791, and the sheets sent to the press by the post as fast as they were scribbled.'

The author will not perhaps like to be told so—but we consider this early novel of 'Mary de Clifford' as the best work of imagination that has ever yet come from his pen. It has some too *luxuriant* passages, and the poetry introduced into it appears to us as unlike Milton as possible; but there is a force and vivacity in the whole story and situations, that Sir Egerton has not subsequently equalled. We do not, however, understand him when he talks of 'nobody

ice of popular plaudits! The wind blows in their favour, and cry,

'It blows, and, as it blows, for ever will blow on!'

t, on a sudden, the blast changes its direction, and down they fall the ground, crushed to rise no more. It is better never to rise, an to rise with the chance of such a fall.

The fame that is sure is commonly, though not always, slow: it as slow in Scott, but not in Byron. Scott greatly improved under e encouragement of fame, and so did Byron: but fame will draw rth those who have not solid pretensions beyond their strength. ryden improved to the last; so did Milton; so did Burke. Duly herished, and kept in due exercise, the mind must improve. When lose a day of mental occupation, I lose my spirits, and am filled with egret.'—pp. 72, 73.

What a strange mixture of strength and weakness in all these passages—what energetic sentences, and what inconclusive paragraphs! He might have much extended his list of great minds that improved on almost to the verge of the grave: it is, indeed, an important fact, that of the *very greatest* works of human genius, a large majority have been produced at an advanced period of life. With regard to his contrast of Scott and Byron, however, as regards the mere rapidity of *fame*, Sir Egerton appears to us quite mistaken. Sir Walter's first original publications were those extraordinary ballads, 'Glenfinlas,' 'Cadyow Castle,' and 'The Grey Brother.' Did not these *at once* raise him to a most eminent station in literature?

We must now give some of our author's striking sketches of his own existence, as settled in his beautiful manor-house in Kent, and devoted, in utter neglect of his fortune and the duties of his personal station as a country gentleman, to the endless series of literary and antiquarian miscellanies, the most important of which appears to us to be the 'Censura Literaria.' Of the period from his thirty-fifth to his forty-eighth year, he says,—

'My thoughts were always on my books and airy visions. Bailiffs and stewards are very willing to receive every thing, and disburse nothing: when anything is to be paid they always come upon the master. No receiver of money will be honest unless he is very sharply looked to; and in making up a long account a cunning man can turn the balance either way in a surprising manner. . . . . I have an aversion to accounts, and nothing but the most pressing necessity can induce me to examine them. An agent soon finds out this, and step by step goes on from robbery to robbery, till nothing will satisfy the rapacity of his appetite. The difficulty of the task accumulates from day to day, and who that shrinks from examining a month's accounts will undertake those of a year? . . . . . It was a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety. I loved

its

And yet he says elsewhere—and we wonder he did not remember this, when he was lashing at Porson—

'*A man of genius cannot even compile without showing something of his own spirit. Though he may extract and copy, still he will select and combine in a manner which mere labour will never reach.*'

Justly and truly is this said; and the truth of it is exemplified in some of our author's own antiquarian lucubrations.

The bitterness with which Sir Egerton perpetually rails against his Kentish neighbours is one of the least amiable, or indeed intelligible, features in these Memoirs; yet, from his own showing, they had some little reason not to be too much his admirers.

'I never could bear the talk of country squires; and as they suspected this, my society was a wet sheet upon them. They never forgave me the allusions they thought they perceived in my novel of "Arthur Fitzalbini." They were very foolishly sensitive, for no one would have understood them if they had not owned that the cap fitted. There was only one character that came *very close*, and that page was cancelled, at the earnest entreaty of a relation of my own, before publication. The claim to the barony of Chandos was poison to our country neighbours, which turned them sick, and they joined in clans to depress and calumniate us.

'I will admit that my own manners were not easy or conciliatory. I was apt to see a little too much in a look or a tone; and the knowledge that whatever I said or did would be misinterpreted, made me suspicious and embarrassed. I could not talk of sheep or bullocks; examine a horse's mouth, or discuss his points. I could not tell what wind would give a good scenting day; nor what course the fox would probably take, when he broke cover. If I attempted a joke, no one felt it; and if I made an observation, every one stared. That happy nonchalance and reckless raillery, which make such agreeable companions, were beyond my reach. I dared not mention a book, or enter into a political argument; if I did, a cant phrase or two of some jolly joker of the company soon put an end to it. If I mentioned some public man, who I thought had risen beyond his merits, there was an instant union of sarcasm, as if I spoke from prejudice and passion.

'The higher classes of aristocratical commoners have commonly some intellectual man among them, who gives a tone to the rest: it was not so in East Kent; they were all of the character and temperament of the squirearchy.'—pp. 85, 86.

'They, who have no studious turn, are not merely indifferent to books: they hate them;—the sight of them they feel to be disagreeable. When my neighbours came in, and found my tables loaded with a chaos of volumes, they turned sick. They seemed to say to themselves, "What a strange, dry, dull life, to be thus enveloped in the dust of old folios and black-letter books! O, what a musty damp they exhale! Give me the fresh air—let me mount my horse again, and scamper over the hedges and ditches." They came upon me sometimes

times with my looks abstracted, my visage pale, and my spirits grave. I detested their interruptions: they said to themselves—"He is a mere bookworm, he can tell nothing; he knows nothing; he has a confused mind, and wants *common sense!*" I felt self-abased to have any communication with persons of such a temperament, and such incomprehensiveness: and grew [illegible] resolved to discourage acquaintance of this [illegible]

Our squire-nating [illegible] mentioned, from this course of life [illegible] but a short interval. [illegible] he took the command [illegible] while enjoyed the [illegible] owns. He soon, as may [illegible] noble affair; he gives, [illegible] his chapter. Then, [illegible] House of Commons; but [illegible] which our preceding [illegible] never have had much [illegible] begun at an earlier [illegible] of the new world in [illegible] to many the chief attrac- [illegible] he says—

[illegible] over-anxiety and ambition to [illegible] perseverance and gradual self- [illegible] will gradually prevail. But [illegible] begin late. In parliament great [illegible] a very useful speaker in defiance [illegible] imperfect expression or manner. [illegible] attention of the House by mere [illegible] had no one ingredient of oratory. [illegible] often to hesitate a good deal in

then, when it was animated, it approached for a little while to powerful oratory. I once or twice heard Stephens, the master in Chancery, make a good speech; but the tone was coarse and vulgar. Wilberforce had a shrill feeble voice, and a slow enunciation, as if he was preaching; and his language was of the same character as he used in his writings, with great ingenuity and a constant course of thought out of the common beat; but there was something between the plaintive and the querulous, which was rather fatiguing. Mackintosh was often eloquent, but generally too studied, and much too learned for his audience; and he was not sufficiently free from a national accent; his voice too was deficient in strength. Romilly spoke as a patriotic and philosophic lawyer, full of matter and argument, but perhaps a little too slowly and solemnly for such a mixed assembly as the House of Commons. Plunkett was one of the most powerful speakers, but better in the acuteness of his matter than in his manner. Vesey Fitzgerald had a bold, forward, lively flow of words. . . . . Of all the men who struck me at once, Lord Lyndhurst's talents made the greatest impression upon me.

'He who has matter to communicate must be singularly deficient in language and delivery, if he can gain no attention, after a little practice, and that command of nerves which a repetition of efforts will secure. At first every sensitive man is frightened at the sound of his own voice.'

These little sketches, imperfect as they are, will be curious and valuable hereafter. Mr. Huskisson, however, improved in his style of speaking in his later years, to an extent of which Sir Egerton seems to have had no notion; and we do not believe that Sir J. Mackintosh's *Scotch* did him any great harm with the House. His brogue was certainly a mere nothing to the late Lord Melville's, who was always a favourite speaker; nay, it was not in fact broader than Lord Brougham's, or Lord Plunkett's. Perhaps Sir James was too desirous to disguise his native accent, and one glimpse of affectation does more damage, in such a place as St. Stephens' used to be, than the steady undeniable daylight of many a more serious fault; but the real mischief was, that he had a professorial tone, and that never answers out of the chair.

Sir Egerton has a very good passage on the late Lord Liverpool:—

'I remember a remark of his when he dined with me, in 1794, from his encampment near Dover, as colonel of the Cinque Ports' Fencible Cavalry, which struck me as a proof that he was a man of sentiment and moral reflection. He seemed to other eyes to be then in the bloom of his successful career. We were talking of the enjoyments of youth: I believe he was at least nine years younger than I was; but he had already had some experience of public life. "No," he said, "*youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and*

Was there any harm in this? and for Sir Egerton Brydges, of all men, to sneer at Mr. Pitt for not being a *sportsman!* He has just been telling us that he himself could never 'discuss a horse's points,' or give any guess as to the 'course the fox would probably take.' But alas!

'*Pitt had no poetical ideas or feelings*, and for this want many will say that he was the better statesman—an opinion which I cannot at all admit. Pitt did not see far enough, because he saw nothing by the blaze of imagination. Pitt drew about him a few cunning old placemen; but they were mostly servile minds, and of a secondary class, who submitted without struggle to the ascendency of his mind.'

We need not defend Pitt's memory against these vague sneers. Where was the contemporary mind that did not submit, either with or without struggle, to the ascendency of his? Have we not had enough, since his days, of people that 'see things by the blaze of imagination?' We are more disposed to listen to Sir Egerton when he deals with his own kindred of the literary world. His sketches of some minor poets and authors of various sorts are lively, and we believe, on the whole, true. Thus, of 'the Swan of Litchfield,' he says:—

'Miss Seward had not the art of making friends, except among the little circle whom she flattered, and who flattered her. She both gave offence and provoked ridicule by her affectation, and bad taste, and pompous pretensions. It cannot be denied that she sometimes showed flashes of genius; but never in continuity. She believed that poetry rather lay in the diction than in the thought; and I am not acquainted with any literary letters, which exhibit so much corrupt judgment, and so many false beauties, as her's. Her sentiments are palpably studied, and disguised, and dressed up. Nothing seems to come from the heart, but all to be put on. I understand the André family say, that in the "Monody on Major André," all about his attachment, and Honora Sneyd, &c., is a nonsensical falsehood, of her own invention. Among her numerous sonnets, there are not above five or six which are good; and I cannot doubt that Dr. Darwin's hand is in many of her early poems. The inequalities of all her compositions are of the nature of patch-work.'

To come to higher game—here are his brief and stinging reminiscences of Cumberland:—

'He had a vast memory, and a great facility of feeble verbiage; but his vanity, his self-conceit, and his supercilious airs offended everybody. He was a tall, handsome man, with a fair, regular-featured face, and the appearance of good birth. For many years he resided at Tunbridge Wells, where he affected a sort of dominion over the Pantiles, and paid court, a little too servile, to rank and title. He wrote some good comedies, and was a miscellaneous writer of some popularity; but in every department he was of a secondary class,

:. Did it contribute to his happiness? I believe it
:eat way towards his occasional purification; if it had
would have burnt sullenly within and consumed him.
ıome was, no doubt, transitory; it was scarcely more
years—1813, 1814, 1815. But then came Switzer-
ınd Greece. There he had periods of darkness: but
ıplendour! None of these would have been lighted
ıitious day of the spring of 1812, which set fire to the
ıs in London!'

, in his admiration of this said 'propitious day
1812, in London,' appears to forget the many
and nights of *labour* which Lord Byron had de-
g his poem, out of London, in 1809, 1810, and
ın he talk of his 'propitious day,' as 'setting fire
: that genius which had already produced such a
o first cantos of Childe Harold? The next para-
/ just and vigorous—

any who will ask whether all the intense feelings ex-
n in these places were not factitious extravagancies
not sincere, and which his life belied? I say, sternly,
ı and stupid mind which can suspect so; no one can
nsities as Byron expresses: when he wrote, he was
feelings were capricious, and not always the same. If
ded that inconsistency destroys merit, wo be to human
, p. 257.

ke lively and spirited sketches of men and manners,
short critical digressions, sometimes wise, always
a large fund of entertainment in these volumes. We
ıstowed more space on them than some readers may
:rved; but the truth is that Sir Egerton Brydges
emperament of genius in as high perfection as any
mes, and that we believe him to have here painted
ent more minutely than any writer of loftier rank
perfectly sane, set himself to do. The book thus
ree of value which we hardly venture to attach to
ginative creations of the same pen. It is a most
or the psychologist—it ought to be placed in the
/oung author. Every susceptible mind will be de-
thousand passages; and there are not a few which
ıemselves on his memory, chasten his judgment,
conduct. How exquisitely beautiful, and, alas!
y, are these paragraphs, with which, for the present,
ve of this deep-cutting self-anatomist!—

work progressively and uninterruptedly,—not by fits,
tent of their own powers; and they who are diffident
work

ever has written, never will write, a really great work: the want of logical movement in his mental processes must ever render it impossible for him to do so. But if any one else furnished him with a good plan, we know no author who could fill it up with more grace and liveliness of detail; and we venture to suggest to him, that he might yet earn high distinction by a Dictionary of English Literary History, after the fashion of Bayle. The alphabetical arrangement would supply the place of logical *ordonnance:* and the constant variety of persons and topics, with the perfect liberty of lengthening or shortening every article at pleasure, would, we think, be found admirably suited to his taste and talents.

We ought to observe, in closing this book, that it contains a highly interesting and beautiful series of letters from Mr. Southey —and some others by the late Lord Tenterden, who was Sir Egerton's constant friend from childhood to the hour of death. That great judge, in point of fact the law-reformer of his age, had, it seems, retained to the last a warm pedilection for the classical studies of his youth.

ART. IV.—*Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance, in Two Parts.* By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

THIS is an historical romance, in consecutive dramatic scenes; a species of composition not uncommon among the Germans, which has, as adopting the language of poetry, some great and obvious advantages over the prose narrative form recently adorned among us by the highest genius of the age. Its inherent disadvantages, as respects the chances of immediate popularity, must be nearly as obvious. We shall not, at present, enter upon the relative merits of the two methods: we have here before us something too attractive to admit of a preliminary dissertation on a cold question of criticism. On such now rare occasions as the present, we experience a gratification which none but those who have been teazed and wearied with the incessant appeals of clamorous mediocrity and impatient affectation can fully understand. We know not that there is any better description of *genius* than that of Mr. Crabbe —'I recognise *that,*' says the old bard, 'wherever there is power to stimulate the thoughts of men, and command their feelings.' If this be true, the author of *Philip van Artevelde* may take his place at the bar with the sure hope of a triumphant verdict.

The groundwork of his design is the idealized portraiture of a revolutionary age; and his motto, from the Leviathan, sufficiently points out the leading characteristics of every age in which the revolutionary spirit is the prime mover of things—'No arts, no letters,

dowments which history ascribes to Philip, and the singular course of his life from first to last, beginning and ending in such opposite extremes of contemplative tranquillity and energetic action, the author has evidently thought himself justified in considering him, upon certain points, rather as a substantive product of nature, than as the creature of contemporary circumstances, or strictly in conformity with the times in which he lived.

Again, as regards Philip's competency for the business of life and the management of men, there is ample evidence, that, when at length induced to interfere in public affairs, he was found to be largely possessed of every necessary qualification. 'He spake kindly to all whom he had to do with; and dealt so wisely that every man loved him.' So says Froissart, who certainly had no partiality for demagogues in general, or for him. The whole of his recorded career shows that, although deficient in technical military skill, he had extraordinary power over the minds and affections of his followers, and that this power was acquired by judgment, promptitude, and stern decision on the one hand—by generosity and clemency, whenever these could be *safely* indulged, on the other; in other words, that he aimed equally at being feared and loved, and was successful on both points. Froissart represents him as saying briefly, previous to his bold measure of taking off the two chiefs of the opposite faction in Ghent, 'unless we be feared among the commons it is nothing.' Yet the same author records that he had 'much pity for the common people;' and describes him as willing, on a momentous occasion, to sacrifice himself with a heroism equal to that of Regulus, solely for their sakes. 'He entreated the people *kindly* and *sagely*,' we are told, 'wherefore they would live or die with him.' Kindness alone could not have thus attached such a people in such times: great practical abilities must have been at least as essential.

Such being the ideal of Van Artevelde, intellectually considered, the poet has endeavoured to keep his moral attributes and his temperament in harmony with it. He represents him as naturally kind and good, but, bearing in view the leading characteristic, he never carries his feelings so far, or his virtuous principles so high, as materially to interfere with his *efficiency*. He seems, in a word, meant to be, under all circumstances, a statesman and a man of business. The dramatist has not wished to paint him as an example of pure and scrupulous morality, such as might befit an equally considerate moral agent of modern times; but as exhibiting some broad features of humanity and virtue—as being in the main a high-minded, strong-minded, just, and merciful man. We speak at present, be it observed, of Philip van Artevelde as

'Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
His cherishing, his honouring, and his love,
Not his subjection———.'

is a general sketch of this character, according to our un-
ling of the poet's meaning and design. The effect of it,
asted by the surrounding groups of vain, narrow, and bar-
men, reminds one of the noblest feature in the aspect of
a Flemish city—its tall massive tower rising into the clear
ve a wilderness of black roofs and quaint gables. It is
owever, to come to the story of the Romance itself.

must pass rather hastily over *the First Part*, in which the
al Philip, being suddenly tempted out of his calm and
ered course of life, and happy, though as yet unspoken,
ecomes captain of Ghent by the election of the prevailing
ction of 'the White-hoods;' develops the magnificent talents
mmand which had hitherto slumbered within him; and,
being reduced at length to extreme misery by the closened
of the Earl of Flanders, persuades the citizens to make a
ally; guides them to the gates of the Earl's capital, Bruges;
s the forces of the sovereign, seizes his metropolis, and all
asters his own person in a midnight sack. Of this part, in
a performance of great beauty and interest, we can afford
eaders but a few brief specimens. We select passages in
n we have been particularly struck with the style of our
or's execution; the nervous vigour of his language; the
ly ease of his versification; and his extraordinary skill in in-
ucing profoundly meditative γνωμαι, without interrupting the
of passion or action.

he immediate cause of Artevelde's elevation is the depressed
dition of Ghent, after the defeat and death of one of her cap-
is, Launoy; and the necessity which the White-hoods then
ceive of either yielding to the peace-party within the city, and
mitting to the earl—or summoning to the post of power some
e of high name, whose interference (he being, as yet, personally
compromised in the rebellion) shall overawe the populace by
e impression that it must needs be purely patriotic. The fate
Launoy is told, closely after Froissart, in these energetic lines:—

econd Dean. Beside Nivelle the earl and Launoy met.
Six thousand voices shouted with the last
"Ghent the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!"
But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of "Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!"
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,

When

Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
:n Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned: a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.
ather John. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to *have no time to feel them.*
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.'—pp. 40-43.

When the notion of calling on Artevelde to assume the dictatorship of the city is first started, the sequestered habits of his life, and the apparent coldness of his temperament, are objected; but he who had more narrowly observed him, replies,—

'There is no game so desperate which wise men
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
'Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom they do part withal.
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
Philip van Artevelde is such a man.'—p. 35.

The youth, with all his philosophy, appears to be considerably wrought upon by the suggestion, that, in the place of power, he might avenge the slaughter of his father:—

'Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,
That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations—that the times
Demand me, that they call my father's name?

Oh!

s light and graceful as the palm,
as pure and jocund as the fount,
freshness and a verdure round.
mitted in my pilgrimage,
to take my staff again.
not in this enterprise—
life be full of hazardous turns,
house with me must ever live
eril of some evil fate.
doors; heap wood upon the fire;
stools, and pass the goblet round,
tling voice of children heard.
the good cheer—but what is this?
r do I dream I see,
almost in the circle sits
is face deformed with scars,
h blood?—Oh yes—I know it—there
with his feet upon the hearth!'—pp. 59, 60.

e love scene which follows this, we extract a
it will be intelligible:—

to we have not said we loved,
the heart of each declared its love
tokens wherein love delights.
efore have trusted in each other,
lly have we trusted to have need
is or vows, pledges or protestations.
such trust be hastily dissolved.
ed not. I hoped that I was loved,
d and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
this day, when I first breathed freelier,
Daring to trust—and now—Oh God, my heart!
it was not made to bear this agony—
Tell me you love me, or you love me not.
I love thee, dearest, with as huge a love
As e'er was compassed in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,
And find a resting place for that so wild
And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.
What was it that you said then? If you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?
Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one re tranquillity.
The dwel ntains, on whose ear
The accu ct thunders unobserved;

The

:r the towne, drewe to the market place; and as he was en-
.ch as were before hym, seeing the place all raynged with the
ıe, sayd to the Erle: "Sir, returne agayne; if ye go any far-
ıre but dead, or taken with your enemyes, for they are raynged
arket place, and do abyde for you." They shewed hym truthe.
en the Gauntoise sawe the clearnesse of the lyghtes comyng
ıe strete, they sayd: "Yonder cometh the Erle, he shall come
e handes.' And Philyppe Dartuell had commaunded, from
strete as he wente, that if the Erle came amonge theym,
shulde do hym any bodily harme, but take hym alyve, and
have hym to Gaunt, and so to make their peace as they lyst.
e who trusted to have recovered all, came ryght near to the
hereas the Gauntoise were. Then dyvers of his men sayd:
ɔ no farther, for the Gauntoise are lordes of the market place
ıe towne; if ye entre into the market place, ye are in danger
ıyne or taken: a great number of the Gauntoise are goynge
ɜte to strete, seekinge for their ennemyes: they have certayne
of the towne with them, to bringe them from house to house,
they wolde be: and Sir, out at any of the gates ye cannot
r the Gauntoise are lordes therof; nor to your owne lodginge
ɔt returne, for a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng
'—And when the Erle herde those tidynges, which were right
hym, as it was reason, he was greatly then abasshed, and
d what peryll he was in: then he commanded to put out all
tes, and said: "I see well there is no recovery; let every man
ıselfe as well as he may." And as he commanded it was done:
tes were quenched and cast into the stretes, and so every
parted. The Erle then went into a backe lane, and made a
of his to unarme him, and dyd cast away his armour, and
ın olde cloke of his varlettes, and then say to hym, "Go thy
ı me, and save thyselfe if thou canst."

Erle went from strete to strete, and by backe lanes, so that at
vas fayne to take a house, or else he had been found by them
t; and so he entred into a poore woman's house, the whiche
meant for suche a lorde; there was neither hall, parlour, nor
; it was but a poore smoky house; there was nothyng but a
ıll blacke with smoke, and above a small plancher, and a lad-
ɜven steppes to mount upon; and on the plancher there was a
uche, where the poore woman's chyldren lay. Then the Erle
sshed and trymblyng at his entreng said: "O good woman,
; I am thy lorde the Erle of Flanders; but now I must hyde
mine enemyes chase me, and if you do me good now, I shall
you hereafter therefore." The poore woman knewe hym well,
had been oftentymes at his gate to fetche alms, and had often
ɣm as he went in and out a-sportyng; and so incontynent as
she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been
lkynge with her by the fyre. Then she sayd: "Sir, mount up
ɜr, and lay yourselfe under the bedde that ye fynde thereas my
chyldren

to prevent France from strengthening herself so largely as she did by being the sole instrument of crushing Philip van Artevelde, and replacing a feudatory of her own crown in the fairest province of the Netherlands.

Our poet represents his hero as at length maddened by these circumstances into the full fervour of democratic feeling. The Regent exclaims—

> 'Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom
> I wage my war—*no nation for my friend,*
> *Yet in each nation having hosts of friends!*
> *The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords*
> *Are bound with chains of iron, unto me*
> *Are knit by their affections.* Be it so.
> From kings and nobles will I seek no more
> Aid, friendship, nor alliance. *With the poor*
> *I make my treaty, and the heart of man*
> *Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,*
> *And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,*
> *Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,*
> *Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness*
> *Through years that knew not change of night and day—*
> *Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,*
> *Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,*
> *Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—*
> *I hail you my auxiliars and allies,*
> *The only potentates whose help I crave!*
> Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw;
> But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
> That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives.'—
>
> vol. ii. pp. 190, 191.

This speech, however, occurs in the second part of 'Philip van Artevelde,' and belongs to the man altered by circumstances.

In the interval between the first and second parts, Adriana, the noble and beloved wife of the regent, has died; and he has sustained in that bereavement a deeper injury than grief. It has powerfully assisted the other great mutations of his lot to unsettle the originally pure and beautiful framework of his mind. He has come to have a vein of recklessness entwisted in his being; he has rebelled against a higher authority than that of his earthly sovereign; and sought relief, from what he dared to consider as unjust affliction, in a certain hardly definable, but poetically conceived mixture, of Cynicism and Epicureanism. With cousummate art, however, the author represents Artevelde as himself unconscious how he has been changed. He has brought with him into his new position, nay, transferred, as it were, into the composition of a new man, the same

And oh! she loved to linger afloat
On the lonely lake in the little boat!

'It was not for the forms,—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare,—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance.

* * * *

'Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake
To portions of things earthly, for the sake
Whereof, as with a charm, away would flit
The phantoms and the fever intermit.
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,
Might not escape her, hidden though it were
From courtly cognisance; 'twas not with her
As with the tribe who see not nature's boons,
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright,
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not wise,
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been hers,
And taught her nothing: where she erred she errs.

'Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, showed
Life was to him a summer's road:—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betray'd a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

'First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
And then it took the name of love.

'How fared that love? the tale so old,
So common, needs it to be told?
Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
From first accost to last adieu;

Its

ght have employed, with brilliant success, in these dramas, a ass of ornaments which he has, on principle, disdained to intermingle in their dialogue. His masculine ambition woos seriously e severer graces. We have quoted, therefore, from 'the lay of lena' thus largely, on purpose to arrest the attention of those ho have been so long accustomed to admire poetry of one particular school (in its original masters admirable) as to have lost, in me measure, the power of believing that there may be poetry ually fervid, and powerful, where the execution, as well as e sentiment, is more chastened. But to return to the story efore us.

This beautiful Italian lady has of late been 'domiciled' with he Duke of Bourbon, father-in-law to the exiled Earl of Flanders, and uncle to the boy King of France. She has fallen into the ands of Artevelde, and conceived for him a passion far stronger han the reader of her 'lay' could have dreamt she would still be capable of; she loves the regent for himself—and he loves her also; but the now hopelessly disturbed temper of his mind is with old and happy art made to break out even at the moment when she has first told him her love.

The lady has accompanied the regent's camp to the frontier; his application to the court of England has just been rejected; the Duke of Bourbon has induced his nephew of France to muster the strength of his kingdom in the cause of the Earl of Flanders: —(the whole portraiture, by the way, of this stripling monarch, is worthy of Scott himself—it has even a Shakspearian airinesss of touch about it;)—a French envoy has arrived with a secret message from Bourbon, intimating that, if Artevelde will restore Elena, he may yet induce the giddy king to suspend his march, and acknowledge the regent as a lawful sovereign. Philip has allowed the envoy, Sir Fleureant de Heurlée, freedom to deliver letters to the lady herself, and referred the decision of her fate wholly to her own choice. Elena refuses to depart. In going the rounds of his camp at midnight, Artevelde perceives light in her pavilion—he enters, and every one foresees the issue. This is the close of the dialogue. We need not invite special attention to what we quote: here all real lovers of poetry will be as one.

'*Artevelde.* The tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with no trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had seen her
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
I should have loved to look upon her much;

Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms
Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion;—her's was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hour
Sprang the Thalassian Venus: your's is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tinct of your diversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.
Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?

elde. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.

Of love? alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolhardy heart would brave—nay court,
In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirlwind.
But I have been admonished: painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered much.
Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek
No further boon.

elde. And may not love be tranquil?
It may in some; but not as I have known it.

elde. Love, like an insect frequent in the woods,
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you'll yield yourself
To love me living—and to mourn me dead?
Oh, not, my lord, to mourn you—why—oh God!
Why will you say so? You distress me—no—
You will pursue your triumphs many a year,
And victory shall wait upon your steps
As heretofore, and death be distant far.
Take back those words; I cannot bear them; no,
They hang upon my heart too heavily.

ould be sorry to anticipate too largely the pleasure of our following the action of the sequel through the skilfully scenes in which war, treason, and guilty but passionate made to play their part. We extract, however, the regent's the night before the fatal field of Rosebecque—

You are not like yourself.
What took you from your bed ere break of day?
Where have you been? I know you're vexed with something.
Tell me, now, what has happened.
e. Be at rest.
No accident, save of the world within;
Occurrences of thought; 'tis nothing more.
is of such that love most needs to know.
The loud transactions of the outlying world
Tell to your masculine friends: tell me your thoughts.
lde. They stumbled in the dusk 'twixt night and day.
I dreamed distressfully, and waking knew
How an old sorrow had stolen upon my sleep,
Molesting midnight and that short repose
Which industry had earned, so to stir up
About my heart remembrances of pain
Least sleeping when I sleep, least sleeping then
When reason and the voluntary powers
That turn and govern thought are laid to rest.
Those powers by this nocturnal inroad wild
Surprised and broken, vainly I essayed
To rally and unsubjugate; the mind
Took its direction from a driftless dream.
Then passed I forth.
a. You stole away so softly
I knew it not, and wondered when I woke.
elde. The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Shewed like a fleet becalmed. I wandered far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sat me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,
And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host
And terrible to kings. What followed then
I hardly may relate, for you would smile,
And say I might have dreamed as well a-bed
As gone abroad to dream.
a. I shall not smile;

And

This shape as soon as any?
Gracious Heaven!
And were you not afraid?
elde. I felt no fear.
Dejected I had been before: that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.
a. For how long saw you it?
velde. I cannot tell:
I did not mark.
a. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?
velde. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breast her arms were crossed;
Her feet were drawn together pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remained inflexible as stone—
And I as fixedly regarded her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward moved,
And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she vanished,
Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered sore;
And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—then the vision passed,
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.
a. If you are not afraid to see such things,
I am to hear them. Go not near that bridge;—
You said that something happened there before—
Oh, cross it not again, my dearest Philip.
elde. The river cannot otherwise be passed.'—vol. ii. p. 228.

l this is, of course, pure invention; but the romancer avails elf also of Froissart's picturesque account of certain portents marked, according to the general credence of the time, this eventful night—the crisis of the fate of Artevelde.

r these things we have, unfortunately for ourselves, no room; and

Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die; but what of that?
For death to be behindhand but a day
Is but a little grief.

of Burgundy. Well said, old man.
And who is she?

lyk. Sir, she is not a Fleming.

the King, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Flanders, Sir Fleu-
t of Heurlée, the Constable, Tristram of Lestovel, the Lord of
y, and many other Lords and Knights, with Guards and
ndants.

What is your parley, uncle; who are these?

of Burgundy. Your majesty shall ask them that yourself;
I cannot make them tell.
Come on! come on!
We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

ureant. Sire, for that
You shall need seek no farther; there he lies.
What, say you so? What! this Van Artevelde?
God's me! how sad a sight!

of Burgundy. But are you sure?
Lift up his head.

iver of Clisson. Sir Fleureant, is it he?

ureant. Sirs, this is that habiliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour agone. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this
(*Drawing his dagger*)
As is imbrued with blood denotes the depth.
Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!
He hath a princely countenance. Alas!
I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side!

of Burgundy. And who is she?
(*Elena raises her head from the body.*)

of Bourbon. That *I* can answer: she's a traitress vile!—
The villain's paramour.

eureant. Beseech you, sir,
Believe it not; she was not what you think.
She did affect him, but in no such sort
As you impute, which she can promptly prove.* [mour.

(*springing upon her feet*). 'Tis false! thou liest! I *was* his para-

of Bourbon. Oh, shameless harlot! dost thou boast thy sin?

---

ader recollects that Sir Fleureant had visited the regent's camp on an ion, before the close connexion between Philip and Elena took place; peech in which the lost man believes himself to be saying the truth.

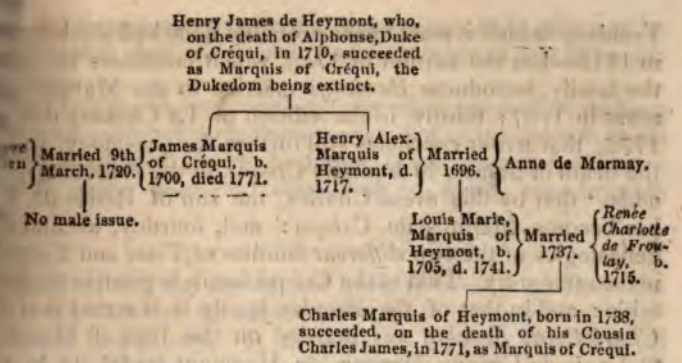
Ay,

s and contradicts the Memoirs of St. Simon, and, indeed, on supplies a very considerable part of the matter of the Now, the Memoirs of St. Simon were not published till nd then but imperfectly, while this writer alludes to more editions. We hear of the National Assembly (vol. ii. , and of the Revolutionary Tribunal (p. 132), and specifi- *Philippe Egalité* (p. 33), and *Citizen Fouché* (p. 104), he midst of a story, in which she apostrophizes her grand- still living, she talks of the horrors of 1793 as already of history. All this brings the composition of the work , at the earliest, 1794, at which time she would be about *ive* years old—rather an advanced age to commence *thirteen* volumes of memoirs—for such we are told is the of her work. '*Credat Judæus!*' But what follows would much for the credulity, we will not say of a Jew, but the Parisian public. The fictitious marquise thinks it ry to be acquainted with all the eminent persons of the embraced by her Memoirs, and accordingly she introduces, ne year 1714, the Marquis Dangeau.

y said at the time (*on disait alors*) that he was writing his me- nd *when they appeared* (*quand je les ai vu paraître*) they to me neither more interesting nor less insignificant than their —vol. i. p. 128.

, the Memoirs of the Marquis Dangeau did not *appear* 7, fourteen years after Madame de Créqui's death. These, undred other anachronisms are not in stray paragraphs, anatory notes, or subsequent insertions—they are interwoven e body of the work, and accompanied by, and dovetailed most elaborate falsehoods and fabrications. Let us give our another example:—In a visit to Rome in 1722, Madame ui is represented as meeting a 'certain Duchess of Bedford daughter,' '*Milady Marquionesse* (as her mother called *Tavistock*,' who are the most ridiculous personages that imagined, and of whom, particularly of the *Marquionesse* istock, the Memoirs tell us the most absurd stories. It very true, as the Memoirs say, that all Englishwomen are d vulgar—but at least the lady here specially attacked must itted of the specific charges made against her—for luckily appens to have been no Lady Tavistock between the years nd 1764. In 1722, there existed a Duchess Dowager of d, (who died in 1724 at Streatham,) and in 1725, her e third duke, married Lady Anne Egerton, and it was not marriage of the son of the fourth duke in 1764, that there *Marchioness of Tavistock.*

But



at the *centenaire* Madame de Créqui (if ever such a *centenaire* existed) was Anne Lefevre d'Auxy, the aunt, *à la mode de agne*, of Renée de Froulay, who, in the Memoirs, usurps age, her place, and her honours. What could have led to this aordinary blunder we cannot venture positively to assert, but we pect that an error in the *Biographie* has misled the fabricator. doubt that the lady who died in 1803 was Anne Lefevre; rather think it was Renée de Froulay, because we know that Baron de Breteuil inherited some property from the lady who ed in 1803, and the Breteuils were certainly allied to the Froulays, and not, that we can discover, to the *Lefevres d'Auxy*. But Renée de Froulay, who was born after the death of Louis XIV., ould not have answered the fabricator's purpose, he confounds er with her aunt; and by taking the *birth* of one and the *death* f the other, he completes his fable of a '*centenaire*.' We ee, indeed, that the fabricator had some misgivings that he was not on sure ground. He says Madame de Créqui complains of the *inaccuracies* of the *dates* in Moreri and La Chesnay des Bois. This it was quite necessary to do, because, having set out with the wrong person, *he* found it impossible to manage the dates, and *he* hoped to evade detection by thus denying the authorities which he could not reconcile: but he does not seem to have any suspicion that the cause of his difficulties was his having got, if we may use Queen Bess's homely expression, *the wrong sow by the ear*. Biographies and genealogies are, we well know, very liable to errors of *date*, but such a mistake as *Anne Lefevre d'Auxy* in one generation, for *Renée de Froulay* in another, we hardly think possible. But it is remarkable that, in this case, there seems additional reason for giving credit to the genealogists. First, the *Biographie Universelle* does not copy the genealogies, yet agrees with them as to the birth and marriage of Anne Lefevre: secondly, the edition of Moreri, in 1728, makes no mention of Renée de

t any degree of ignorance in the obscure tribe who live by
eputable class of fabrications which it has of late been our
expose.

dd, that the literary merit of the work is worse than nothing
r trash—stupid threadbare stories, not only common to all
ach jest-books, but to be found in our own *Joe Miller*—
t in many passages, disgusting in more, contemptible

Since writing the above, we have received from Paris the
f a search which we caused to be made in the official regis-
burial in that city. It confirms all we have said, and all
ected. The lady who died in 1803, (14 Pluviose, an. xi.)
née de Froulay—born in 1715—the widow of *Louis Marie*
qui. This settles the matter.

I.—*The Dispatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wel-*
m, K.G., during his various Campaigns in India, Den-
, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from
to 1818. Compiled, from official and authentic docu-
s, by Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace as
ht of the Bath. Vol. I. London. 1834. 8vo.

832, Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood published a volume of the
ENERAL ORDERS of the Duke of Wellington, during his
uese, Spanish, French and Belgic campaigns from 1809
; '—a volume which we believe to be of more practical
only to military students, but even to experienced officers,
the theoretical works that ever have been written on mili-
nomy. It is, indeed, an admirable code of regulations—
l on the broadest principles, but descending into the most
etail—for the equipment, subsistence, discipline, and police
rmy, for all that tends to its own comfort and honour—
rotection of its friends and allies—and to the defeat of its
. The deserved success of that work has induced the
and intelligent editor to undertake another, somewhat
in its nature, but of a wider scope—a collection, as far as
d obtain them from authentic sources, of all the dispatches
ters, official, semi-official, and private, of the Duke of
ton, from his first appearance in India, as Commandant
33d regiment of infantry, down to the period of the Army
pation in France—from 1799 to 1818.

Duke,' says Colonel Gurwood, 'is now presented to the

 world

ts, it was in Portugal and Spain, and eventually in and Belgium, that they both exhibited their matured on a wider stage, and with more important and memo- sults. We do not pretend to institute a comparison, manner of Plutarch, between these two great captains; coincidences seem curious enough to justify a passing

even in the *Commentaries* themselves, as a military history Gallic war, there is much to be desired. However candid may have been, it is impossible that he should have been impartial. It is hardly in human nature, that, writing for mous fame, he should not have attenuated reverses and d successes. Still more improbable is it, that, in writing a y—not of *passing*—but of *past* events, he should have recol- , in detail, all the local and temporary objects of his doubts olicitude, and the conditional measures by which, in this event that, he designed to have repaired a disappointment or corro- ted a success. Yet these are the instances in which the talents e great general develop themselves, and which are of the greatest to the military student. The ultimate results constitute *history;* the individual qualities of the commander—his intellectual and al powers—are best traced through the details, by the sagacity h which he foresees, and the resources by which he provides , *possible* accidents and *alternative* events. The history of a tion may be written in generals—that of a great officer can be preciated only in its details. It is common, to a proverb, to lk of the *chances of war;* and it is incontestable that much of e success and failure of even the most prudent captain is influ- nced by *what is popularly called chance;* but the ablest officer is e who the most accurately calculates, and the most carefully provides, for these various *chances.* The best consideration we have been able to give to military history satisfies us that there is, in war, much less of what is commonly called *chance* than the world generally supposes—less, we should say, than in most other walks of life; and we are much mistaken if this publication does not prove that *chance* contributed as little to the Duke of Wellington's successes as to those of any minister that ever at- tained office—of any bishop, or judge on the bench—of any first- rate merchant—or, in short, of any man who has advanced him- self conspicuously in the scale of society. Wherever Cæsar enters into such details, we see how generally the event justified his foresight; and if he had written a diary, or if some officer of his staff had registered, from day to day, his views and rea- sonings, it would probably be seen, that what looks to the vulgar eye most like *chance,* was, in truth, a *calculation.* But such a work

'Ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi *constat.*'

.t of this wonderful and admirable uniformity is, that all
ıualities have been combined with unaffected simplicity,
xact and fearless spirit of *truth.* Truth alone may not
a great man—but it is the most important ingredient
.t character; it exalts and extends his own qualities—it
fidence to those who serve under him, security to those
loy him—and in the world at large, it inspires a solid
.anent admiration which maintains, and at last surpasses
es, the enthusiasm excited by temporary success.

N proceed to the examination of the details of the work.
er number* we gave a general view of the biography of
of Wellington; we are now brought into a more internal
dential acquaintance with him. It has been generally,
ally, supposed that the position of his elder brother, the
Wellesley, as Governor-General, had been the influencing
Colonel Wellesley's first distinctions in India:—that, it
not the fact—he proceeded to India with his regiment
-third) some fourteen months before Lord Wellesley's
ent, and had already been noticed for the diligence, and
nd activity, with which he endeavoured to make himself
l with the military and political interests of the British
n the East. The accession of Lord Wellesley to the
nt may have accelerated the distinction of his brother;
is abundant evidence that before his arrival Colonel
's talents had excited unusual expectation, and must,
later—whoever should have been Governor-General—
eved a high reputation. Indeed, it may be doubted
Colonel Wellesley's connexion with his Lordship did not
occasions operate to his personal disadvantage; it is
: to read these dispatches without seeing that under a
and energetic Governor-General, the ability and energy
l Wellesley would probably have had more play, and
: least one remarkable instance, Lord Wellesley's too
s reluctance to appear to favour a *brother* led to some
o the independent merits of the *public servant.* This
e complained of—it was honourable to Lord Wellesley,
nately for the world, not ultimately injurious to the
ent of the Duke;—and we merely notice it here in order
ce to both.

Lord Wellesley, soon after his accession to the govern-
ıd himself obliged to prepare for hostilities with Tip-
ıu, the first step was to form a camp at Walajabad,

* Quarterly Review, vol. XIII. p. 215.

which

succeeded; the cavalry under General Floyd, taking advantage of the enemy's confusion, charged at this critical moment, and completed the success. This was, we believe—with one casual exception when in Holland under the Duke of York—the Duke of Wellington's *coup d'essai* in anything like a superior command; and we see that this, at the moment 'brilliant and important success,' was not obtained by the ordinary merit of maintaining his own position, or forcing that of the enemy under the orders of his commander-in-chief, but by an original movement, the spontaneous exertion of his own military judgment.

On the 5th, the army approached Seringapatam, and took up a camp in front of the place; and on that very evening an affair occurred to which we shall dedicate a little attention—not because it has been made the subject of cavil and insinuation against the Duke by some persons who are of the temper of those that could not bear to hear Aristides called blameless—but because it affords the *first* of the series of the Duke's own letters and dispatches, and seems to us to exhibit—though on a small scale and at his very outset—that peculiar military talent, the development of which has made him the first captain of the age. The story as related in Mr. Hook's 'Life of Baird,' is, in substance, that Colonel Wellesley being ordered on the evening of the 5th to attack and occupy a certain *tope* or grove, called the *Sultaun Pettah Tope*, which lay in front of the camp between it and the wall of Seringapatam, failed in the attack; and that when General Harris next morning ordered a larger force to attack the *tope*, of which he intended to give the command to Colonel Wellesley, this officer was not on parade, having, as it is said, fallen asleep in General Harris's tent tired with the fatigues of the night—that General Harris then desired Sir David Baird to take the direction of the intended attack—that Baird instantly mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp—but 'a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley (although he seemed destined to be his rival throughout the campaign) induced him to pause, and, going back to General Harris, he said, "Don't you think, sir, it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night?" General Harris listened to this kind and considerate proposal, and shortly after Colonel Wellesley appeared, who took command of the party, and at its head succeeded in getting possession of the *tope*.' (*Hook's 'Life of Baird,'* vol. i. p. 192.) Upon this statement Colonel Gurwood remarks, that, having had access to General Harris's *Private Diary*, he thinks it right, although the affair is in itself of little importance, to set the matter in its true light.

'There is little doubt (he says) that both General Harris and General Baird were capable of feeling and acting in the manner represented

...at which it would have been General Baird's ...ecuted the night before, if the enemy had not ...ition; and Colonel Shawe, with the 12th regi- ...d to take some posts to the left.' (Hook, ...o far Mr. Hook, no doubt, is correct; but ...stice to Sir David Baird requires some explana- ...d have been so anxious to march *away* from ...why any credit should be taken for a few pri- ...*istake.* The explanation, we have no doubt, ...! Harris only wished to *explore* the *tope* itself prior ...his camp in its neighbourhood, and had desired ...risk his corps with the main body of the enemy, ...osted beyond it. General Harris's diary supports ...is by saying that Baird was only ordered to *beat up* ...he afterwards adds—

...Baird's expedition last night so far answered our expec- ...fell in with a small party of the enemy's horse and cut ...ten of them, which will tend to prevent their plaguing us ...ts, I trust. He missed his road coming back, although ...have thought it impossible: no wonder night attacks so ...'—*Harris's Diary, 5th April.*

...l Harris seems, however, to have set so much value on ...ession of the *tope*, that, notwithstanding the difficulties ...ced by Baird, he sent orders next day to Colonel Wel- ...make another night attack. We have not General ...order; but fortunately Colonel Wellesley's reply is pre- ...General Harris's papers: as it is, as we have said, the ...the Duke's own letters, we extract it:—

'*To Lieutenant-General Harris.*

'Camp, April 5, 1799.

...dear Sir,—I do not know where you mean the post to be ...ed, and shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the ...to meet me this evening in front of the lines, and show it to ...n the meanwhile, I will order my battalions to be in readiness. ...on looking at the *tope*, as I came in just now, it appeared to me ...hen you get possession of the bank of the *nullah*, you have the ...*a matter of course*, as the latter is in rear of the former. ...er, you are the best judge, and I will be ready.

'I am, my dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

'ARTHUR WELLESLEY.'

...evident from this letter—although worded with the modesty ...ect due from a subordinate officer to his commander-in- ...Colonel Wellesley did not approve of General Harris's ...he did not see how a post was to be established by ...d *did* see, that, if the possession of the *tope* itself

Seringapatam; the city which he had conquered the day before, and the conquest of which was to him, of all living men, most glorious—and, to use the memorable words of the hero himself, (found in the copy of a letter in his possession,) "Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer." Deeply did General Baird feel this unexpected blow—but his regret, though mingled with surprise, we may even add with indignation, partook of no personal feeling of hostility against Colonel Wellesley, whose actual merits, as we have already observed, he always greatly appreciated, and whose future exaltation he always confidently anticipated.'—*Life of Baird*, vol. i. p. 226.

This is elegantly and, if the premises be correct, justly expressed. We can easily imagine General Baird's mortification, and appreciate his generosity in exculpating Colonel Wellesley from any personal share in the injustice. But Colonel Gurwood remarks—

'That the authentic documents, relating to the appointment of Colonel Wellesley, must exculpate General Harris from unduly favouring Colonel Wellesley to the prejudice of Sir David Baird,—a charge which Mr. Hook has permitted himself to cast upon that honourable and distinguished officer.'—p. 25.

We do not think (as Colonel Gurwood seems here, and elsewhere in still stronger language, to hint) that any blame attaches to Mr. Hook for the statement he has made, which is clearly justified by copies of several of General Baird's letters which he quotes. On the contrary, Mr. Hook's statement is, as we have observed, written with moderation and in a spirit of justice and conciliation; but the documents do undoubtedly prove that General Baird himself must have laboured under a misapprehension of the facts of the case: Colonel Gurwood asserts that

'the *originals* of these letters, as well as of the former complaint relative to Colonel Wellesley's appointment to the command of the Nizam's army, remain in the possession of General Harris's family; and it appears that *some passages have been omitted* in Mr. Hook's publication of them, which in a great measure contain in themselves a refutation of the partiality and injustice of which General Baird complained.'—p. 39.

We will venture to assert that Mr. Hook did not make any such omissions, and that he could have no desire 'to bring up any thing unfavourable to Sir David Baird,' and least of all 'with the purpose of attacking the honour of those who are living, and the memory of those who are dead.' (*Gurwood*, p. 39.) The whole scope and temper of Mr. Hook's work negatives any such intentions; and we regret that Colonel Gurwood should have expressed himself in such terms as we have just quoted. There can be no doubt, as we have already stated and shall presently prove, that there

d examined the state of the works, and ascertained the num-r of cannon captured.'—*Ib.*

From this, his own statement, it is clear, that General Baird *d requested* to be relieved on the evening of the 4th, and that, ext morning, he repeated his wish to be relieved as soon as he ould have examined the state of the works and counted the annon—the occupation but of a few hours.

It appears also, that, on the receipt of the first message late in he evening of the 4th, General Harris—who could not hesitate to omply with General Baird's request, but who at the same time aw the indispensable and urgent necessity of having an officer of igh authority in the place—ordered Colonel Wellesley, who *commanded in the advanced trenches*, and was *first on the roster for duty*, to proceed into the town to relieve General Baird.

Baird, perhaps forgetting the exact extent of his message by Major Beatson, or believing that his second message should have *suspended* the effect of the first, unluckily received Colonel Wellesley's appearance as an offensive *permanent* supercession. We shall see presently, that in this point too he wholly misunderstood General Harris's intentions; but, under this unfortunate and erroneous impression, he returned, in very bad humour, to the camp, and wrote General Harris such a letter of complaint as produced a severe—under all the circumstances of the case, perhaps we may say a *too* severe—reply. The question now grew to be one of general discipline; the breach between the two generals became irreparable, and Baird's return to resume the command in Seringapatam impossible. *Then*, and *not before*, Colonel Wellesley (who hitherto was acting merely in *temporary* command) was regularly appointed to the command of the garrison. This explanation, which is the only one which can reconcile the statements on both sides, is corroborated—we may almost say proved—by a series of notes written by Colonel Wellesley to General Harris during the first two days, and which are worth extracting, not only because they tend to clear up the unlucky misunderstanding between two such men as Generals Harris and Baird and their surviving friends, but because they exhibit early proofs of the good sense and decision of the Duke of Wellington, in a (to him at that time) new and difficult position:—

'*Colonel Wellesley to General Harris.*

'*Ten* A.M., *5th May.*

'My dear Sir,—We are in such confusion here, that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or, at soonest, late this evening. Before I came here, General Baird had given the treasure in charge to the prize-agents.

'*Seringapatam,*

rew up a fine, handsome, intelligent youth; but died of the
ra in 1822. (*Gurwood*, p. 76.)

the whole of this extraordinary service, nothing is so remark-
as the combined activity and caution of Colonel Wellesley's
nents. He marches with all the rapidity, and—as at first
it would seem—all the thoughtless dash of the Mahratta
nturer; but the private letters to Sir Thomas Munro show
every step was calculated—with what care and forethought
supplies and comforts of his little army were arranged—and
the boldest advance was prepared and sustained by an
ntion to minute details, of the necessity of which no civilian,
not all military men, can form an adequate idea. Indeed, we
y here—*once for all*—observe, that this characteristic pervades
e whole volume; and from the first pages, when only command-
g a battalion, till the last, where we see him 'Victor of Assye,'
e are less struck (because we are less surprised) by the mere
nilitary splendour of his career, than by the less brilliant, but rarer
qualities which he brought to bear upon the civil administration, not
of his army alone, but of his auxiliaries, and of the provinces and
territories of which he had occasion, either on a march or after a
victory, to conduct the government. The ascendency which even
at this early period he seems to have, without effort or even in-
tention on his part, acquired over the minds of all classes of men
who happened to come into communication with him—is most
remarkable. We see also—what, at so early a stage of his career,
was still less to be expected—indications of a moderation and
soundness of judgment, which are generally the salutary fruits of
disappointments—or, at least, of *experience*—but which seem to
have been indigenous in his mind, and to have flourished even in
the first heat of his youthful successes. Does the following letter
bear the characteristics of a young officer at the head of a victo-
rious army in the Ghauts, whose fortune and whose fame depended
on the continuation of hostilities and the system of Indian
aggrandizement; or should we not rather imagine it to be the
prudential suggestion of some sober-minded councillor at Calcutta,
warning the Governor-General against the presumption of his
young and ambitious brother?—

'My ideas' (he writes to Major Munro) 'of the nature of the Indian governments, of their decline and fall, agree fully with yours; and I acknowledge that I think it probable that we shall not be able to establish a strong government on this frontier.

'In my opinion, the extension of our territory and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, we have added to the number and the description of our enemies, by depriving of employment those who heretofore found it in the service of Tippoo and of the

Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil. We throw out of employment and of means of subsistence, all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or have plundered the country. These people become additional enemies; at the same time that, by the extension of our territory, our means of supporting our government, and of defending ourselves, are proportionably decreased.

'Upon all questions of increase of territory, these considerations have much weight with me, and I am in general inclined to decide that we have enough; as much, at least, if not more than we can defend.

'I agree with you that we ought to settle this Mahratta business and the Malabar Rajahs, before the French return to India; but I am afraid that to extend ourselves will rather tend to delay than accelerate the settlement; and that we shall thereby increase, rather than diminish, the number of our enemies.

'As for the wishes of the people, particularly in this country, I put them out of the question. They are the only philosophers about their governors that ever I met with,—if indifference constitutes that character. Believe me, &c.

'ARTHUR WELLESLEY.'

At the moment this letter was written, Colonel Wellesley was in the command of the army which was pursuing this system of territorial aggrandizement. His ambition and his interest were on one side—his prudence, justice, and patriotism, on the other; and we see which scale prevailed.

When the victory of Conagull, and the annihilation of Dhoondiah, restored quiet to Mysore, Lord Wellesley reverted to his design of a combined military and naval expedition against the enemy's islands, and for this purpose directed the assembling of as much of the Madras army as could be spared, under the

against Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Colonel Wellesley, when he read this dispatch, was convinced that the moment the original should reach Calcutta, the Governor-General would hasten to execute these orders—he knew that there was no other disposable force in India, but that assembled under his own command at Trincomalee—he knew, also, that the monsoon, favourable for a voyage to the westward, was near its termination, and that if the army was not moved instantly, it must be retarded for some months. Under all these circumstances, this junior officer—not only overlooking his own private advantage—that it is to be hoped any British officer would have done—but with the moral courage of braving the censure to which his unauthorized decision *might* subject him—this junior officer determined on his own sole responsibility to move the army and fleet from Trincomalee at once to Bombay, where it would be some thousand miles in point of *space*, and many months in point of *time*, advanced towards the Egyptian object, if it should turn out that the Governor-General had taken the same view of Mr. Dundas's instructions that he did. It is easy, after the event, to applaud such a proceeding, but to our minds there is no passage in the Duke of Wellington's life which fills us with more wonder and admiration than this determination. Let any man place himself in Colonel Wellesley's position—we cast altogether out of the case the natural, and perhaps unconscious bias of personal interests—but let him consider the public grounds which seemed to oppose this determination—let him think of the avowed anxiety of the Governor-General for the expedition against the islands—let him recollect that dispatches later than the duplicate which had reached Trincomalee *might* have contradicted it—that a diversion from the enemy's islands *might* be attempted, which would require the presence of the troops in India—that Lord Wellesley, aware that his dispatches could not arrive at Trincomalee before the expiration of the favourable monsoon, *might* have determined either to do nothing or to do it by a totally different arrangement; let the *hundred* other probable contingencies be considered, and we shall then be able to appreciate the genius, the military foresight, the moral courage, which determined Colonel Wellesley to take a step, of which not his brother, or his Indian superiors, were to be the judges alone, but which must operate on the fate of the European as well as the Eastern world. There is nothing like it in history, except, as we before hinted, Cæsar's expedition to Pontus, of which, however, we are too imperfectly informed to venture to say more than that, though analogous in principle, it seems infinitely less bold than the movement of Colonel Wellesley.

When General Baird arrived at Trincomalee, he found neither fleet

'*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Colonel Champagné.*

'Bombay, 11th April, 1801.

My dear Champagné,—I take the opportunity of the departure of onel Ramsay to write you a few lines.

I am entirely ignorant of the circumstances which have caused removal from the command of the troops; but I conclude that the overnor-general found that he could not resist the claims that General aird had to be employed. I believe you know that I always thought at General Baird had not been well used, when I was called to the mmand. But I do not think it was proper that I should be disapointed more than he was, in order that he might have no reason to omplain. However, this is a matter of little consequence to any body ut myself, therefore I say no more on the subject.

'Lord Wellesley allowed me to return to my old situation, but said hat he should regret my doing so; and for this reason, and because I aw in the General the most laudable intention to allow me to render im the services I could, I determined to proceed upon the expedition. I was, however, seized with a fever, and a breaking out all over my body; and here I am under a course of nitrous baths for a cure. When I shall be well, God knows! but, in the mean time, I cannot join the armament.

'I see clearly the evil consequences of all this to my reputation and future views; but it cannot be helped, and to things of that nature I generally make up my mind.

'Believe me, &c.

'ARTHUR WELLESLEY.'

Even the wisest may be deceived, and the most clear-sighted cannot penetrate futurity. It is possible, nay probable, that if Colonel Wellesley had accompanied the Egyptian expedition, he would have still distinguished himself, and he might, perhaps, have appeared at an earlier period on the great European stage; but, on the other hand, he could not have accumulated the experience and achieved the reputation, which he was destined to obtain in the administration of Mysore and in the campaigns against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar—campaigns in themselves most important and instructive, and crowned by the victories of Assye and Argaum.

He expressed to General Baird, in the frankest and most cordial terms, his sense of the liberality and kindness with which Baird had treated him while under his orders, and his regret at not being able to accompany him to the end; he also furnished him with a very able memorandum, which he had prepared for his own guidance, when he expected to have the command of the expedition. This was the last time these two distinguished officers met on Indian service, and it is satisfactory to find that they parted with perfect cordiality, and ever after maintained a mutual esteem and friendly

that would give our readers an adequate idea of the judg- and zeal with which General Wellesley conducted these ult affairs—the wisdom of his designs—and the activity of his ments. We can select but two or three instances.

hen Holkar found that the British army was collecting to port the Peshwah against his rebellious aggression, he thought per to retire with the greater part of his force, leaving, at Poo-, a kind of rear-guard under a powerful chief, Amrut Rao. out the middle of April, Colonel Close, the resident at the hwah's court, informed General Wellesley that Amrut Rao nded, on the advance of the British, to burn the city of Poonah; d the Peshwah made an urgent request that some steps should taken for the safety of that capital and part of his Highness's mily, which, on his hasty flight, had been left there. General ellesley did not hesitate to make an effort to avert so great a lamity, and putting himself at the head of his cavalry, leaving the fantry to follow, he performed—*with only one halt, sixty miles a a single march*—and by this unexampled rapidity arrived at oonah before Amrut was aware that he was even approaching, nd saved the city from total destruction—'the inhabitants,' (writes Sir John Malcolm to Lord Clive,) 'testifying by the most lively gratitude their sense of the exertion by which they were saved from entire ruin.'

Holkar being thus repelled into his own country, the Peshwah was restored to his capital, but, as soon appeared, not to his power. Fresh dissensions arose between this prince and two of his own most powerful chiefs and late allies—Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. These led to long and tedious negotiations, and at last to open hostilities on the part of the combined rajahs against the Peshwah and the British. A campaign ensued, desultory and complicated, in which General Wellesley's first object was to protect our provinces and those of the Peshwah from the sudden and devasting incursions which the immense cavalry of the allied rajahs enabled them to make with a rapidity and effect which, with so small a force as General Wellesley commanded and on so extensive a line of open frontier, it seemed impossible to meet. General Wellesley, however, succeeded in doing so by a series of the most skilful and rapid movements; and at last, on the 23d of September, he came up, near the village of Assye, with the combined force of the army, consisting, as is computed, of a body of near 50,000 cavalry, and the best-disciplined infantry ever seen in India, amounting alone to three or four times the number of the whole British army.

General Wellesley was marching in two divisions (the second under Colonel Stevenson) on roads distant eight or ten miles from each other, and converging on a point on which he had

of which *one hundred* (seventy of brass) were taken on the battle,—evidences of the extent both of the enemy's means istance and of their defeat.—A curious incident occurred s the close of the battle. This immense artillery was, under irection of French officers, most admirably served, and when rmy advanced and took the guns, the cannoniers pretended e dead, but when the line had passed, they jumped up and ed the guns upon the backs of the British.

he enemy fled that night (the battle lasted till dark) twelve s, and General Wellesley having, before the action, calculated result, and ordered Colonel Stevenson's corps to advance ards the enemy's rear, this movement completed the rout, and next morning the whole remains of their forces went off with utmost precipitation across the ghauts. We have heard from officer who accompanied General Wellesley in this and in *all* other battles, that in none did he ever see a more determined sistance, or a more tremendous cannonade; and here we mayention an anecdote relative to this very officer, which cannot fail interest our readers.

About six weeks before the battle of Assye, General Wellesley hought it necessary to obtain possession of an important fort, amed *Ahmednugger*. It was taken by a most gallant escalade: n the thick of the assault, General Wellesley saw a young officer, who had reached the top of the '*very lofty* wall,' thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed, by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris—continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air:* that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell—knight commander of the Bath, a major-general in the army, and governor of Nova Scotia! We record with pleasure this act of justice to a brave and distinguished officer, whose subsequent services have fully justified his own early promise, and the generous patronage of his illustrious commander. But the dispatches afford us many proofs that the Duke of Wellington could be as kind as he was just.

We see a few days after the battle of Assye, and while he was organizing the results of that victory, that he could find time to exert his good nature in humbler matters. In a letter from the

camp

ley's military operations in India, and
olume.
at we have given a very superficial and
work; but we have at least said enough
importance as materials for the biogra-
llington, and for general history. To
h the Indian vocabulary, and interested
ts, it contains a fund of amusement as
d, on the whole, we do not hesitate to
most curious and satisfactory additions
r days to historical literature,*
performed his office of compiler and
ability and laudable diligence; but his
ving conceived the plan of the work, and
our best thanks for what he has done,
for its continuation and completion.
s we will venture to make on some
k it might be improved. We doubt
minutes of the Governor-General in
pitulate the original dispatches, and ex-
he superior authorities—might not have
eneral, add nothing to the facts, while
a volume already sufficiently copious.
here we speak more dubiously—that
nunications *to* General Wellesley might
rtailed. We have been much pleased
xtracts, subjoined as notes, from the
Harris and of Major-General Sir J.
the work will be greatly improved, as
ler,' by a more frequent use of similar
urwood should be able to obtain them.
of explanatory notes is very striking: for
ent dispatches of the *Rajah of Berar—*
Behauder, and of *Rajah Ragojee Bhoon-*
on that these three denominations apply
n. We venture also to suggest, that the
ld be more fully given; it is not enough
se,' or '*To Major Munro*'—the *places*
at the moment should also be specified.
position of the person addressed is of

om noticing the general accuracy, as far as these
judge, of the 'Military Memoirs of the Duke of
Sherer.—(*Longman and Co.*, 1832.) The author
use of the admirable letters of Sir Thomas Munro;
t authority does not reach, the present publication
written and interesting narrative.

great

and bears such marks of originality, that those who have the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be a trans- As an Eastern tale, even "Rasselas" must bow before it: Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of —*Life and Works*, vol. viii. p. 25.

Vathek is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, stained with some poison-spots—its inspiration is too often as might have been inhaled in the 'Hall of Eblis.' We do allude so much to its audacious licentiousness, as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author seems already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a sapling of years so tender should have attained the cool cynicism of *Candide*. How different is the effect of that Eastern tale of our own days, which Lord Byron ought not to have forgotten when he was criticising his favourite romance. How perfectly does *Thalaba* realize the ideal demanded in the Welsh Triad, of 'fulness of erudition, simplicity of language, and purity of manners.' But the critic was repelled by the purity of that delicious creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

> 'The low sweet voice so musical,
> That with such deep and undefined delight
> Fills the surrender'd soul.'

It has long been known that Mr. Beckford prepared, shortly after the publication of his 'Vathek,' some other tales in the same vein—the histories, it is supposed, of the princes in his 'Hall of Eblis.' A rumour had also prevailed, that the author drew up early in life some account of his travels in various parts of the world; nay, that he had printed a few copies of this account, and that its private perusal had been eminently serviceable to more than one of the most popular poets of the present age. But these were only vague reports; and Mr. Beckford, after achieving, on the verge of manhood, a literary reputation, which, however brilliant, could not satisfy the natural ambition of such an intellect—seemed, for more than fifty years, to have wholly withdrawn himself from the only field of his permanent distinction. The world heard enough of his gorgeous palace at Cintra (described in 'Childe Harold'), afterwards of the unsubstantial pageant of his splendour at Fonthill, and latterly of his architectural caprices at Bath. But his literary name seemed to have belonged to another age; and perhaps, in this point of view, it may not have been un-

natural

d been nothing more than a post-station on the road from nce to Naples; but again, if the scenery or the people strike ancy, he has as royal a reluctance to move on, as his own hero ved when his eye glanced on the 'grands caractères rouges, és par la main de Carathis?' . . . . '*Qui me donnera des ?*—s'écria le Caliphe.'

England's wealthiest son' performs his travels, of course, in a le of great external splendour.

'Conspicuus longé cunctisque notabilis intrat'—

urts and palaces, as well as convents and churches, and galleries all sorts, fly open at his approach: he is caressed in every capital he is *fêté* in every chateau. But though he appears amidst such ccompaniments with all the airiness of a Juan, he has a thread f the blackest of Harold in his texture; and every now and then eems willing to draw a veil between him and the world of vanities. He is a poet, and a great one too, though we know not that he ever wrote a line of verse. His rapture amidst the sublime scenery of mountains and forests—in the Tyrol especially, and in Spain—is that of a spirit cast originally in one of nature's finest moulds; and he fixes it in language which can scarcely be praised beyond its deserts—simple, massive, nervous, apparently little laboured, yet revealing, in its effect, the perfection of art. Some immortal passages in Gray's letters and Byron's diaries, are the only things, in our tongue, that seem to us to come near the profound melancholy, blended with a picturesque of description at once true and startling, of many of these extraordinary pages. Nor is his sense for the *highest* beauties of art less exquisite. He seems to us to describe classical architecture, and the pictures of the great Italian schools, with a most passionate feeling of the grand, and with an inimitable grace of expression. On the other hand, he betrays, in a thousand places, a settled voluptuousness of temperament, and a capricious recklessness of self-indulgence, which will lead the world to identify him henceforth with his Vathek, as inextricably as it has long since connected Harold with the poet that drew him; and then, that there may be no limit to the inconsistencies of such a strange genius, this spirit, at once so capable of the noblest enthusiasm, and so dashed with the gloom of over-pampered luxury, can stoop to chairs and china, ever and anon, with the zeal of an auctioneer—revel in the design of a clock or a candlestick, and be as ecstatic about a fiddler or a soprano as the fools in Hogarth's *concert*. On such occasions he reminds us, and will, we think, remind every one, of the Lord of Strawberry-hill. But even here all we have is on a grander scale. The oriental prodigality of his magnificence shines out even about trifles. He buys a library where the other would have cheapened

 a missal.

rder the edge of the walks, which extend till the perspec-
ırs to meet, and swarm with ladies and gentlemen in party-
raiment. The Queen of Golconda's gardens, in a French
re scarcely more gaudy and artificial. Unluckily, too, the
was fine, and the sun so powerful, that we were half-roasted
ve could cross the great avenue and enter the thickets, which
onceal a very splendid hermitage.

ongst the ladies was Madame la Comtesse, I forget who, a pro-
of the venerable Haslang, with her daughter, Madame de
arten, who has the honour of leading the Elector in her chains.
goddesses, stepping into a car, vulgarly called a cariole, the
ts followed, and explored alley after alley, and pavilion after
on. Then, having viewed Pagodenburg, which is, as they told
ıl Chinese, and Marienburg, which is most assuredly all tinsel,
araded by a variety of fountains in full squirt; and though they
inly did their best (for many were set agoing on purpose), I can-
say I greatly admired them.

The ladies were very gaily attired; and the gentlemen, as smart
words, bags, and pretty clothes would make them, looked exactly
the fine people one sees represented on Dresden porcelain. Thus
kept walking genteelly about the orangery till the carriage drew
and conveyed us to Mr. Trevor's. Immediately after supper, we
ove once more out of town, to a garden and tea-room, where all
grees and ages dance jovially together till morning. Whilst one
arty wheel briskly away in the waltz, another amuse themselves in a
orner with cold meat and Rhenish. That despatched, out they whisk
mongst the dancers, with an impetuosity and liveliness I little expected to have found in Bavaria. After turning round and round with a rapidity that is quite astounding to an English dancer, the music changes to a slower movement, and then follows a succession of zigzag minuets, performed by old and young, straight and crooked, noble and plebeian, all at once, from one end of the room to the other. Tallow-candles, snuffing and stinking; dishes changing, at the risk of showering down upon you their savoury contents; heads scratching; and all sorts of performances going forward at the same moment; the flutes, oboes, and bassoons snorting, grunting, and whining with peculiar emphasis—now fast, now slow, just as Variety commands, who seems to rule the ceremonial of this motley assembly, where every distinction of rank and privilege is totally forgotten. Once a week—on Sundays, that is to say—the rooms are open, and Monday is generally far advanced before they are deserted. If good-humour and coarse merriment are all that people desire, here they are to be found in perfection.'

As a contrast, take this rapid glimpse among the Tyrol forests: it comes but a few pages after, for on the present occasion the author made but a short stay in Germany—his anxiety was all for Italy.

 'There

gardens. Here and there a cottage, shaded with mulber-
its appearance; and we often discovered on the banks of
ranges of white buildings with courts and awnings, be-
ich numbers of women and children were employed in ma-
ring silk. As we advanced, the stream gradually widened,
rocks receded; woods were more frequent, and cottages
strown. About five in the evening, we left the country of
nd precipices, of mists and cataracts, and were entering the fer-
ritory of the Bossanese. It was now I beheld groves of olives,
nes clustering the summits of the tallest elms; pomegranates
ery garden, and vases of citron and orange before almost every
The softness and transparency of the air soon told me I was
ed in happier climates; and I felt sensations of joy and novelty
through my veins, upon beholding this smiling land of groves
verdure stretched out before me. A few glowing vapours, I can
dly call them clouds, rested upon the extremities of the landscape,
through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray.
asants were returning home from the cultivated hillocks and corn-
lds, singing as they went, and calling to each other over the fields;
hilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cot-
ge, and preparing their country fare.'

The whole journey from hence to Venice is painted with the
ame easy lightness of colouring: but we must hurry at once to
the glorious city in the sea,' and extract the author's description
of the view which presented itself to him when fairly established
in a hotel on the Great Canal.

'The rooms of our hotel are spacious and cheerful; a lofty hall, or rather gallery, painted with grotesque in a very good style, perfectly clean, floored with a marble stucco, divides the house, and admits a refreshing current of air. Several windows, near the ceiling, look into this vast apartment, which serves in lieu of a court, and is rendered perfectly luminous by a glazed arcade, thrown open to catch the breezes. Through it I passed to a balcony, which impends over the canal, and is twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees, placed at each end. Here I established myself to enjoy the cool, and observe, as well as the dusk would permit, the variety of figures shooting by in their gondolas. As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas, moving rapidly along, were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires, when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every cla-
spended all conversation in the galleries and porticoes
slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers,
catching

catching the air, [illegible] and were answered at a distance, [illegible] by the arch of the bridge, a plaintive air [illegible] I retired to rest, full of the and long after [illegible] music seemed to vibrate in my

In a great city [illegible] market-place, in the early morning, some of [illegible] attractions: but the market on the great canal of Venice is the most picturesque of them all. This is the scene first morning a Venice —

It was not [illegible] before I was aroused by a loud [illegible] voices and [illegible] water under my balcony. Looking out, behold the grand canal [illegible] with fruits and vegetables on barks and [illegible] scarcely distinguish a [illegible] heads of grapes, [illegible] and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel, and [illegible] from vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate, in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows, and muttered beams began to strike against the windows of the [illegible] left the church, and was wafted across the [illegible] form in front of St. Giorgio M[illegible] works of Palladio [illegible]

Barbarossa, when looking up the Piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched, in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III. and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

'I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees, creeping to their devotions; and, whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I eat my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

'After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister, supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

'Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables, covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos, that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.'

As a pendant to this morning piece, we give an evening one, of the same localities. If the former has all the vivacity of a Cannaletti, this will carry every reader back to the comedy of Goldoni.

'At this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and, however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in

apartments. The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of ping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation ved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flash was on dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity.'

We close the letters from Venice with this little record of the celebrated editor of Homer, M. de Villoison. Mr. Beckford encounters him while busy in the Ducal Library.

'Whilst I was intent upon my occupation, a little door, I never suspected, flew open, and out popped Monsieur de Villoison, from a place where nothing I believe but broomsticks and certain other utensils were ever before deposited. This gentleman, the most active investigator of Homer since the days of the good bishop of Thessalonica, bespatters you with more learning in a minute than others communicate in half-a-year; quotes Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, &c., with formidable fluency, and drove me from one end of the room to the other, with a storm of erudition. Syllables fell thicker than hail, and in an instant I found myself so weighed down and covered, that I prayed, for mercy's sake, to be introduced, by way of respite, to a Laplander, whom he leads about as a curiosity; a poor harmless, good sort of a soul, calm and indifferent, who has acquired the words of several oriental languages to perfection—ideas he has in none.

'We went all together to view a collection of medals in one of the Gradanigo palaces, and two or three inestimable volumes filled with paintings that represent the dress of the ancient Venetians: so that I had an opportunity of observing to perfection all the Lapland nothingness of my companion. What a perfect void! Cold and silent as the Polar regions; not one passion ever throbbed in his bosom: not one bright ray of fancy ever glittered in his mind; without love or anger, pleasure or pain, his days fleet smoothly along: all things considered, I must confess I envied such comfortable apathy.'

This poor Laplander had probably had his loves and angers, his pleasures and his pains, just as abundantly as either M. de Villoison or Mr. Beckford; but he was as little likely to be excited by the medals in the Gradanigo palace, or the 'inestimable volumes,' representing the ancient Venetian costumes, as the French or English virtuoso would have been to partake his enthusiasm in the hunting of a bear, or the devouring of a seal's blubber. What *nonchalance* may be the disguise of intense bigotry!

We now open the first of these volumes, where the author has taken up his residence at Florence. His descriptions of that city, and its almost unrivalled treasures of art, are worthy of all praise; but we are more particularly pleased with an excursion to Vallombrosa, which opens as follows:—

'At last, after ascending a tedious while, we began to feel the wind blow sharply from the peaks of the mountains; and to hear the murmur

in its magnificence, and we would willingly pursue our quotation; but, while engaged with this work, another has been laid on our table, in which we find the same scenery described with hardly inferior power, and with a gentleness of feeling, to dwell on which for a moment ere we pass on—may soothe as well as interest our readers. In verse and in prose Lady Charlotte Bury has painted the

'Beautiful gloom of Vallombrosa's bowers'

with a skill and a grace which must do honour even to her name—

'The pathway narrows as the steps ascend;
The boughs, o'erarching, meet in fond embrace;
The fragile branches of the birch-tree bend,
And with majestic chestnuts interlace;
Boldly th' indented leaves, with spiral grace,
Come sharply out from the Italian blue
Of heaven's unclouded vault—whose smiling face
Shows Florence oft, in clear though distant view,
Rising from storied vale, in tones of silver hue.'

'The road from Florence to Valle Ombrosa, though less sublime of feature than that which conducts higher into the Apennines, possesses its own peculiar and very great charm. The sudden and delightful breaks of landscape scenery which open to the view, changing in character from close to expansive, and from mild to rugged, can never fail to diversify thought. Here, too, the Arno, untainted by the many-coloured earths which tinge its waters in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, pours along a translucent stream, fringed at intervals by graceful reeds and flowers, and overhung at others by umbrageous trees, till at length it reaches the Ponte à Sieve. There the river bearing that name unites its tributary waters to the *Fiume-Maéstro* of Tuscany, and the road, crossing an ancient and picturesque bridge, passes under the gateway of the frowning tower which overhangs the torrent, and turning to the east becomes more rugged and difficult of access.

'The whole accompaniment of the scene assumes an alpine aspect, a character which the route retains as it proceeds through the pine and chesnut woods, till it opens on the skyey plain, in which is spread out the long line of the Certosa, where one is tempted to cry out with Tasso—

"Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede!"

Then succeeds (what human transport lasts?) a sense of disappointment, when the smooth and grassy level meets the view, and the extensive building stretches out in the distance, with too decorative an aspect to assimilate with the feelings previously brought into play. But as the eye pursues its range, and dwells on the majestic wooded theatre beyond, this sensation in its turn subsides, and others of a far different nature succeed.

'In walking through the long-deserted apartments of the

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

there is anything more characteristic of him in his highest and best vein, throughout the whole of these volumes.

'I paced in silence up the path which led to the great portal. When we arrived before it, I rested a moment, and looking against the stout oaken gate, which closed up the entrance to this unknown region, felt at my heart a certain awe, that brought to my mind the sacred terror of those in ancient days going to be admitted into the Eleusinian mysteries. My guide gave two knocks; after a solemn pause, the gate was slowly opened, and all our horses having passed through, it was again carefully closed.

'I now found myself in a narrow dell, surrounded on every side by peaks of the mountains, rising almost beyond my sight, and shelving downwards till their bases were hidden by the foam and spray of the water, over which hung a thousand withered and distorted trees. The rocks seemed crowding upon me, and, by their particular situation, threatened to obstruct every ray of light; but, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of the prospect, I still kept following my guide up a craggy ascent, partly hewn through a rock, and bordered by the trunks of ancient fir-trees, which formed a fantastic barrier, till we came to a dreary and exposed promontory, impending directly over the dell.

'The woods are here clouded with darkness, and the torrents, rushing with additional violence, are lost in the gloom of the caverns below; every object, as I looked downwards from my path, that hung midway between the base and the summit of the cliff, was horrid and woeful. The channel of the torrent sunk deep amidst frightful crags, and the pale willows and wreathed roots spreading over it, answered my ideas of those dismal abodes, where, according to the Druidical mythology, the ghosts of conquered warriors were bound. I shivered whilst I was regarding these regions of desolation, and, quickly lifting up my eyes to vary the scene, I perceived a range of whitish cliffs, glistening with the light of the sun, to emerge from these melancholy forests.

'On a fragment that projected over the chasm, and concealed for a moment its terrors, I saw a cross, on which was written, VIA COELI. The cliffs being the heaven to which I now aspired, we deserted the edge of the precipice, and ascending, came to a retired nook of the rocks, in which several copious rills had worn irregular grottos. Here we reposed an instant, and were enlivened with a few sunbeams piercing the thickets, and gilding the waters that bubbled from the rock; over which hung another cross, inscribed with this short sentence, which the situation rendered wonderfully pathetic, O SPES UNICA! the fervent exclamation of some wretch disgusted with the world, whose only consolation was found in this retirement.

'We quitted this solitary cross to enter a thick forest of beech-trees, that screened, in some measure, the precipices on which they grew, catching however, every instant, terrifying glimpses of the torrent below: streams gushed from every crevice on the cliffs, and falling

pavement when the monks began to issue from an arch about half way down; and passing in a long succession from their chapel, bowed reverently, with much humility and meekness, and dispersed in silence, leaving one of their body alone in the aisle. The Father Coadjutor (for he only remained) advanced towards us with great courtesy, and welcomed us in a manner which gave me far more pleasure than all the frivolous salutations and affected greetings so common in the world beneath. After asking us a few indifferent questions, he called one of the lay brothers, who live in the convent, under less severe restrictions than the fathers, whom they serve, and ordering him to prepare our apartment, conducted us to a large square hall, with casement windows, and what was more comfortable, an enormous chimney, whose hospitable hearth blazed with a fire of dry aromatic fir, on each side of which were two doors, that communicated with the neat little cells destined for our bed-chambers.

* * * * *

'We had hardly supped before the gates of the convent were shut; a circumstance which disconcerted me not a little, as the full moon gleamed through the casements, and the stars, sparkling above the forests of pines, invited me to leave my apartment again, and to give myself up entirely to the spectacle they offered. The coadjutor, perceiving that I was often looking earnestly through the windows, guessed my wishes; and, calling the porter, ordered him to open the gates, and wait at them till my return. It was not long before I took advantage of this permission; and, escaping from the courts and cloisters of the monastery, all hushed in death-like stillness, ascended a green knowl, which several ancient pines strongly marked with their shadows; there, leaning against one of their trunks, I lifted up my eyes to the awful barrier of surrounding mountains, discovered by the trembling silver light of the moon, shooting directly on the woods which fringed their acclivities. The lawns, the vast woods, the steep descents, the precipices, the torrents, lay all extended beneath, softened by a pale blueish haze, that alleviated, in some measure, the stern prospect of the rocky promontories above, wrapped in dark shadows. The sky was of the deepest azure: innumerable stars were distinguished with unusual clearness from this elevation, many of which twinkled behind the fir-trees edging the promontories. White, grey, and darkish clouds came marching towards the moon, that shone full against a range of cliffs, which lift themselves far above the others. The hoarse murmur of the torrent, throwing itself from the distant wildernesses into the gloomy vales, was mingled with the blast that blew from the mountains. It increased; the forests began to wave; black clouds arose from the north; and, as they fleeted along, approached the moon, whose light they shortly extinguished. A moment of darkness succeeded; the gust was chill and melancholy; it swept along the desert, and then subsiding, the vapours began to pass away, and the moon returned; the grandeur of the scene was renewed,

perceived for several miles. Now and then, we passed a few black, ill-favoured sheep straggling by the way's side, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the *manes*. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherd's huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad, tending his herd, and began writing upon the sand, and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrowed cells. The living I can answer for—they were far enough removed.

'You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene; especially as the weather lowered, and you are well acquainted how greatly I depend upon skies and sunshine. To-day I had no blue firmament to revive my spirits; no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves, and lend at least a momentary animation. Heath and a greyish kind of moss are the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewed with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls, and coins, are frequently dug up together.

'I cannot boast of having made any discoveries, nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the papal government contrives to make its subjects miserable. But who knows that they were not just as wretched in those boasted times we are so fond of celebrating? All is doubt and conjecture in this frail existence, and I might as well attempt proving to whom belonged the mouldering bones which lay dispersed around me, as venture to affirm that one age is more fortunate than another. Very likely the poor cottager under whose roof I reposed is happier than the luxurious Roman, upon the remains of whose palace, perhaps, his shed is raised; and yet that Roman flourished in the purple days of the empire, when all was wealth and splendour, triumph and exultation. I could have spent the whole day by the rivulet, lost in dreams and meditations, but recollecting my vow, I ran back to the carriage and drove on. The road not having been mended, I believe, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. "When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome," said one of the postilions; up we dragged, no city appeared. "From the next," cried out a second, and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience; till, at last, we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, inclosed by thickets, and shaded by flourished ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticos, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we

 advanced

enough for the extravagance of the appellation? Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting; at one time to breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another to echo through the dome."

The future creator of Fonthill is apparent in these last paragraphs; or should we not rather say, the former creator of the 'Palais des Sens?' We must now pass on to Mr. Beckford's long and interesting series of letters from his favourite Portugal, where, as is well known, he for many years fixed his residence:

'Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!"

One of his first visits, on reaching Lisbon, was to the palace of the old Marquis of Marialva, with whose family he soon formed relations of the most intimate friendship:—

'The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a French post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great staircase, and had near tumbled over a swinging sow and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under Mr. Horn's legs, with bitter squeakings.

'This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the grand prior, his nephew, the old abade, and a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these in general ill-favoured dependants, and none more than the Marialvas, who dole out every day three hundred portions, at least, of rice and other eatables, to as many greedy devourers.

'The grand prior had shed his pontifical garments, and did the honours of the house, and conducted us with much agility all over the apartments, and through the *manège*, where the old marquis his brother, though at a very advanced age, displays feats of the most consummate horsemanship. He seems to have a decided taste for clocks, compasses, and timekeepers; I counted no less than ten in his bed-chamber, four or five in full swing, making a loud hissing; they were chiming and striking away (for it was exactly six) when I followed my conductor up and down half-a-dozen staircases, into a saloon hung with rusty damask.

'A table in the centre of this antiquated apartment was covered with rarities brought forth for our inspection: curious shell-work, ivory crucifixes, models of ships, housings embroidered with feathers, and the Lord knows what besides, stinking of camphor enough to knock one down.

'Whilst we were staring with all our eyes, and holding our hand-

 kerchiefs

Josè, attended by a swarm of musicians, poets, bull-fighters, grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both sexes fantastically dressed.

'The whole party, it seems, were returned from a pilgrimage to some saint's nest or other on the opposite shore of the Tagus. First jumped out a hump-backed dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trumpet three or four inches long—then a pair of led captains, apparently commanded by a strange old swaggering fellow, in a showy uniform, who, I was told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-general in some sort of an island. Had it been Barataria, Sancho would soon have sent him about his business; for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon, a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer, has seldom existed.

'Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk, as tall as Samson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant: next came a very slim and sallow-faced apothecary, in deep sables—completely answering in gait and costume the figure one fancies to one's self of Senhor Apuntador in Gil Blas—followed by a half-crazed improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed under the balustrades against which we were leaning.

'He was hardly out of hearing, before a confused rabble of watermen and servants, with bird-cages, lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers, came gamboling along to the great delight of a bevy of children, who, to look more like the inhabitants of heaven than even nature designed, had light fluttering wings attached to their rosy-coloured shoulders. Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely beautiful, and had their hair most coquetishly arranged in ringlets.

'The old Marquis is doatingly fond of them; night and day they remain with him, imparting all the advantages that can possibly be derived from fresh and innocent breath to a declining constitution. The patriarch of the Marialvas has followed this regimen many years, and also some others which are scarcely credible. Having a more than Roman facility of swallowing an immense profusion of dainties, and making room continually for a fresh supply, he dines alone every day between two silver canteens of extraordinary magnitude. Nobody in England would believe me, if I detailed the enormous repast I saw spread out for him; but let your imagination loose upon all that was ever conceived in the way of gormandizing, and it will not in this case exceed the reality.

'As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable, of the principal scalera, and three or four other barges in its train, had been deposited in their respective holes, corners, and roosting-places, I received an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain, than fifty servants were in waiting; and, exclusive of half-a-dozen wax torches, which were borne in state before us, above a hundred tapers of different sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, intermingled with silver braziers and cassolettes, diffusing a very pleasant perfume.

'I found

goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to Her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he is become archbishop in partibus, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

'At a window over his right reverence's shining forehead we spied out the Lacerdas—two handsome sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving their hands to us very invitingly. This was encouragement enough for us to run up a vast many flights of stairs to their apartment, which was crowded with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young women, who, accompanied by their singing-master, a little square friar with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian *modenhas*.

'Those who have never heard this original sort of music must, and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as if the breath was gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object; with a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I won't answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic northern animals.

'An hour or two past away almost imperceptibly in the pleasing delirium these siren notes inspired, and it was not without regret I saw the company disperse and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the apartment, having received a summons to attend her majesty's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully—and vanished.

'In our way home we met the sacrament, enveloped in a glare of light, marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful young nobleman the Conde de Villanova,* preceding the canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling a silver bell. He is always in close attendance upon the host, and passes the flower of his days in this singular species of danglement. No lover was ever more jealous of his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his bell; he cannot endure any other person should give it vibration. The parish

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes.

officers

fore him. These figures, fixed as statues, and, to all appear-
ually insensible, neither moved hand nor eye. As I advanced
my *salem* to the Grand Seignor's representative, who re-
me with a most gracious nod of the head, his interpreter
ed to what nation I belonged, and my own individual warm
ty for the Sublime Porte.

As soon as I had taken my seat in a ponderous fauteuil of figured
, coffee was carried round in cups of most delicate china, with
enamelled saucers. Notwithstanding my predilection for the
and its customs, I could hardly get this beverage down, it was
and bitter. Whilst I was making a few wry faces in conse-
, a low murmuring sound, like that of flutes and dulcimers,
companied by a sort of tabor, issued from behind a curtain which
rated us from another apartment. There was a melancholy wild-
in the melody, and a continual repetition of the same plaintive
, that soothed and affected me.

The ambassador kept poring upon my countenance, and appeared
ch delighted with the effect his music seemed to produce upon it.
is a man of considerable talent, deeply skilled in Turkish litera-
; a native of Bagdad; rich, munificent, and nobly born, being
descended from the house of Barmek; gracious in his address,
smooth and plausible in his elocution; but not without something
like a spark of despotism in a corner of his eye. Now and then I
fancied that the recollection of having recommended the bowstring,
and certain doubts whether he might not one day or other be compli-
mented with it in his turn, passed across his venerable and interesting
physiognomy.

'My eager questions about Bagdad, the Tomb of Zobeïda, the vestiges of the *Dhar al Khalifat*, or Palace of the Abassidæ, seemed to excite a thousand remembrances which gave him pleasure; and when I added a few quotations from some of his favourite authors, particularly Mesihi, he became so flowingly communicative, that a shrewd, dapper Greek, called Timoni, who acted as his most confidential interpreter, could hardly keep pace with him. Had not the hour of prayer arrived, our conversation might have lasted till midnight. Rising up with much stateliness, he extended his arms to bid me a good evening, and was assisted along by two good-looking Georgian pages to an adjoining chamber, where his secretaries, dragoman, and attendants were all assembled to perform their devotions, each on his little carpet, as if in a mosque; and it was not unedifying to witness the solemnity and abstractedness with which these devotions were performed.'

Our last specimen of this charming book shall be extracted from a letter describing the author's first visit to the Escurial.

'I hate being roused out of bed by candle-light, of a sharp wintry morning; but as I had fixed to-day for visiting the Escurial, and had stationed three relays on the road, in order to perform the journey expeditiously,

the most social—the most fertile—the most prolific—the most picturesque—the most favoured, in short, by God, and the most ornamented by man, of all terrestrial tracts—have a sure and certain basis for at least the *sincerity* (if not the abstract *truth*) of their assertions: they have taken the preliminary precaution of seeing no other. The Englishman, on the other hand, is never very loud in general encomiums on his own country; and although it is evident, that, on the whole, he prefers it, in all its moral, and in many of its natural, aspects, to other regions, he does not give his opinion without having at least endeavoured to form an accurate idea of his neighbours by personal inspection and comparison. In all countries there have been a few—*pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*—who have sought knowledge of this kind by actual travel; Denmark is proud of Niebuhr and Spor, Prussia of her Humboldt, Russia of Pallas—and France quotes her Choiseul, her Volney, and her Chateaubriand; but *every* Englishman is a kind of Anarcharsis—ay, and not English*men* alone, but English*women* and English *youths* are to be found in every—(the most distant and desolate, as well as more accessible and inviting)—region of the world. A Frenchman, young, rich, and titled,—if he had been smitten by so extraordinary a mania as the love of nature and the pursuit of science—would have attained a great reputation by studying, as Buffon did, the natural world in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the moral world in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. If he had thought, like our Sir Joseph Banks, of visiting, in person, the Arctic regions, and then making a voyage round the World, his friends would have moderated his enthusiasm by a *lettre de cachet*, and limited his travels to Charenton, or at least to a *maison de santé*. But, on the other hand, no Englishman thinks his education perfect, till, after the usual course of domestic instruction, he studies mankind—not through the spectacles of books, but with his own eyes; and strives to improve his intellect by the same course in which the wisest hero of antiquity (though somewhat against his will) earned his wisdom:—

'Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

The little work before us suggests, by its very title-page, such considerations as these. The elder Mr. Barrow was known to the public—before he attained the important situation he has so long and so usefully filled—as an extensive traveller; and now we see the same spirit of laudable curiosity reproduced in his son, who, it seems, has employed the scanty vacations of his subordinate official year, not in the ordinary relaxation of a country excursion, or of a visit to a watering-place, but in visiting Gottenburgh and Moscow—St. Petersburg and Dronthiem—the steppes of Russia, and the mountains of Finland. If the work were

were less meritorious than it is, we should still have applauded the spirit of the undertaking; but, in fact, the execution is fully equal to the purpose, and we have seldom read a more amusing narrative than this young gentleman has composed under circumstances where most men would, if they had undertaken such a journey at all, have 'travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and cried, It is all barren.' But nothing is barren to an inquisitive and [illegible] like the studier of nature in a native spheres.

> 'Sermons in trees—books in the running brooks—
> Sermons in stones—and good in every thing!'

But our readers are not to imagine that Mr. Barrow sermonizes or fatigues us with dissertations. He contents himself with relating what he sees and feels, and whatever occasions his observations may afford for moral or political considerations, he very [illegible] leaves them—for the most part at least—to his readers. [illegible] intent on his part to supply, in a plain and [illegible] narrative, practical materials for theoretical disquisition, [illegible] and that modesty which ought always to accompany [illegible] obtruding his own opinions; and—as some of his predecessors on the same ground have rather rashly done—[illegible] conclusions from insulated facts, and information [illegible] imperfect. He that reads Mr. Barrow will find a [illegible] and not a lecturer: a traveller who shows [illegible] seen, but does not, like poor Smollett, decide [illegible] women of a district are red-haired scolds, because he happened to meet with one landlady whose complexion was [illegible] and whose language was rather too coarse.

[illegible] work which avoids equally all flights of eloquence, all depths of disquisition, and all the *papillonage* of sentiment, it

the square, under which is a bazaar, consisting of one continued line of shops, or rather stalls, for they are deserving of no better name, where jewellery, books, wearing apparel, and every article that can be thought of, may be purchased just as in the Palais Royal of Paris, but in a much humbler style. We were here assailed on all sides by a crowd of long-bearded, dirty-looking persons, who pressed round us anxiously endeavouring to induce us to purchase their goods—so urgent that we found it difficult to shake them off. One has heard of bowing a person out of a room, but here the danger was to be bowed in; for in going along we were frequently either actually pushed into their shops with all possible civility, or obliged to walk into them in order to avoid coming in too close contact with their beards, of which I felt a kind of horror, for they were very much akin to a Jew's beard. But the greatest difficulty we had was to get past one of the shops in which *quass* was sold.

'At the outside of each of these *gin-shops* are invariably stationed two or three young men, or big boys, drest up in a pink-coloured coat which folds over the breast, and is tied in with a sash at the waist; and loose blue trowsers, which are tucked into a clumsy pair of boots. They wear their hair very long, reaching on each side more than half-way down the arm, and divided in the centre. When any one passes near one of these shops, these decoy-ducks plant themselves directly in his way, and commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground—their hair falling down like a horse's tail each time, and entirely covering the face. The appearance and the manner of these youths were truly ludicrous.'—pp. 109, 110.

From this visit to Moscow, Mr. Barrow returned to St. Petersburg, and, proceeding to Abo, crossed the Gulf of Bothnia to Stockholm, and thence returned by Copenhagen to Travemunde and Hamburgh.

The ease and expedition of travelling in Finland are greater than we were prepared to expect:—

'A great part of the road to Abo is kept in beautiful order; and the posting is remarkably cheap, averaging from about three halfpence to twopence a mile for each horse. Our light waggon hurried along at a great rate, sometimes with a rapidity that rendered it, as we thought, dangerous: on one occasion, in particular, we were driven by a little boy not more than eleven or twelve years old, who drove the poor horses at a full gallop for a whole stage over a road which twisted and turned among rocks in every possible direction. We had to pass several small wooden bridges, over brooks rippling down the valleys, and here our young driver appeared to take great delight in galloping at a tremendous rate down the hill and across these bridges, by which such an impetus was given to the vehicle, that we were at the top of the next on the other side in a moment.

The three horses were always harnessed abreast, and the third was of

'It forms the only outlet of the waters of the great Wenern Lake, as the Falls of Niagara do that of the four great North American lakes, and I should suppose that, in regard to the mass of water discharged, they are inferior only to these celebrated transatlantic falls. The accompanying scenery of wood and mountain is wild and romantic, and the effect was considerably heightened on this day, by the state of the weather, which was so stormy as to amount almost to what seamen call a gale of wind; the clouds, at the same time, presenting a dark and wild aspect, gave additional effect to the foaming torrent as it rushed from rock to rock.

'We could perceive no less than five distinct falls, across the second of which is thrown a narrow wooden bridge, leading to a small rocky island, which breaks the fall. We crossed this bridge not without some difficulty, and not without danger, owing to the slippery state it was in from the spray continually breaking over it, which it did with sufficient violence to carry a person off his legs, even had it not been slippery; this, in fact, did happen to my fellow-traveller, who was very nearly swept away by the foaming waters, his foot having slipt whilst crossing the bridge. The only mode of escaping was to watch the spray, by which it was no easy matter to avoid being caught. It is not easy to conjecture how this bridge could have been constructed across the roaring torrent which rolls with such headlong impetuosity. It is at best but an insecure structure, and seems momentarily liable to be carried away. The sides are entirely open, there being merely a hand-rail at the top, about the height of the middle of a man's body, to steady the passenger, so that the danger of being washed through was not altogether ideal, and I was by no means sorry to find myself once more safe upon *terra firma*.'—pp. 166-169.

Our last extract from this first tour shall relate to Elsineur, a scene in which the genius of Shakspeare has interested the sensibilities of all mankind—*except*, as it would seem, *the Danes themselves!*

'We passed the night at Elsineur, at a very clean and comfortable inn, kept by an Englishman, who was civil and attentive.

'The Danes have an undoubted right to all that belongs to the history of Hamlet, as Saxo Grammaticus, their own historian, (if he *was* a Dane, which is not quite certain,) has narrated it; but the connexion of Elsineur with the name of Hamlet would probably long ago have ceased, had not our Shakspeare embellished and immortalized the story. Scarcely had we seated ourselves, when we were reminded of *Prince Hamlet's Garden*, which of course we visited, and regretted to find in a neglected and ruinous state. The pond, or rather that which had once been a pond, and in which they tell you the fair Ophelia—who, by the way, was no Ophelia of theirs, but the sole creation of "fancy's child,"—was drowned, is completely dried up, and choked with weeds. Having appropriated the garden and the

 pond,

great vigour and beauty in all the valleys, even to the sixty-third degree of latitude, and indeed many degrees higher. Oaks are common in the southern districts, but there are no beeches in any part of Norway.'—pp. 210, 211.

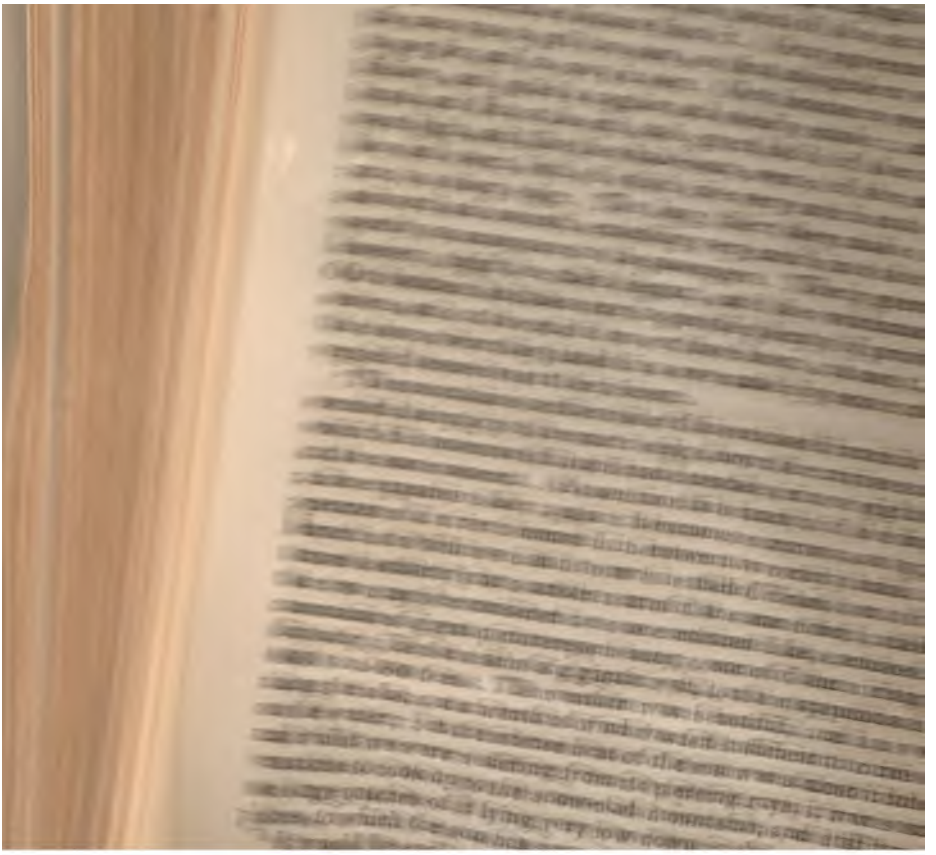
'The streets of Christiania are wide and straight, but the houses are straggling and irregular; at every cross street, or nearly so, there is a large cistern or well, cased with wood, into which a constant stream of water is made to flow, so that the inhabitants can supply themselves with this necessary article whenever it may suit their convenience. In some of the back streets the houses are almost entirely of wood, very low, but neatly and curiously carved. The pavement of all the streets is wretched.

'The house in which the *Storthing*, or Norwegian parliament, meet for conducting the business of the state, is amongst the best in the city, and has a very handsome portico of wood. This meeting is held only once in every three years, unless anything of great importance should require its assembling. They commence their sittings in the month of February, and continue till the end of August; and the hours of attendance are from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, with an interval in the middle of the day of an hour or so, when they retire to dinner.

'I never saw an assemblage of men wearing the appearance of sages so strongly as the members of the Storthing. They were mostly of a certain age; clad generally in coarse grey woollen coats—their hair long, and flowing over their shoulders—and their whole deportment grave, sober, and intent on the business before them. The president was reading a paper, which lasted the whole time we were there, and of which each member appeared to have a printed copy. What the subject was I know not, but it seemed to occupy their whole attention: there was no moving about, but all kept their seats, with their hats off, and observed the greatest silence and decorum.'—pp. 213-215.

The route from Christiania to Tronyem (Drontheim of the maps), nearly due north, proceeds alternately over arms of the sea, called *fiords*, and the rocky ridges which separate them; so that the whole journey is a succession of lake and mountain, and both of the most romantic character. The mode of travelling is described as follows:—

'Preparatory to our leaving Christiania we were advised to purchase two small, light carriages, called here *carrioles*, in which we were to be our own drivers over that part of the country we intended to traverse. We were assured that this would be the most comfortable and convenient, as well as independent, and, at the same time, economical, mode of travelling, generally adopted by travellers who could singly manage to drive a horse in harness. The cost of each carriole was about five pounds; and for this trifling sum we purchased what would in any country be called elegant little carriages.'—pp. 216, 217.



'The men mostly wear a red skull-cap, not unlike those which are worn by the Greeks, short jackets, and trousers. Each man has a large knife attached to his side, generally speaking, by a leather waist-belt, on which is frequently some number of brass ornaments. The knife is a most useful instrument to the native peasantry of Norway, equally adapted to cut wood, and to cut their bread and cheese, and, indeed, to perform as much and as varied service as the little dagger of Hudibras, and some of them a great deal more: for with this knife they make their own furniture, chairs, tables, saddles, harness, carts, and wheels; also chests, boxes, bowls, basins, spoons, drinking-cups; in short, all kinds of wooden-work, some specimens of which are very ingeniously carved. Necessity, the great mother of invention, has made them all artisans. There is no trade, in fact, that a Norwegian peasant cannot, and does not, when required, turn his hand to; he unites in his own person that of a carpenter, blacksmith, weaver, rope-maker, tailor, shoemaker, joiner, and cabinet-maker. But all this is matter of necessity, and the production is probably not worth the labour and time bestowed upon it, except that both time and labour, if not thus employed, might be lost in indolence and inactivity. "Whoever," says Von Buch, in the true Johnsonian style, "makes so many things, must make them badly, and will not be able to do with the bad what he could have done with better." But the question here is not whether good is preferable to bad, but where or how he is to procure what is better? Having no market to go to, he is glad to compromise between excellence and utility, between what is good and what is indispensable. Nor are instances of the higher qualities wanting: in the Museum of Copenhagen are many curious specimens of carving in wood by the Norwegian peasants, and among others a bust of Christian V., executed by a simple cow-herd, who, when the king paid a visit to Tronyem, in the year 1688, stood in the way he had to pass, with a knife in his hand, and cut out so complete a likeness of his countenance, without having any other opportunity of seeing him, that it was sent, as a great curiosity, to Copenhagen, where it still remains in the Royal Museum.'—pp. 252, 253.

Dronthiem, though chiefly built of wood, is a considerable town—perhaps we should say *city*, for it has a cathedral. Our traveller always spells the name of this place *Tronyem*, which he thus justifies:—

'The name of this town, which the English call *Drontheim*, is spelled by the Norwegians *Trondhjem*, and pronounced *Tronyem;* which latter form I have ventured to adopt, as more convenient than the correct orthography, of which no mere English reader could guess the true pronunciation.'—p. 337.

And he then alleges the authority of Clarke to the same purpose. The Doctor says in the Preface to his 'Scandinavia,' &c.—

'*Trunyem* is the real name of the place. It was the wish of many of its literary inhabitants that this should be duly stated to the English nation, with a view, if it be possible, to abolish the nick-names of

Drontheim

emphatically. He never once looked up, but kept his eyes closed during the whole period of his preaching. The ladies were arranged on one side of the cathedral, and the gentlemen on the other.'—p. 338.

'Besides this cathedral, there are three other churches, all of them plain structures. The other public buildings are—an hospital for the aged and infirm, a workhouse, or house of industry, a public library and museum, and a public grammar-school: there are, besides, other schools on the Lancasterian plan; nor can it be said that literature is neglected, particularly that which relates to the history and antiquities of Norway. Most of the lower class can read and write, and a Bible and Psalter may be found in every house. But we were not prepared to meet, in this northern city, in the latitude of 63° N., so many of the more respectable part of the inhabitants well acquainted with, and conversant in, the English language; and still less could we have expected to find how well-informed they were in regard to passing events in England, in which they appeared to take a more than common interest: they knew perfectly well who had spoken on such and such a question in the House of Commons, and which side he took in the debate. Both here and in Bergen, everything that relates to England *seemed to create a deep interest.*'—p. 340.

So it used to be everywhere on the Continent; but the interest attached to our country is now manifestly much diminished, even in Germany, where it was wont to be the liveliest. A friend of ours who spent two or three months in the Rhenish provinces last summer, says, nothing struck him as more remarkable, that whereas, in former days, every newspaper was half-filled with details of English news, a week or two would now pass without any allusion to our national existence. All was France—or Russia.

From Dronthiem (for so we shall persist in *writing* it) our travellers returned to Christiania, and thence, by the route they had before twice taken, by Copenhagen and Hamburgh, to London; where they arrived on the 17th of August, after an absence of about six weeks, in which they appear to have seen as much variety and novelty of men, manners, and natural feature, as it is perhaps possible to condense into so short a space of time.

Though Mr. Barrow makes many sensible observations, and gives some curious statistical facts, his little volume does not pretend to be an authority on such high matters; but—as an easy, natural, and unaffected account of people and scenery little known but very interesting—it will be read with pleasure by those who have no opportunity or desire of personally visiting such remote scenes; and it cannot fail of being exceedingly useful to any travellers who may be tempted to pursue the same route.

ART.

at, while they hailed him in some parts of the coast as "the child f the Western ocean," they professed to recognise him as a descendant f one of their countrymen, who had moved with the tide of emigraon to some distant settlement.'—*Introduction*, pp. lxxxiii., lxxxiv.

Mr. Gutzlaff left Singapore for Siam in the year 1828, and aving passed six months there, returned to the former place, where he united himself in marriage with Miss Newell, who had been employed under the London Missionary Society in the superintendence of female schools. This lady appears to have been a second Mrs. Judson, and in all respects suited to be the companion of the joys and toils inseparable from the life of a missionary. In the year 1830, she accompanied him to Siam, where she entered cordially and successfully into all his pleasant pursuits—'studying the languages of the people around them, administering to the sick, translating the Scriptures, and teaching both the rich and poor who came for instruction.' But in the course of one short twelvemonth, death removed this amiable woman from the side of her afflicted husband. The great loss he had sustained in the death of his beloved partner, a severe illness, and other circumstances, made him anxious to proceed on an intended voyage along the coast of China.

'The churches (says Mr. Ellis) of Christendom are under lasting obligations to this devoted missionary, for the exertions he has made to enter the empire of China, and to facilitate the more direct and extended communication of the gospel to its inhabitants. The enterprise was perilous in the highest degree;—danger, not imaginary, but actual and imminent, threatened: he embarked alone, amidst cold-blooded, treacherous barbarians; he went, emphatically, with his life in his hand;—but his aim was noble; his object, in its magnitude and importance, was worthy of the risk; and its results will only be fully realized in eternity. No Christian will read the account of his feelings and views, when entering and pursuing his first voyage, without becoming sensible of the efficacy and the value of the motives which could impel him onward in such a career, and the principles which could support him amidst the trials it imposed.'—*Introduction*, p. lxxxvii.

A trade to a considerable extent is carried on in Chinese junks, of about three hundred tons' burden, between the coast of China and Siam, owned chiefly by Chinese residents at the latter place. In one of these junks, Mr. Gutzlaff took a passage, being the first European, we believe, that ever embarked in such a machine; and the account he gives of the internal management and arrangement of these 'ancient craft of the Celestial Empire' is so novel and interesting, that we insert the whole:—

'Chinese vessels have generally a captain, who might more properly be styled a supercargo. Whether the owner or not, he has charge

pass,—the property of the magnet having been well known to n, as it would appear, ages before the discovery of it in Europe, heir navigation is still confined to the practice of coasting from headland to another: they have no sea charts. In contrary ıds or stormy weather, their chief trust is in the *goddess of the* , who is named *Matsoo-po*, and with whose image every vessel is nished. Carefully shut up in a shrine, and before it a lamp rpetually kept burning, cups of tea, and other offerings, are ily ministered. The care of the goddess is intrusted to the iest, who never ventures to appear before her with his face unashed. The gross superstitions of the seamen, in which they ave been educated, may admit of palliation; but the worthy nissionary's account of their immoral character and conduct laces them in a most disgusting point of view:—

'The Chinese sailors are, generally, from the most debased class of people. The major part of them are opium-smokers, gamblers, thieves, and fornicators. They will indulge in the drug till all their wages are squandered; they will gamble as long as a farthing remains; they will put off their only jacket and give it to a prostitute. They are poor and in debt; they cheat and are cheated by one another, whenever it is possible; and when they have entered a harbour, they have no wish to depart till all they have is wasted, although their families at home may be in the utmost want and distress.'—p. 61.

Gutzlaff describes his cabin as 'a hole only large enough for a person to lie down in, and to receive a small box.' His six fellow-passengers were all gamblers, opium-smokers, and versed in every species of villany. The principal officers of the ship were also in a constant state of stupor from inhaling the fumes of opium. It is only surprising that any of these floating machines, considering the ignorance, the confusion, and disorder that are said to prevail therein, ever arrive at their place of destination; no wonder that vast numbers of them are wrecked every year. The one in question, however, succeeded in coasting up to the Tartarian gulf of Leau-tong, and returned in safety. On reaching Namoh, on the coast of Fokien, the following heart-sickening scene was exhibited:—

'As soon as we had anchored, numerous boats surrounded us, with females on board, some of them brought by their parents, husbands, or brothers. I addressed the sailors who remained in the junk, and hoped that I had prevailed on them, in some degree, to curb their evil passions. But, alas! no sooner had I left the deck, than they threw off all restraint; and the disgusting scene which ensued, might well have entitled our vessel to the name of Sodom. The sailors, unmindful of their starving families at home, and distracted, blinded, stupified by sensuality, seemed willing to give up aught and every thing they possessed, rather than abstain from that crime which entails

he higher classes are in the habit of purchasing females, who ve previously been educated for sale, to serve as concubines, nd to live under the same roof with their legitimate wives; ut neither the concubines nor the wives are allowed to sit at he same table with, or even to appear in the presence of, their ord and master, either in the company of friends or strangers. Among the lower classes, the females of the most savage nations are not doomed to more degrading and slavish labour than are those of the Chinese. Like the females of savages, they are, moreover, as we have seen, frequently hired out by their fathers and husbands to the seamen of the junks that frequent the ports—so frequently, indeed, that it occurred at almost every place where the vessel that carried Mr. Gutzlaff stopped—one alone excepted—where, he says, 'there was not, in the whole place, nor even in the circuit of several English miles, one female to be seen.' Being rather surprised at so curious a circumstance, he learned, on inquiry, 'that the whole female population had been removed by the civil authorities, with a view to prevent debauchery among the many sailors who annually visited this port.' Its name is Kin-chow, in the gulf of Leau-tong, on the coast of Mantchou Tartary.

The Chinese have long been accused of carrying the horrid practice of infanticide to a frightful extent. 'At the beach of Amoy,' says Gutzlaff, 'we were shocked at the spectacle of a pretty new-born babe, which shortly before had been killed. We asked some of the bystanders what this meant; they answered, with indifference, "It is only a girl."' He says—

'It is a general custom among them to drown a large proportion of the new-born female children. This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even in a laughing mood; and to ask a man of any distinction whether he has daughters, is a mark of great rudeness. Neither the government nor the moral sayings of their sages have put a stop to this nefarious custom.'—p. 174.

Mr. Ellis speaks of a Chinese philosopher, who, in writing on the subject of education, and alluding to the ignorance of their women, and the consequent unamiableness of wives, exhorts husbands not to desist from instructing them; for, says he, with a *naïveté* that marks the estimation in which *he* at least held the intellectual character of the sex,—

'even monkeys may be taught to play antics—dogs may be taught to tread a mill—rats may be taught to run round a cylinder—and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, after all, are human beings.'

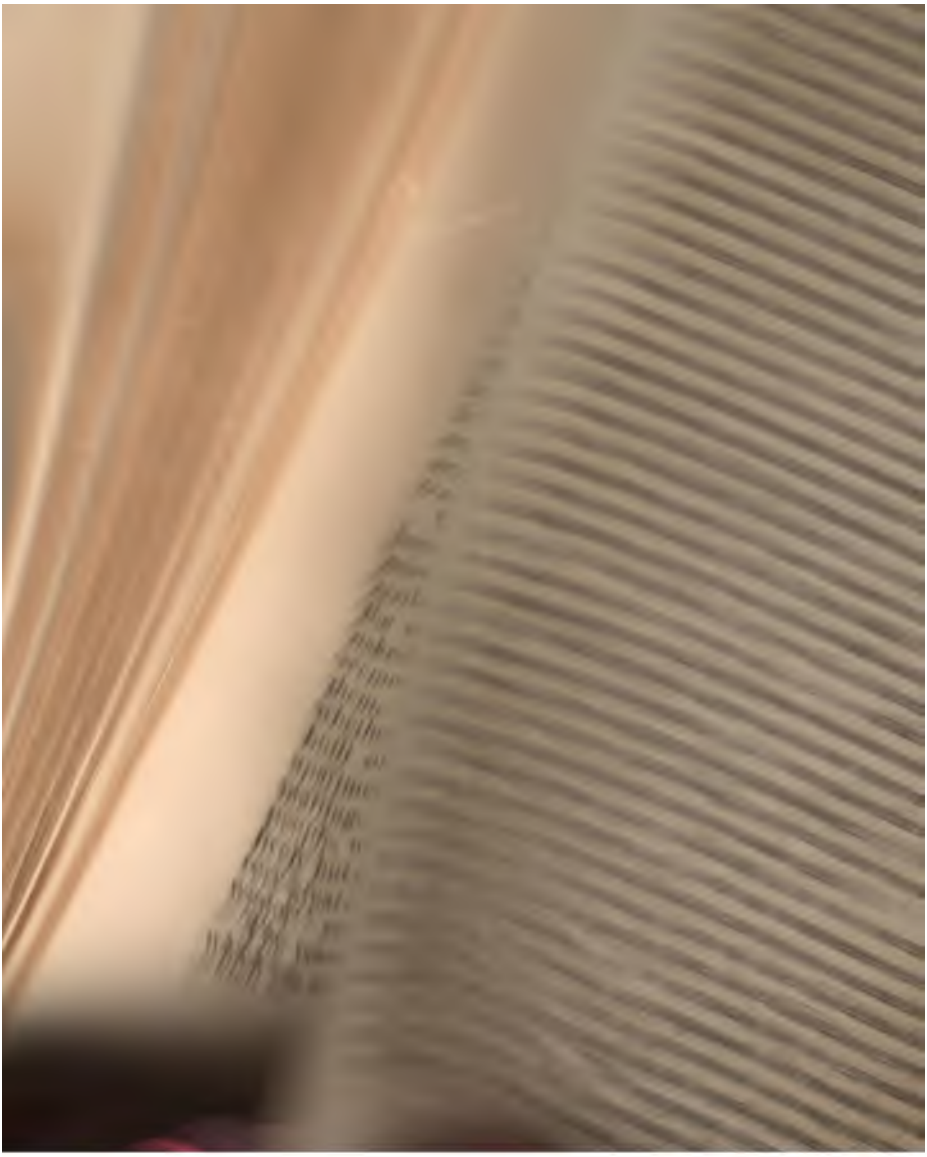
What

What a confession from a Chinese publicaner
[illegible] China where the
[illegible] even beyond
[illegible] Mr. Gutzlaff
[illegible] greatly [illegible]
[illegible] wishing the [illegible]
[illegible] so unusual a [illegible]
[illegible] branch of female [illegible]
[illegible] and other [illegible]
[illegible] among the lower orders of China.
[illegible] country so overflowing [illegible]
[illegible] annually perish for want, [illegible]
[illegible] the several islands of [illegible]
[illegible] Prince of Wales's Island
[illegible] these poor people for their [illegible]
[illegible] as that of the Swiss; neither
[illegible] attention from the beloved [illegible]
[illegible] A part of their hard [illegible]
[illegible] annually remitted to their kindred
[illegible] but a dollar, he will [illegible]
[illegible] letter he writes must [illegible]
[illegible] thing. These favourite [illegible]
[illegible] Gutzlaff.
[illegible] visits to the neighbour-
[illegible] was drawn to

accumulation sufficient to supply the whole empire. While here, our missionary says he had thoughts of proceeding to Pekin; and why he did not afterwards at least attempt this is not clearly stated. A visit to the capital of the Chinese empire, he tells us, was an object of no little solicitude; but he seems to be in doubt how his visit might be viewed by the Chinese government. Hitherto, he says, they had taken no notice of him, but it was expected the local authorities would now interfere. 'Almost friendless, with small pecuniary resources, without any personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, I was forced to prepare for the worst.' We soon find him, however, in the Gulf of Petche-lee, on the frontiers of Tartary, distributing his tracts and his medicines among the natives, who appear to have been more kind and civilized than in the lower parts of the coast.

On the night of the 9th of November the wind changed to the north-west, and in a few hours the rivers and creeks were frozen up. The sailors consoled themselves with fighting quails, and smoking opium day and night. At length they bent their course to the southward, and in about three weeks arrived in safety at Canton. The long personal inconveniences and perils, the poverty and scantiness of food, consisting almost entirely of rice and salted vegetables, endured by this honest missionary, and his determined perseverance to spread the Scriptures among this heathen people, are the strongest tests of his sincerity; 'it has long been,' he tells us, 'the firm conviction of his heart, that, in these latter days, the glory of the Lord will be revealed to China.'

The second voyage of Mr. Gutzlaff was in the ship Amherst, with Mr. Lindsay, some account of which we gave in a former Number,—on 'The Free Trade with China.' The first voyage brought him chiefly among the lower class of Chinese and Chinese seamen; but the second introduced him more largely into the society of mandarins and merchants. Among the latter there was a strong disposition to encourage commercial intercourse with strangers; while the former used every means, open and concealed, to prevent it, and were generally successful. This aversion, however, did not proceed from any dislike to foreigners, but from the fear of loss of office, or other punishment, should any complaint reach the court of Pekin; a circumstance which actually occurred, and the consequence was degradation and loss of place in two or three instances, where the officers did not succeed in 'driving away the barbarian ship.' Those persons hold their offices, their fortunes, and even their lives, at the mercy of their superiors; and the consequence is, that their whole conduct is but too generally a tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and duplicity. Every step they take is marked



fficient degree of arrogance in his own sphere; and yet all is nsidered—even personal castigation—to emanate from a paternal licitude for the welfare of those committed to their care. But ch a system could never have held together for such a length of me, had not the subjects, of all ranks and degrees, been carefully barred from all intercourse with foreigners, from all knowledge the language, the literature, or the institutions of other nations. f all such knowledge they are, even at this time, most innocent; nd it was the desire to prevent such a contamination that caused many efforts to prevail on Lindsay and Gutzlaff to depart from eir ports.

The mode pursued to get rid of the Amherst was different in different places—sometimes by offers of money and provisions, sometimes by putting on a bullying tone, frequently by coaxing, and now and then by a grand display of soldiers of the most miserable description, some of whom, the missionary sarcastically observes, had the word *valour* written on their jackets *behind*. On one occasion they were visited by two naval officers, who said, that if they failed in driving the ship away, they were to be degraded; and to show they were in earnest, they unscrewed the buttons on their caps, offering them to the party, as being no longer of use to themselves; they said they were all implicated, up to the governor and the commander-in-chief, who were in great tribulation at their remaining so long. 'One of the mandarins tried to weep, but the tears fell very sparingly; and, on the whole, this intended tragedy more resembled a farce than anything else.'

From the promontory of Shan-tung, the Amherst stretched over to the coast of Corea, which is studded with such a multitude of islands, that the sovereign may well style himself the 'King of Ten Thousand Islands.' The country is thinly inhabited, the land but little cultivated, and the people miserably poor. Their written characters are Chinese—their timidity and duplicity Chinese—their system of government Chinese—their religion, such as it is, also Chinese. They are supposed to be independent both of Japan and China, though they do pay a sort of tribute to the latter; they, however, said to the visiters, in order to get rid of them—'Our kingdom is a dependent state of China; we can do nothing without the imperial decree—this is our law. Hitherto we have had no intercourse with foreigners; how could we venture to commence it now?' They have but a few vessels, which are either employed in fishing, or in carrying on a trifling commerce with China, Japan, and Mantchou Tartary.

Leaving the coast of Corea, the Amherst proceeded to the Loo-Choo Islands, and came to an anchor in Napakiang Bay, in the

 harbour

n in solid granite, the many temples which ap-
, the highly picturesque scenery itself, with its
and detached rocks, and above all a stately
st which I have ever seen, containing the bones
nds of priests, quite bewilder the imagination.'—

ish every success to the praiseworthy labours
sionary, and that his most sanguine expecta-
ized. He should recollect, however, should
ross his path and damp his ardour, that, although
hundred years since the Catholic missionaries
orders entered China, with the view of making
tenets of their respective creeds, there probably
our, throughout the whole of that extensive empire,
Chinese—with the exception of some ten or a dozen
e Propaganda of Naples—that has the least know-
Christian religion, or of the language, the civil in-
the moral condition, of any one nation of Europe:
their continued labours succeeded. His plan, how-
ulating not religious works only, but others calculated
and gratify curiosity on more worldly topics, appears
ut improvement on the system of his Romish predeces-
this *may* pave the way for better things.

X.—1. *Helen; a Tale.* By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols.
don, 1834.

esha, the Maid of Kars. By the Author of '*Zohrab,*'
'*ajji Baba,*' &c. 3 vols. London, 1834.

IS season has been as prolific in novels as any of its prede-
essors; and, as usual, it has been but a melancholy business
ntemplate the rapid succession of these ephemeral produc-
One after another is announced with a flourish of penny
ets:—the words 'vivid portraiture'—'keen satire'—'high
nation'—'intense passion'—and above all, 'genius' and
er,' are kept standing in the booksellers' types, and put into
ing requisition. A week more, and the wonder has been
ined and talked of—another, and it is as completely forgotten
y of the nothings of the days of George III. These books
ining the proprietors of circulating libraries, who alone buy
; and we are greatly mistaken if they be not injuring deeply
publishers. By encouraging the *cacoëthes scribendi* of in-
pens, they may now and then realize an immediate profit
mselves; but they, in the long run, accumulate *no valuable*
copyrights

nce. But he must lop his luxuriancy, and chastise he odious *slang* with which he has interspersed his is as false as base: and his energetic and animating Turpin's ride to York needed not the setting off of and affected ornaments. We expect much from this we should not have thought it worth our while to use hus severe. He evidently possesses, in no common materials of success: a fresh and stirring fancy, and ch, like that fancy, wants nothing but the bridle. His is, is one that never flags.

e named at the head of our article two novels which ll confound with the million of the tribe; but we rmer occasions, discussed so largely the peculiar merits thors, that we need not at present be tempted into a otice either of *Helen* or of *Ayesha*. If any of our d ever listened to the envious whispers, so indefati- ulated among certain circles, to the effect that Miss h's vein of creative fancy had been buried with her Helen' will undeceive them, and vindicate that great and lest genius from any such disparaging suspicion. As a reflective and introspective turn advance in the walk hey are likely to detach their imagination more and n the broad and blazing contrasts which delight the eart of youth; and it is no wonder that the interest of put forth after an interval of, we believe, nearly twenty ould be of a more sober cast than Miss Edgeworth dwell upon in some earlier works. But the interest e less potent on that account: on the contrary, we o say, that if any one will, after reading 'Helen,' en the best of her old novels, he will feel, that in all profound and permanently pleasing beauties of moral n the artist has made marked progress. We may point ill with which her fable has been framed; the ad- out unobtrusive art with which she has contrived to hat we may call the whole *gamut* of one particular d its opposite vice, in the different characters of the ovel—and this without producing any impression of a or unnatural selection of *dramatis personæ;* the pro- terse and pungent *sayings* scattered over its dialogue; not least, the deep piercing pathos of various of its and ask whether such a combination of excellences is than sufficient to make up for the absence of any such umorous oddities as used to delight the world in Miss h's *Irish* romances. We cannot, however, but wish that id the sc story in her native country, or, at all

the success of Miss Edgeworth in availing ...rities of Irish manners; and there can be no ... in intermingling civilized English personages ... creatures of the Highlands, in such pieces as ... 'Rob Roy,' has been the source of all that is ... romances of Mr. Cooper, and the stimulating ... Morier in his 'Zohrab,' but even more conspicu- ... which we have named at the top of this article— ... of Kars.'

...glish nobleman, Lord Osmond, is travelling in the ...ces, attended by a kidnapped Swiss turned into a ...er, and a supple Greek, his valet. In the remote ... Kars, he sees and falls in love with Ayesha, the ...ter, as is supposed, of Soleiman Aga, a wealthy and ... old Turk, and Zabetta his wife, a daring intriguante ...os, who has long since conformed to the religion of ...

... progress of the story, Osmond's audacity in attempting ... affections of the lovely Turkish maiden excites the ...dignation of the authorities of Kars, and thus a series ... interesting perplexities and persecutions, dangers and ..., is naturally enough introduced. The lover is rescued ... prison of the Pacha of Kars by the address of a Khurdish ...ter, to whom he had on a former occasion rendered an ...tant service. This man conducts him to the castle of his ...n, Cara Bey, a savage chief whose name inspires terror ...er the Armenian frontier between the Turkish and the Rus- ... territories. This robber-chief, on learning the nature of the ...nce which had consigned Osmond to the pacha's dungeon, is ...d with the reported charms of Ayesha, and, having shut up ...e Englishman in one of his own *oubliettes*, he makes a mid- ...ght foray upon Kars, and succeeds in carrying off the damsel. Osmond, meanwhile, forms a friendship in his new prison with a young Russian, belonging to a regiment stationed on the neighbouring frontier; and they contrive to open a communication with the Muscovite commander—which ends in his being admitted into the Castle of Cara Bey, the seizure of the gang, and the emancipation of all the captives.

In the third volume, the scene passes to the Euxine—to Constantinople—to Rhodes; and the *dénouement* gives the discovery that Ayesha is no Turkish maiden, but the daughter of an English gentleman of rank, who had spent some years in travelling about the Levant—her conversion to Christianity—and her happy union with Lord Osmond.

We merely run over these names and leading features of the narrative,

at all interfering with the interest of the novel, ation which we are not disposed to resist. The Lord Osmond's baggage is overhauled by the dig- is one of these: it is in the happiest vein of he in England:'—

ents of the portmanteau were exhibited. In suc- layed waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they one man could possibly want with so many things, of which were to them incomprehensible. They tering beauties of a splendid uniform jacket, which about to wear on appearing at courts and in the lled personages; but when they came to inspect a pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst owise for what purpose they could possibly be used. own, that a Turk's trowsers, when extended, look like sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the legs. Will it, then, be thought extraordinary that ion of the present company was at fault as to the pan- were turned about in all directions, inside and out, und. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who ped in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn , and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head. —praise be to Allah!" said the mufti, "'I have found this is the dress of an English pacha of two tails!" well done!" cried all the adherents of the law. But the of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally ight, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon things of which he was fond. "For what else can this be exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke— else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some Eu- animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about us, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?" said he, addressing to Bogos the Armenian. "So it is," answered the dyer, "it your highness has commanded."—"Well then, this skin ed wine," continued the pacha, pleased with the discovery, the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again."—"Here," one of his servants, "here, take this, let the saka sew up and let it be well filled: instead of wine, it shall hold nd, true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were g the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of But it was secretly reported, that not long after they were converted

converted to the use for which the pacha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness's favourite wine.

[illegible] the lid of the portmantrau was discovered a boot-jack, with a [illegible] These articles put the ingenuity of the [illegible] to a [illegible] test. How could they possibly devise that so [illegible] machinery could, by any stretch of imagina- [illegible] with a pair of boots, a part of dress [illegible] as much ease as one inserts and re- [illegible] They thought it might have something [illegible] with astrology, but at length it struck [illegible] must be one for the purposes of torture; [illegible] hinges for squeezing the thumb or [illegible] better adapted than the boot-hooks [illegible] decided it to be; and, in order to [illegible] a doubt, the pacha ordered his favourite [illegible] between the hinges of the boot-jack, which [illegible] he was rewarded for his complaisance [illegible] as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter [illegible] The instrument was then made over to [illegible] with orders to keep it in readiness upon the [illegible]

[illegible] contents of the dressing-case were next brought [illegible] Every one was on the look-out for something [illegible] the moment they saw the numerous bottles [illegible] was [illegible] One tasted eau-de-Cologne—another [illegible] which they thought might or might not be [illegible] the way of cordials. But who can describe the [illegible] by the pacha himself, when, attracted by the [illegible] he tossed off to his own drinking the greater [illegible] of [illegible]! The mufti was a man who [illegible] seeing the contortions of his colleague, [illegible] whilst the menials around were [illegible] reminding them of the countenance

mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly—they apprehended a fit—they feared madness; in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

'Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those abovementioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be reinserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out—and instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *Shaitan* in person. "*Ai Allah!*" he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—"Allah, protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, —low "Allah, Allahs!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one, who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness: he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river: swearing, by the Koran and by all the imans, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death. 'There

[illegible] medicine-chest to be examined, [illegible] appeared but little [illegible] some new disaster. However, [illegible] this the French had [illegible] moment every Turk present [illegible] need, they would [illegible] Iurti interposed, [illegible] before his eyes, [illegible] which he immediately [illegible] as could be [illegible] appear before the [illegible] under the several [illegible] inflicted, were [illegible] order had been [illegible] marshalled in a [illegible] separately from the [illegible] every medicine was [illegible] then conducted [illegible] watching their [illegible] some severe punishment [illegible] hearts wishing for the [illegible] produced were as various as [illegible] horror—the Jews were [illegible] exclaimed by every [illegible] drawn to a close, the [illegible] had been visited by the [illegible] chest was put on one side [illegible] directly or indirectly, to [illegible]—vol. ii. pp. 37-49.

[illegible] with the description [illegible] Turkish captain, Cara Bey, [illegible] The English gentleman has,

'It was not long before the travellers, having passed the first broken outskirts, began to wind through the desolate streets. There was not sufficient light to exhibit every detail of ruin, and an ignorant observer might have mistaken what he saw for a flourishing city, the inhabitants of which had suddenly been smitten by the plague, or with one consent had abandoned their homes and fled. The silence which prevailed was fearful, and struck involuntary horror. House succeeded house in sad array, and not a sound was heard. A magnificent structure, looking like a royal palace, lifted up its walls and towers, cutting the clear blue vault of heaven with its angular lines, and lighted up by the moon in its splendour. The travellers paced along at the foot of its walls; the only noise which broke the still air was that of the reverberating hoofs of their horses, heard in echoes throughout the long deserted courts. . . . At length, very distant and indistinct sounds, as if from the beating of a small drum, accompanied by strange screams of voices of men, either in pain or in frenzy, or in outrageous merriment, stole upon the ear, and broke the silent spell which seemed to have arrested every tongue.

'They had not proceeded far before they caught glimpses here and there of men's heads darkly peeping from behind the ruins; and occasionally groups of horses, with indications of troops on a march, were seen. These objects increased as they advanced, and it was evident that some predatory excursion was on foot. Men in the picturesque Kurdish costume, some on the watch, armed from head to foot, wielding the characteristic lance of that people—others asleep in recumbent attitudes—others, again, seated round fires, were now plainly seen, and bespoke the vicinity of their chief. A more striking moonlight scene could not well be imagined: overhanging turrets, broken battlements, lengthened walls, arose on all sides. Parts of the fragments, overgrown with wild vegetation, were lighted up by the pale gleaming of the moon, whilst the deepest shade concealed the remainder, and presented a series of outlines which became mysterious from being undefined.

'At length they reached the front of a large building, evidently the remains of a Christian church. Built in the form of a cross, one of its sides, in the centre of which was the principal entrance, was terminated by a lofty pediment, and opened upon the square in which the building was situated. A triangular steeple rose from the summit of the roof, and presented to the eye a form of architecture so like a European place of worship, that Osmond could scarcely believe that he was far away from the blessings of his own Christian country, and in the midst of ruthless barbarians. The whole square was full of armed men, evidently ready, at a moment's notice, to obey the call of their chief, who was now close at hand. Presently Hassan, with a look of agitation, casting his eyes behind him, and looking at Osmond, said, "In the name of Allah! let us dismount: the chief is here."'

* * * * *

'The great gate of the church, being unenclosed by doors, presented

a Bey took heed of him, or seemed to be aware of his presence. length, Hassan having ventured to announce his arrival, whilst he de his obeisance, the monster cast his eyes upwards, and eyeing mond and his attendants in silence, scrutinizing them from head to t, and looking too suspicious not to throw doubt upon the sincerity his greeting, he said doggedly, "*Khosh geldin*—you are welcome!"' *Ayesha*, vol. ii. pp. 80—86.

The whole character of this Cara Bey is drawn out with no rdinary skill and vigour; it is not, however, equal to the eunuch-ing in *Zohrab*—*that*, we suspect, will always be considered as Mr. Morier's *chef-d'œuvre*.

ART. XI.—*History of the Revolution in England in* 1688. By the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh. 4to. pp. 784. London. 1834.

WE commenced the examination of this volume with the intention of considering merely its *literary* merit, and of giving some account of the life and writings of the amiable and accomplished author; but as we proceeded in the perusal, we have found the facts and sentiments so strangely exemplary of, and appropriate to, the prominent circumstances of the Revolution in which *we* are now struggling, that we feel ourselves irresistibly led to consider the work rather in the light of an important, and perhaps salutary, *political* lesson; and to postpone, for a season, our design of examining the merits of Sir James Mackintosh, as a mere historian and speculative moralist.*

There can be nothing, in the great features of the Revolution of 1688, new to us or any well-informed reader. We have already indicated, in former Numbers, the analogy between the unconstitutional proceedings of the government of James II. and those of the existing ministry; but in the present crisis, in the prospect of a national peril which absorbs all other considerations and seems to require every honest attempt to suspend and mitigate, even if it be impossible wholly to avert it, we feel it to be our conscientious duty to take every fair opportunity of awakening the public mind to an adequate sense of our danger. There is no other solid use in history—and statesmen have

* We are the more willing to adopt this course, because an authentic account of Sir James's personal career is expected shortly from a member of his own family, and the biographical sketch prefixed to the volume now before us has been drawn up by one who evidently possessed no access to any private documents, and who has, on various occasions, adopted a tone of disparagement and censure, such as ought not to have been hazarded without the exhibition of solid proofs.

This editor, by the way, is himself the author of a large part of the *History* now published. Sir James left his MS. unfinished; and the continuator, though a clever man, appears to have been oddly selected for *this* task—as he is not of Sir James's school.

 counselled,

ih—with all his enthusiasm for civil and religious liberty—
, it is his duty to expose the arts, by which those sacred words
e prostituted to cover designs against both religion and free-
ı, we hope that *his* authority may tend to dispel a similar delu-
ı, and to awaken the conscientious adherents—if there be any
h—of Earl Grey's cabinet to a sense of similar dangers.

We readily acquit his Majesty's ministers of such ultimate
ıigns as the cabinet of James arrived at; and it is hardly ne-
ıssary to say, that between our own gracious and well-inten-
ned sovereign, and the perversity of conscience, and the obliquity
judgment of the unhappy James, there is no resemblance what-
ever. But although, in this point, *comparison* fails, *analogy* is
rong. James's ministers obeyed *their* master, *the King*—
ur ministers obey *their* master, *the faction* whom they have
ıade 'viceroys over the king.' The *form* is a little different—the
ubstance is the same: the king's name being, in both cases,
ıbused, and his power distorted from its just and legitimate course.

But besides the analogy between the position of the Cabinets of 1688 and 1831, there are between our ministers and those of James many points of individual resemblance, and between the measures of both there is a striking and fearful similitude. In endeavouring to exemplify that similitude, we shall select from Sir James Mackintosh several passages which appear to us surprisingly descriptive of what has been going on in England for the last two or three years; placing them in the order most analogous to our present circumstances. We shall afterwards proceed to show, in more detail, how the principles of James's ministers are brought into practical operation by ours.

We begin by admitting, that neither the apostate Prime Minister—Sunderland, nor the crazy and intemperate Chancellor—Jeffreys, were originally desirous of going to the extreme lengths towards which they were first led by ambition and party spite, and then driven by a helpless necessity. They probably set out with no object but power and place; but, in their over-anxiety to preserve these, they set in motion a machine of mischief which they found they could not guide, and from which it became impossible to escape.

'The difficulties in which they had involved themselves were multiplied,' says Sir James, 'by the subtle and crooked policy of Sunderland, who, though willing to purchase his continuance in office by unbounded compliance, was yet extremely solicitous to adapt his various projects and reasonings to the circumstances of the moment. Placed between two precipices, and winding his course between them, he could find safety only by sometimes approaching one, and sometimes going nearer to the other.'—p. 225.

In this attempt to keep his place by desultory stops and desultory

 advances—

the example of decency and order—characterized an opinion ie of the *bishops* as

loak for hypocrisy—a trap for tender consciences—and only suited to uses of HYPOCRITES *and* JESUITS!'—

ether he ever ventured—when a noble Peer had denied that had committed some technical irregularity imputed to him by Chancellor—to reply,

hat it did not follow, as a matter of course, that because a person de-d having done a thing, he did not, in point of FACT, *do it. The ble Duke might have thought he was not doing so, but that did not er the* FACT. *He had heard persons deny, a thousand times,* FACTS, *which they were afterwards convicted!'*

('Homo disertus non intelligit eum quem contradicit laudari a !'*)—But when censured for this 'unparalleled indecorum,' e suspect Jeffreys had too proud a spirit to have defended imself by saying,

That he had NOT *contradicted the noble Duke* as to matter of FACT, ut only as to matter of *opinion.*'

We should like to know whether, a bill having been, on debate and division, admitted by the House of Lords to a second reading, Jeffreys ever entered a protest in such terms as the following:—

'Dissentient, because it appears to me extremely *discreditable* to any legislative assembly to entertain a measure, &c.

'Because it *avowedly seeks to check drunkenness;* as if that were the only vice now calling for prevention,' &c.

'Because it appears to me, that countenancing a measure so framed and liable to such objections, *is calculated to lower the authority of this House*, exposing it to be *charged* with motives *neither creditable to its wisdom and impartiality*, &c.'—*Times, May* 19, 1834.

We doubt whether it ever could have happened to Jeffreys, to tell individual Peers that there was *no business to be* done on a certain night, and when they, on this assurance, had withdrawn, to introduce two bills of great importance, which there was every reason to believe those very Peers would have stayed to oppose. We do, however, think it not unlikely, that if Jeffreys had done so and had been subsequently reproached for it by one of the Peers so deceived, he might have answered—not by apology for his error, or regret at the misapprehension, whichever it was—but by—

'*assuring the noble Lord, and he begged that he might weigh and deliberate upon it as much as he pleased—that he* (the Lord Chancellor) *would not go out of his way an inch—no, not a hair's breadth—to save any measure of his from the observations, or any speech of his from being answered, by either the noble Earl, or the* ILLUSTRIOUS *Duke, or the noble*

* Cic. Phil. ii.

Duke.

Duke. There might be some other Lords *whose presence he could dispense with on certain occasions, but* THEIR *absence or presence was* [illegible] *indifferent to him!!!*

We leave such exhibitions of good manners, good temper, good logic, and good faith, to the indignant pen of future Mackintosh.

The other members of King James's cabinet either retired early, or were so little influential in the choice or conduct of measures, that the historian has done little more than tell their names and sketch their characters. They appear in the first act, but had little or no share in the subsequent business of the piece. One of high birth and prospects, of no ordinary talents, and known to be well affected to the church and its connexion with the state—impaired his usefulness by having too long, and too often complied and co-operated with men of directly opposite principles. Another was discredited by his inconsistency—by having been a zealous member of former and adverse administrations, and by having changed, within a short period, every principle of his life except the love of office. Another filled a considerable place with credit, but had little ostensible share in the public councils, and was rather a diligent officer who confined himself to his own department, than a minister taking an active part in the general direction of the state. Such men became mischievous, not by their own intentions, but by giving countenance to their more prominent and bolder colleagues, and by misleading the public to believe, that as long as persons of moderation and constitutional principles remained in the cabinet, no serious injury could be intended to the institutions of the country. Both they and the public discovered the mistake—but too late. They had participated, like many other well-meaning men, says Sir Mackintosh, in the invasion of our [illegible] design of overth[illegible]

'ld, not only by their common danger from France, 'but by no 'scure resemblance of national character, by the strong sym- .thies of religion and liberty, by the remembrance of the glory · England founded on her aid to Holland,' (p. 308,) and by many ·her circumstances which conciliated the mutual esteem of the ·wo nations. But all these considerations of ancient friendship— ·ne obligations of treaties—national interest, and European policy, vere alike disregarded; the countenance of France was necessary to ·he success of the meditated overthrow of our own institutions, and ·our *natural ally* was sacrificed to our *natural enemy*. That *over- ·throw of our domestic institutions* was the first and the greatest concern—foreign affairs were thought of only as subsidiary to that more vital object.

In a time of profound peace, of internal prosperity, with a people cognizant of their rights, and substantially attached to their constitution, it was clear that the mere violence of arbitrary assumption could not have been safely tried. With consummate skill, therefore, it was determined to proceed, not by assault, but by siege—sap, and mine—regular advances, parallels, and covered ways; in short, as Sir James Mackintosh observes, 'to use the *forms of law*, to overturn all law.'

The first great obstacle was in the two Houses of Parliament, which in their old composition had been proved to be effective, and (with all their errors) incorruptible guardians of the liberties of England; from them, and particularly from the House of Commons in its unmutilated state, the innovating cabinet had everything to dread. Both houses were in an especial manner attached to the Church, and in an angry *dissolution* of a House of Commons which the ministry could not seduce or intimidate, Sir James Mackintosh detects the determination formed (though not yet avowed) to overthrow the Church—

'The dissolution of parliament announced a final breach between the Crown and the Church.'—p. 182.

But to dissolve one refractory House of Commons was not enough—they must secure the future composition of that body in their own principles. For this purpose, and in order to influence all future elections,

'*Commissioners* were appointed to be the regulators of *Corporations*, with full power to remove and appoint freemen and corporate officers at their discretion. Duncombe (and another) *regulated* the corporation of London'—(*not Hertford*)—'from which they removed 1500 *freemen*.'—p. 187.

Indeed, the *Freemen* of all the towns, from their numbers, in- endence, and their general attachment to the Established ·rch, were peculiarly obnoxious to the ministers, whose measures

tence, and was determined to resist both the *violence* and the *arts* by which it was threatened. *It* was neither to be *seduced* by the elegant fallacies and plausible duplicity of the First Minister, nor *intimidated* by the brutal violence of the Chancellor, of whose extravagancies we have already given Sir James Mackintosh's not overcharged account.

Sunderland,

'not content with the ordinary means of seduction, and with the natural progress of desertion, meditated a plan for subduing the obstinacy of the Upper House by the creation of the requisite number of new peers, devoted to his Majesty's measures. He proposed to *call up* by writ the elder sons of friendly lords, which would increase the present strength without the incumbrance of new peerages, whose future holders might be independent. Some of the *Irish*, and probably of the *Scotch* nobility, whose rank made their elevation to the English peerage specious, also attracted his attention.'*—p. 200.

But he soon discovered that ultimately, he should not be able

'to subdue the resistance of the peers by new creations,'—p. 182—

partly, no doubt, for the reasons assigned by Sir James, that—when created—these peers, or their successors, might become independent, but more probably from the knowledge, that for every peer added to his party by such a flagrant violation of their independence as *an order*, two would be diminished from the number of his adherents. He therefore was driven to another expedient—

'*Flectere* si nequeo *superos*, *Acheronta* movebo,'—

and he set every engine at work to unite all the Dissenters of all classes in the support of his administration. James's Cabinet had all along professed a great regard for, and reliance upon, the Irish Roman Catholics. It was, as Mackintosh very truly observes—

'hoped that the *revolution in Ireland* would supply the means of securing the obedience of his English subjects by intimidation or force.' —p. 130.

To secure Ireland in favour of the ministerial measures was, therefore, the first object. The means were a series of audacious attacks on the Protestants of that part of the empire.

'In Ireland, the king's professions of equality and impartiality in the distribution of office between the two adverse communions were speedily and totally disregarded. Catholics were promoted in numbers so disproportionate to the relative property, estimation, and abilities for business, that they must have been regarded by the Protestants

* While Lord Grey was endeavouring 'to subdue the House of Lords by creations,' it is curious to observe how exactly he followed Sunderland's plan. *Called up*—Uxbridge, Grey of Groby, Tavistock, Stanley, &c. *Scotch*—Errol, Kinnaird, Dunmore, Belhaven, Falkland, &c. *Irish*—Fingal, Leitrim, Headfort, Meath, Sefton, Ludlow, &c.,—all within a few months.

with

ey were at length brought to prefer their own personal and religious berty to vague and speculative opposition to *the necessary and only ond of union* between the discordant communities who were called 'rotestants.'

But, lest the theory should not be sufficiently seductive, many practical advantages were held out to the Dissenters, and, amongst others,

' all restrictions on toleration were removed by the permission granted to all persons to serve God, after their own manner, in private houses, chapels, or houses built or hired for the purpose.'—p. 151.

Such were the hypocritical and impious pretexts by which men, without any religious principle and actuated in truth only by party and adherence to office, endeavoured (and but too successfully) to cajole the Dissenters into the league against the Established Church. All, however, that had been hitherto done constituted a series of cautious and timid approaches to the great object, which satisfied neither the Papists nor Dissenters; the time was *now* come when shuffling and intrigues would be no longer tolerated by the innovating party, and the government was obliged to pull off its mask, and avow its determination to overthrow the Church—or, which is the same thing, the legal and constitutional connexion between Church and State. Mark, how they set about it.

' Measures of a bolder nature were now resorted to on a more conspicuous stage. The two great *Universities* of Oxford and Cambridge—the most opulent and splendid literary institutions of Europe—were from their foundation under the government of the clergy.

' Their constitution was not much altered at the Reformation: the same reverence which spared their monastic regulations happily preserved their rich endowments; and though many of their members suffered at the close of the civil war for their adherence to the vanquished party, the corporate property was undisturbed; and their studies flourished both under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. Their fame as seats of learning, their station as the ecclesiastical capitals of the kingdom, and their ascendant over the susceptible minds of all the youths of family and fortune, now rendered them the *chief scene of the decisive contest between James and the Established Church.*'—p. 135.

This was considered a master-stroke towards obtaining the complete co-operation of the Dissenters.

' It was natural enough to suppose that they would show no warm interest in the Universities from which they were excluded, and that they would thankfully accept the blessings of safety and repose, without too curiously examining whether the grant of these advantages was consistent with the principles of the constitution.'—p. 155.

The plausibility of the principle of universal toleration was so

great

ncerned; but if the example of the reign of James II. be pon us—if we are obstinately blind to the extraordinary coin-ce between the events of those days and of our own—if we do ee that the UNIVERSITIES and the CHURCH are *now*, as they *then*,—the sacred arks of our civil and religious covenants—if we do not tremble for those holy things when we see their nes marked out for mutilation and plunder—then, indeed, we l abjure all reliance on the utility of history, and shall agree t Sir James Mackintosh might just as well have republished *an almanac!*

But while the analogy between those times and ours is thus iking,* it is impossible not to see that *our danger is greater.* he designs of James's ministers tended immediately to the arbi-ary authority of the Crown—a result odious in itself, and which, hen brought into full view, united against him and them the reat body of the nation, including, at last, even those sectaries (the apists excepted) who had been for a time deluded by the insidious nd hypocritical measures of the administration. The Corporations, though mutilated, were not destroyed; and James's ministry had failed to obtain a subservient parliament. In our case, that which Sunderland and Jeffreys had attempted in vain—namely, the transfer, *by due form of law*, of the main power of the state into the hands of the Dissenters—has been substantially operated by the Reform Bill, which has given the sectaries of all classes a predominance in the House of Commons, of which every week, every day, brings additional evidence. The People, too, who saw with so much terror the attempts of James to alter the balance of the Constitution in favour of the Crown, now see with pleasure, at least with complacency, an alteration equally unconstitutional, but in their own favour. Mankind are slow to learn the prudent virtue of self-denial; and although they have seen, in all ages and countries, that an unbalanced democracy has never failed to produce an unlimited despotism, they always expect that their own case is to be an exception to the general rule, and they cannot foresee any danger in throwing the whole power of the state into 'the hands of the People, for whose use and benefit all power is conferred.' They rely on their own good sense—they talk of the advanced state of the human intellect—of the lights of the age—and they forget that men, in the nineteenth century, have the same prejudices and passions, follies and vices, as those of the seventeenth—with less, probably, of those moral principles which tend to abate presumption—to

* Mr. Cobbett, who, whatever else may be thought of him, will be admitted to have strong common sense—'*Rusticus abnormis sapiens crassâque Minervâ*'—said in the debate on Mr. Rice's Cambridge petition:—'*The King's Ministers are now doing what James II. was dethroned for attempting to do.*'—*Debate, March* 25, 1834.

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s must then happen—either that the business of the committee be left to inferior or perhaps interested persons, and a risk rred of injustice, both public and private, or—as is, we be-, generally the case—the sittings of *the House itself* aban-ed to the persons the least deserving public confidence and ntion. Yet, as these debates in the *House* are reported, these d or fourth rate orators and statesmen obtain an opportunity sending forth into the country—uncontradicted, unrefuted, and explained—the most crude fancies and the most mischievous ctrines.

The practical absurdity and unconstitutionality of this course as, on a late occasion, accidentally exhibited—the Chancellor of e Exchequer wished to bring on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill n some particular night—members who had various notices and neasures on the order-book refused to give way—'then,' says the Noble Lord, 'I must go on with the Poor Laws Bills at the morning sittings'—but Mr. Goulburn stopped that scheme by asking, 'Do you mean to discuss the Poor Laws in the absence of the most intelligent members of the House who are sitting on the committees; or, do you mean to abandon the committees to that class of members, if such there be, who take no interest in the Poor Laws?' Mr. Goulburn's observation was successful on this particular occasion—but the same objection might be made *every day*, when matters as important as even the Poor Laws are brought into constant discussion. Very important debates on the Corn Laws—the Tea Trade—the question of Tithes—and that subject which is more particularly the object of our present solicitude—the attack upon the Church and the Universities—were carried on in these morning sittings. On notice from Mr. Spring Rice that he meant to present a petition on this latter subject from some members of the University of Cambridge—Mr. Goulburn, Sir H. Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and no doubt all other leading members, made it their business to attend the debate, which lasted for three mornings, and which was, in all its bearings, one of the most, if not the very most, important of the whole session—but what, in the meantime, became of the innumerable public and private interests which were afloat in the committees upstairs? On the other hand, twenty debates on the same subject have arisen *without notice*, and the friends of the Church have had, on these numerous occasions, no opportunity of rebutting and refuting accumulated misstatements and reiterated calumnies. The practical mischief and injustice of all this is obvious; but the ultimate effects of the principle and precedent are much more alarming, and if followed up—as they seem but too likely to be—

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have every reason to believe that they disapprove and

his we have a flagrant example in the attack on the SITIES and the CHURCH; upon which, as the most im- of all the important questions now afloat, (and what is at is not at sea?) we think it proper to make, in sorrow rm, a few observations. It offers a practical commentary James Mackintosh's views, and exhibits at once the weak- the government and the dangers of the state.

are not going to demonstrate the *necessity*, or even to argue *pediency* of the union, in a Christian country, between the ch and the State—we should be ready to discuss that ques- both on the higher and the lower ground, but that would lead om our present object;—which is—not so much to examine emerits of the measures of the administration—as to show the *us* in which those measures are conceived, and the influences which they are dictated. Suffice it to say, that an Established rch is an integral part of the British constitution: as much so rial by jury—as the throne, or the peerage, or the House of mmons itself: in fact, it is more ancient than any of them; and development of our liberties, the growth of our external re- wn and our internal prosperity, have been—we will not so far g the question as to say *produced by*, but at least we may say— plicated and vitally connected with our religious Establishment. heorists may have imagined a monarchical and christian state ithout a national religion, but, until our day, no practical states- nan or writer, that we know of, had supported such a proposition: t all events, nothing is more certain, than the fact that we have just stated—*the Established Church is part and parcel of the British Constitution.* It were waste of time to attempt to prove that fundamental axiom. From the moment, however, that the Reform Bill—*fons malorum*—was broached, the enemies of the Church, sectarians and infidels, began to advance a contrary doctrine—at first incidentally, loosely, and vaguely; but of late, decidedly, boldly, and imperiously.

In the king's speeches to his Parliament, as well as on other less formal but hardly less solemn occasions, his Majesty was represented as professing the sound old doctrine of '*Church and State,*' and as in substance pledging himself to the maintenance of '*the Established Church.*' King James's declarations were hardly more cordial; but, unfortunately, all these royal *professions* have been, in every instance, the prologues to a series of *practical measures* of disorganization and spoliation, which for eighteen months have kept the Churches—both the Irish and English branches of it—in a state of trial, alarm, and *agony.*

 There

surprising that men of
the fallacy of this temporary
length dissatisfy all parties.
in denying that the alleged
asserting that, if they did, the
fitest remedy; while the Dis
interference as a confession of
the Church, laughed at the
of her constitution, either as
terest them—their object not bei
stability of the Church; but, on
destruction! The misunderstand men
error at bottom,—that—while the
the benefit of those who deprecat
sional earnestness and dislike—
their whole who had no concern
be pleased by them in the expecta
most preliminary to the destruction
the latter began to suspect not only
to say the destruction, but that th
to pay for them, they were driven
complain openly of deception and
nothing could be less satisfactory to th
a system which their real designs doo
Deception, was ever more absu
practice, than to force upon the Churc
a real reunion, but which her friend
innovations, and her enemies
The

The ministry then saw the futility of attempting to he Dissenters by merely *reforming* the Church—and ity of giving them some *substantive* and *solid* marks of ion and encouragement, at the expense of the Protestant ment.

st the grievances which the Dissenters alleged, the sible, and that, therefore, which they made the stalking- their other designs, was the law which obliged them rried according to the rites of the Church of England. they alleged, in the highest degree repugnant to their and absurd to their reason, that they should be obliged rm, in so merely personal a concern, to a rite, of which ither acknowledged the necessity, nor admitted the doc- or approved the form. Now, in truth, this complaint was ainst the Church but against the *law;* and the law was l, so as to include dissenters, not at the desire of the Church rchmen, but for the advantage of Dissenters themselves. classes of dissenters (as the Quakers and Jews) are ex- excluded from the operation of the marriage-act, and there ot be—so far as the Church was concerned—any objection excepted any other *defined* class of dissenters who should esired it. The great irregularity and consequent immo- which had attended the loose state of the old law, in this nportant and fundamental concern of domestic and social casioned the introduction of the marriage-act, the object ch was to give more certainty and solemnity to so im- a contract—to prevent abuses to which the name of e had been prostituted—to save the young and giddy heir own folly, and the simple and innocent from the on of others; and to afford a common standard and ge- egister, by which the validity of marriages and the le- y of children could be ascertained. The motives which d the legislature to call in the aid of the Church s the accomplishment of these objects are obvious. The e of the Established Church was, in those narrow- l days, considered as the general rule, and sectarianism the exception; and, as the members of the Establish- considered the matrimonial union as a religious tie which to be ratified by the rites of the church, the law adopted *ational feeling* as the *general rule*—some general rule obviously necessary in a matter so delicate, and where were such temptations to irregularity and fraud, and the fraud would operate, not merely against one vic- t against innocent posterity. If the law had applied its nd its protection to the members of the church alone, and

insists on being also married by the rites of *her* church. conscience, which requires the religious ceremony, does not ent her complying with the civil regulations, nor does the *cience* of the husband forbid his compliance with the wife's ıples;—he may think them idle, unnecessary, what you please; the more slightly he esteems them, the less he can object to m on the score of troubling *his* conscience. If, indeed, there any sect believing in God, which scruples to invoke the vine blessing on any human affair, that sect might make a con-entious objection to the religious ceremony; but with the great ıss of dissenters, the worst that can be said of it is, that it is pererogation—*common sense* may, according to their ideas, be eaded against the practice, but surely not *conscience*. We think right to make these observations on an incidental point of the ase, because the very phrase '*conscientious scruples*' commands so nuch sympathy and respect, that we are anxious to show that it :annot be applied, in its ordinary sense, to the present case; and ve wish to exculpate the law of England for having enacted, and the *Dissenters themselves from having, for near a century, practised*, a violation of individual *conscience*.

But there was another, and more practical, reason why the minister of the Established Church was charged with the celebration of all marriages: there had not been devised at that time, and there has not been since, that we know of, any other satisfactory mode of ensuring a due registry. We need not expatiate on the value, the necessity of such a record, and of keeping it in such a way as shall be least liable to accident or alteration; and it was certainly not with the view of forcing Dissenters to partake of a rite of our church, but with that of securing to them a safe and authentic registry of an act so important to their feelings, their honour, and their property, that the Church was loaded with this additional and little-coveted responsibility.

The Church has always felt that *it*, and not the dissenters, had some grounds of complaint in this matter, at having its rites and its ministers made subservient to the convenience and security of those who were not in communion with it; but it acquiesced from a consideration that, as a national establishment, it was bound to perform national duties—that, as it must of necessity register the marriages of the vast majority of the people, and as it was desirable that there should be but one general record, her ministry ought not to be deterred by personal feelings from contributing to effect the great national object. If any party has to complain of a conscientious grievance, it would be the Established Clergy, who, if they were inclined to take a narrow and uncharitable view of their duties, might regret that they should be made the civil evidences of Dissenters'

been implicated
that he could not
own children if it had
admitted that he had
any step to correct the mistake
ated clergyman! But lo!—ever
how hard it is to please these
complain of the Church's reading the
the *burial service*. And that
reading the *burial service*.
we had so recently to defend from the
reformers, is become, *for the sake of a gre*
another body of reformers complain that it
in which cases, however, it is
practical considerations
who have been

brought in a bill for Dissenters' marriages, which we lid really meet and remedy all that could be considered and sincere in the complaints of the Dissenters—what ? thanks—gratitude? No; vexation and discontent; and ssenters, in high indignation, declared they would rather *as they were!*—all the common-places about *conscientious* s were in a moment forgotten, and these elastic con- es suddenly acquiesced in the so much reprobated system than accept a new one, which *only* quieted their con- ce, and did *not* accomplish their *real* object—some direct ion of, or insult to, the Established Church. The bill was y odious because it took away from the Dissenters even the olance of a conscientious grievance—the masked battery by ch they hoped to demolish the church, and they very wisely ught that, *for their ultimate object,* the grievance was better n the indulgence—so they have resolved to stick by the griev- ce!

Our limits do not allow us to develope all the intrigues which ere now afloat; but one is too prominent to be overlooked. bout this time Sir John Campbell was made attorney-general. hose who have observed that honourable member's parliamen- ary conduct will be amused by Sir James Mackintosh's account of King James's attorney-general—

'The (new) attorney-general was a lawyer of no known opinions or connexions in politics, who acted on the unprincipled maxim that he might as lawfully accept office under any government as undertake the defence of any client.'—p. 211.

Sir John Campbell went down to Dudley for re-election—a place where he had no natural connexion and was an utter stranger, till, in the *lottery for seats* which followed the Reform Bill, he was nominated as the government candidate for Dudley. He was defeated by a most respectable gentleman connected with the town and resident in the neighbourhood; but, instead of viewing this event in its true and natural light of the preference given by an independent constituency to one of themselves before a stranger, Sir John, to excuse his defeat to his angry colleagues, laid all the blame—not where it really was, on his own presumption and miscalculation, but—on Lord John Russell's Marriage Bill; he said, and the Dissenters everywhere else—*except in Dudley*—were ready enough to repeat, that, dissatisfied with this *insulting* measure, they had taken the opportunity of reading a lesson of warning and menace to the ministers. The statement was, we are informed, *totally false;* but however that may be, the desired result was obtained—the Dissenters were roused, and the ministers intimidated and, like unfortunate Othello, perplexed in the extreme.

The

al documents to the second. *Neither*
ted against the charter! This appears
Lord Chancellor said at the Council
ril. When Sir Charles Wetherell was
of a charter at all, the Chancellor in-
he was going too far,
no such matter; but only that no degrees
r names with those granted at Oxford and
Oxford petition does not even pray against

the serious effects of the original misre-
4th March a statement is made from a
e, which ensures it *immediate and general*
, imputing to the Universities what must
elfish, illiberal, and dilatory opposition—
after, in another place, whose proceedings
ly or usually *reported,* we find, from the
obiter and incidental, but complete, con-
imputation. The conduct of the Universities
liberal and rational—they did not object to the
implored that, in granting it, care should be
a fraud on the public by confounding the de-
nted by the London University from those given
Cambridge: they begged, in order that they might
the praise nor bear the blame of the degrees that the
rsity might confer—that *these* should be in some way
as being the degrees of the Gower-Street Institution.
rication on the second point was this:—His Lordship
ay, *on the 4th of March,* that 'he has *hopes* the Univer-
be induced to withdraw their objections; but if they
t, then the case must be referred to the Privy Council.'
see, there was a *locus penitentiæ* afforded to the Univer-
the Lord Chancellor '*hopes* that they will not *persist* in
atory opposition, but *if they do,* the case must go to the
Council,' and the blame of this additional delay, as of the
, must be laid at their door. Our readers will be astonished
n, that by a letter from the Secretary of State, *dated the 3d*
—the *day previous* to this statement!—it was officially com-
ated to the Universities, that the case HAD ALREADY BEEN
ed to the Privy Council! This announcement astonished the
of the Univ—first, because the debate of the 4th had
ed Oxford the communication of the Secretary of
s let ly, because the last previous communi-
fr of State had promised that '*nothing*
d b URTHER NOTICE TO THEM!'

We

not understand; but they ought to consider that our uni- were founded to bring up members for the Church of England, must not supply our enemies with arms from our arsenal. eaning of subscribing is—*not that they fully understand all the s*, but *that they will adhere to the Church of England.*'—*Boswell's n*, vol. ii. p. 143.

Johnson, it seems, would have been pronounced by Lord gham '*a hypocrite and a Jesuit, who wore a cloak of hypo-, and laid traps for tender consciences!*' The occupant of woolsack, for the time being, may be the *dernier* resort in ters of litigation; but on questions of wisdom and policy—of y and morals—we hope we may, without offence, prefer the nions of Burke and Johnson.

We will venture to add a few explanatory words on this sub-t, which the Bishop of Exeter might not have thought necessary introduce into an incidental debate or Dr. Johnson into occa-onal conversation, but which are illustrative of their opinions. n all Christian churches and communities—we believe even mongst the Dissenters themselves—children are from the earliest ges instructed in their religion. Lord Brougham triumphantly asks, 'Are persons to subscribe first, and afterwards learn the meaning of what they had subscribed?' We ask in return, does the pious mother who teaches her little boy to repeat the Apostles' Creed, imagine that *he* comprehends or that even *she* could adequately explain, all the doctrines which this creed involves? Will Lord Brougham, who, in one of his speeches on these matters, alludes to his own child, allow us to ask him whether *she* has not learned her catechism? Are the parents, tutors, or clergymen, who take so much pains to make the infant objects of their love or their care learn that formulary—'hypocrites, Jesuits, and entrappers of tender consciences?' Does the teaching a child to profess, in the awful presence of God, his belief in all the mysteries enounced in these rudiments of Christianity, exclude the idea that he is afterwards to endeavour to obtain such a clear and perfect understanding as may enable him to give '*a reason for the* faith *that is in him?*' We could push this much farther—but it is unnecessary. Whatever may be said to justify teaching children the Creed and the Catechism, may, *à multo fortiori*, be alleged in support of the Oxford regulation; and when we add, that, by the ancient statutes and the modern practice of that university, 'the tutors are required to instruct the undergraduate pupil in the full meaning and obligation of the articles which he had at first subscribed—as he had learned his creed and catechism—on the authority of the church to which he belongs'—we trust we have abundantly shown that the sneer and astonishment of Lord Brougham

of a state are liable to pay to national objects and establish- without reference to individual use—because a man who goes to law, must still contribute his share to the repairs Westminster Hall—because one pays for country bridges over he never passes—because those who have no votes, *nay, who have been deprived of their elective franchise,* must still their quota of the expenses of the Reform Bill—because citizens of Colchester must contribute to pay the salary of *Thomas Jefferson Hogg,* in addition to the expense of their al to the Court of King's Bench against his vulgarity and ence.'

the Dissenters were to be conciliated, and a bill was intro- for abolishing church-rates! Were the Dissenters satisfied? o! they again, and for once with justice, complained that the dy was infinitely worse than the disease—more oppressive to purses—and more offensive to their feelings. Church-rates abolished *eo nomine,* but re-enacted under another. In the ils of the Dissenters,

'A *rate,*
By any other name, doth smell as *ill,*'—

they were doubly exasperated by their disappointment. Let spend a few words on this celebrated bill—the embodied e of the justice, toleration, economy, and prudence of the nistry. The amount of church-rates was estimated at 500,000*l.* —the bill reduces the sum to 250,000*l.*: so far, so good; but 250,000*l.* be sufficient for the purpose, (which we entirely disbelieve,) it would have been just as well, instead of a new name and machinery, to have diminished the rates one half. But no—the *name* was odious, and must be abolished, though the *thing* must survive. To be sure, it is something to save 250,000*l.*; and churchmen will be quite as much pleased as the Dissenters at such a saving,—rather more, we think; for as the rates are charged on real property, and as—although the Dissenters boast of their numerical power, their growing wealth, their superior intelligence—they must admit that the immense majority of *property* is in the hands of churchmen—the balance of relief will be in favour of the latter. But this is not all—the reduced sum, 250,000*l.*, is no longer to be paid as *rate:* oh no! *rate* is abolished; but it is to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund—and *property,* so large a proportion of which is in the hands of churchmen—is relieved from this ancient charge of 500,000*l.* a year, of which 250,000*l.* are transferred to the shoulders of every man who drinks beer or tea, or in any other way contributes to the general taxes. And, to complete the absurdity, a *fixed* annual sum is assigned for an expense

 which

ied during the whole of the recess; but on the very first subsequent meeting, the former silence of the House received a most unexpected explanation.

'*The Earl of Malmesbury* said he rose to express his regret that notice had been given by the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack of his intention to introduce two bills of such vast importance as that relating to the question of pluralities, and that respecting non-residence—bills which it was extremely necessary the Right Rev. Prelates, who were so deeply interested in the question, should have been made acquainted with. Moreover, the noble and learned Lord was not content with simply producing the bills, but he made a speech upon the occasion, which had appeared in the public prints.

'*The Archbishop of Canterbury* said, that at the beginning of the session, he had been told that a measure was in preparation for the regulation of those matters, and he asked the noble Earl at the head of the Government if it was their intention to bring in such a bill; and he replied that such a one was then in preparation, that it was in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, and that when it was duly prepared, it would be sent to him (the Archbishop) and submitted to his consideration. *Thereupon he rested.* There was nothing for him to do. On Wednesday (before ?) last, he received from the noble and learned Lord his abstracts of the bills relating to pluralities and to non-residence, together with an extremely courteous letter, but which (if we understood the most reverend Prelate rightly) neither stated that the bills were prepared, nor that it was his intention to lay them on their Lordships' table. Now, when he received this communication from the noble and learned Lord, he naturally supposed that it was made with the view of obtaining his opinion respecting the principles put forth in the bill. Great, therefore, was his surprise to learn, that *during his absence*, and *without any intimation to him*, the bills had been introduced by the noble and learned Lord. On the evening they were brought in, he was absent, and *so were the Bishops generally.* They had attended the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and on the day of that meeting *it was understood and known that the prelates were in the habit of dining with the Lord Mayor.* It was therefore with great surprise that he and his right reverend brethren learned from the public prints of the morning (if he might be permitted to allude to them) that the bills had been presented the evening before; and, moreover, that there had been an introductory speech from the noble and learned Lord, in which it was represented that doctrines had been urged, and opinions put forth, to which he should have felt it his duty to express his strong dissent.'

His Grace then went on to reply, most victoriously, to some of those passages; but our limits oblige us to omit all but the historical parts of the transaction.

The Lord Chancellor defended himself in a series of speeches,

importance to the whole transaction, that it should ssed that the hasty introduction of two bills, exclusively to the internal arrangements of the Church, should arise dissenting petition for the total abolition of the Church! ey were introduced *at the tail* of another petition against urch from the Dissenters of Aberdeen—'an OPPOR-Y'—(*opportunity* was the very word!)—'which,' his Lord-id, 'he *seized*' for introducing these two bills. But s a still more precious admission to be deduced from ancellor's explanation—an admission which develops and s the whole system of the Government; namely, that, ventured to say a few *loose words for* the Church, he had moment to lose (in order, we presume, to preserve his in-ce with his dissenting friends) in bringing in two *strong tical measures against it.* We had long known that this was ministerial mode of dealing with the Church—a word and a w—a *word* for, and a *blow* against—but we did not expect t it would have been so candidly confessed.

But now arose another, and, as to the Chancellor *personally*, ore serious charge. The House, it seems, had been on the vening in question very full, particularly of Bishops, in expecta-on of a Scottish Church bill; that bill having been postponed, he House thinned, and the Archbishops and Bishops went, as tated by the Primate, to dine officially with the Lord Mayor. It happened, however, that the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl of Wicklow, and (as the Lord Chancellor himself states) *forty* or *fifty* other Lords, had the precaution, before they went away, to ask the Lord Chancellor whether there was any other business coming on; to which his Lordship—*with his two bills in his pocket, and his speech in his head*—answered, 'NOT ANY.' These Peers, of course, retired; and when the House grew empty, the Lord Chancellor produces his speech and his bills. This must seem to our readers so incredible, that we shall extract Lord Wicklow's testimony and the Chancellor's reply.

'The Earl of Wicklow.—After the Catholics' Marriages Relief (Scotland) Bill was postponed the other evening, he inquired of the noble and learned Lord whether anything else was coming on, and the answer of the noble and learned Lord was, "*There is no other business coming on to-night.*"

'The Lord Chancellor.—*No, no.*

'The Earl of Wicklow.—My Lords, the noble and learned Lord *stated as I have now said!*

'The Lord Chancellor—said he was asked, not by one, but *by forty or fifty noble lords*, if there was any more business coming on, meaning, as he supposed, the business of the night which was set down *in the paper.*

Upon

y to be always the best authority as to the exact words he used in the hurry of debate; we shall therefore quote ts given in three of the morning papers of the 17th May, passed on that occasion; and we select from one paper pposed to Lord Brougham, from another that is supposed articularly attached to him, and from a third which is geneuter,—the Morning Post, the Times, and the Morning l:—

ING POST.—'The Lord Chancellor then stated that he had ills to lay on their Lordships' table, which it would be unnecesor him to describe at any length. *He brought them forward the full concurrence of his colleagues*,' &c.

MES.—'He had now to present to their Lordships two bills, *h had received the sanction of Government*,' &c.

ORNING HERALD.—'He should *seize* the present *opportunity* to oduce to their Lordships' notice two bills, which had been preed with the *approbation and aid of his Majesty's Government*,' &c.

But we have evidence still more conclusive to this point. Lords ute and Radnor happened to remain in the House, and they oth, in reference to the Chancellor's statement, expressed their tisfaction that '*the* GOVERNMENT *had brought in these measures*,' and the Lord Chancellor did *not* contradict or correct them! It is therefore no matter of surprise to us, though it is of additional curiosity and interest, that—during the whole of this conflict, in which the Lord Chancellor appears to have been attacked by eight different Peers, and to have made ten or a dozen speeches in reply—NOT ONE of his colleagues is stated to have said one word in support of *him*. A silence so extraordinary—so little like the usual generosity of political friends—we can only explain by supposing that the other Cabinet Peers were as much surprised as the rest of the House by the proceedings of their noble and learned colleague.

We sincerely hope that such may turn out to have been the case, and that the Cabinet, as such, has been no party either to the proceedings of the Chancellor or to all the provisions of his bills. But we are in the dark on this point: probably before these lines meet the eyes of our readers, Mr. Ward's motion for the confiscation of Church property in Ireland will have brought to a crisis the dissensions in the Cabinet, and exposed some of these mysteries to public view; we shall therefore hazard no conjectures on that subject—but shall close this topic by observing, that, however the differences of the Cabinet may terminate, enough has transpired to show that the interests of the Church are in a crisis of the most alarming difficulty and the most imminent danger.

Such have been the plans, projects, and power of the present—

perhaps

-a church-rate bill; we have countenanced your pe-
charter for a university of your own, and have voted
›us measure for your admission into ours. We have
nany distinct sacrifices as you proposed grievances.
jected them all with contumely; you have at last, by
›stration of our concession, been obliged to take your
and to avow your real object—you do not stand on
ency or inefficiency of the *details* of our propositions,
ry to all our advice, warnings, and entreaties, you
hoisted the black flag of separation between Church
-you have declared *that* to be your first, your last,
bject,—and you have done so after we had declared
neither as ministers nor as men could we sanction so
ı proposition; you have broken all engagements with
.ve defied and exasperated all the good sense of the
›u have set up claims so monstrous, so progressively
vith every attempt to satisfy them, that we can go no
hout a violation of our principles—a breach of our
:rifice of our honour, our policy, and our conscience!
avowed, by the rejection of all our efforts in your
: your grievances were a mere pretext—that your
ınd now undisguised, object, is a Revolution in
d State. We take you at your word, and reply, we
ıve a Revolution!—we retract all the concessions
call illusory—we retrace all the steps that you call
like negotiators, who, offering what is reasonable
it unavailing, are justified in resuming their original
e renounce your alliance, we abjure your doctrines, we
our connexion; we resume our natural station of mi-
e Crown, and servants, not of a faction, but of the public
:solved to maintain, without further change, the consti-
ngland; and we appeal to God—the King—our con-
ıd our country, for support against a democratical and
dictatorship!' Such is the language which the Cabinet
ıtified in using. Such a reply—(would that we could
they had the sense, the courage, and the patriotism to
would rally round the ministry a vast accession of
Dissenters would find that they are—however busy
›us—inferior to the Church in numbers, wealth, edu-
abilities; and the country—even if we should still
:rgo, as no doubt we should, serious trials—would
ıst an interval of repose, would have time to consult
:elings and political interest, and to consolidate its
the awful struggle—if it be inevitable—between the
constitution of England and the reveries of madmen

resent Bishops, I am quite satisfied, (and I am rejoiced to n them, and from all, the same of the Clergy in general, eir governance,) have never been excelled, at any period of ry of our Church, by any of their predecessors, in learning, zeal in the discharge of their high duties. If there are any iferior arrangements in the discipline of the Church, WHICH, R, I GREATLY DOUBT,) that require amendment, I have no of the readiness or ability of the Prelates now before me to such things; and to YOU I trust they will be left to correct, our authority UNIMPAIRED and UNSHACKLED.

rust it will not be supposed that I am speaking to you a speech I have *got by heart*. No, I am declaring to you my real and ine sentiments. I have almost completed my sixty-ninth year, hough blessed by God with a very rare measure of health, not ng known what sickness is for some years, yet I do not blind elf to the plain and evident truth, that increase of years must tell ely upon me when sickness shall come: I cannot therefore expect I shall be very long in this world. It is under this impression t I tell you, that while I know that the law of the land considers it ossible that I should do wrong—that while I know there is no thly power which can call me to account—this only make me the re deeply sensible of the responsibility under which I stand to that mighty Being before whom we must all one day appear. When at day shall come, you will know whether I am sincere in the eclaration which I now make, of MY FIRM ATTACHMENT to the Church, nd RESOLUTION TO MAINTAIN IT.

'I have spoken more strongly than usual, because of *unhappy cir-umstances* that have forced themselves upon the observation of *all*. he threats of those who are enemies of the Church make it the more ecessary for those who feel their duty to that Church TO SPEAK OUT. he words which you hear from me are indeed spoken by my mouth, ut they flow from my heart.'

E.

F.

N.

O.

P.

T.